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William Hogarth

THE

WORKS

OF

HOGARTH.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

WITH SIXTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
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THE WORKS OF HOGARTH.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

PLATE I.

THE SIGNING OF THE MARRIAGE-CONTRACT.

In order that we may better understand and appreciate the details of the beautiful engraving before us, let us suppose that an Alderman of the City of London, a man of vast riches acquired by trade, is desirous, in order to ennoble his family, of effecting a matrimonial alliance with some nobleman of fashion and distinction, who would probably be glad enough to accept such a proffer as a means of recruiting a wasted fortune. Let us further suppose that such an opportunity would not long be wanting; so many of the English nobility being but too happy to catch at such a golden opportunity of freeing their encumbered acres. See, then, the wealthy citizen, with spectacles on nose, signing and sealing his daughter's marriage settlement, and paying down her stipulated fortune. See him, too, with the air of one accustomed to large monetary transactions, casting his eyes on the sum already told down by his faithful clerk. On the other hand, behold the Peer—the high and mighty Earl—the bridegroom's father, full of his titles and nobility, derived, according to the outspread genealogical tree, from William the Conqueror—in a position which of itself marks the grossest pride and egotism. He is represented as laid up with the gout; and even his crutches are ornamented with coronets. The mark on the neck of the noble Viscount, his son, too plainly shows the taint of hereditary vice, and consequent disease.

Behind, on a settee, are the bride and bridegroom, that self-same noble Viscount; and they might almost be regarded as total strangers to each other; for the one is taking snuff and looking in the glass; while the other is playing with her ring, and seeming to listen not altogether with indifference to the soft things addressed to her by the young barrister who has been employed to draw up the marriage articles. The name of this "learned gentleman," as we are subsequently told, is Silvertongue,—and no doubt a most appropriate one for him either as a counsellor or a lover. The other barrister (a serjeant-at-law) is examining the plan of the noble Earl's new building, and viewing with an assumed admiration the beauty of the edifice, on which it seems the whole of his fortune has been squandered, leaving not sufficient resources to complete the work. The number of idle servants, visible in the court-yard, denote the destructive pride of this puffed-up man of quality, who seems to have no leisure to cast a single thought on consequences, and appears totally blind to impending ruin.

We cannot help reverting to one or two of the most salient points in the scene before us. And first of all, how expressive of the mercenary character of the marriage now pending, are the countenances of those who have been the principals in the concoction of the alliance,—we mean the old Alderman and the pompous Earl. A grovelling selfishness is impersonated in the former—an unscrupulous egotism in the latter. Though submissive and humble in his manner,—dearly loving a lord, as all the civic authorities do,—the Alderman nevertheless displays a determined, business-like prudence, as he peruses the marriage-settlement to see that all its conditions are formally and precisely set out;—while the stately Earl's countenance proclaims the settled conviction that he has conferred an immense honour on the citizen by allowing the plain appellation of *Miss* on the part of his daughter to be changed into the sounding title of *Viscountess*.

The bride is a pretty, interesting young creature, with blue eyes, light brown hair, and a slender, sylph-like shape; but there is something in her countenance which shows, if not precisely the absence of moral principle, at all events a deficiency in that stamina which is the best safeguard of woman's virtue. No doubt she was at first inclined to be flattered by the overtures of a titled suitor and to be dazzled by the prospect of wedding the scion of a proud family; and she might have even thought, with the natural vanity of a pretty and not very strong-minded woman, that her father's gold was not the only attraction in the case. But of these ideas she was speedily doomed to be disenchanted. Already the indifference of the bridegroom has shown itself, now that matters have gone so far as to render it unnecessary for him to play a false part any longer; and all the supercilious

egotism and insufferable affectation of the young Viscount's character develop themselves to the comprehension of the bride. His conduct has already excited feelings of sullen contempt in her bosom; and thus it is that in the abstraction of her vexation and annoyance, she has taken the wedding-ring from her finger and is listlessly making a plaything of it by drawing her delicate cambric handkerchief through that golden circle which constituted the only link that bound her to her lord.

And now observe Counsellor Silvertongue! He cares no more for the young Viscountess than a libertine usually cares for a pretty woman. The feeling he entertains towards her is of the sense, and not of the sentiment. He is cold and calculating:—he has already marked her out as his victim. He foresees that the chilling indifference of her noble husband will furnish him with the opportunity whereof he will not fail to take advantage. Poor and extravagant, he resolves to obtain access to her purse through the medium of her affections; for these he knows he shall shortly win. Indeed, does she not already listen with attention—assuredly not with displeasure—to the compliments that he is addressing to her in that undertone which goes with such seductive power into the heart of woman?

We are to suppose that the marriage-ceremony has taken place just before the lifting of the curtain which presents this scene to our view. There has been no ostentatious procession of carriages to a fashionable church: there are no crowds of invited guests: but the religious rite has been performed in that drawing-room by virtue of a special license. The young Viscount himself had first of all hinted at the desirability of a private ceremony; and the idea was at once adopted by the Earl, who was too much ashamed of the connexion to which his necessities had compelled him to submit, to be very anxious to assemble the friends of the family on the occasion.

Thus, then, an hour has elapsed since the Earl had sold his son for gold and the Alderman had sold his daughter for ambition! It was true that the law had sanctioned and the clergyman had blessed the union: but neither marriage-license nor churchman's benison could direct the heart-feelings of the young Viscount towards his bride. There he now sits, dividing his attentions between the mirror and the business-proceedings that are taking place between his father and the Alderman. He is far too well bred to gape or yawn: but he evidently feels the formal etiquette which compels him to remain in that apartment, to be most irksome and oppressive. His only relief is in contemplating himself in the looking-glass, or occasionally taking a very delicate pinch of snuff in the most finnikin and fastidious way in the world.

The golden flood of the noon-day's sun pours all the while into the sumptuous apartment, enhancing the lustre of the massive picture-frames, the fine polish of the mahogany, and the glossiness of the rich hangings of the canopy that surmounts the seat occupied by the Earl.

"This is a proud day for you, sir," says the nobleman, with pompous complacency, as he smoothes down the exquisitely white lace of his cravat-bands.

"And a very fortunate one for you, my lord," returns, or rather retorts the citizen; for notwithstanding his natural obsequiousness towards high birth, he is somewhat nettled at the pompous insolence of the aristocrat's remark: then addressing himself to his clerk, he continues—"You can give up the mortgage-deeds—I release his lordship from all the claims I hold upon his estates for the large sums I have advanced from time to time. The settlement of her own fortune upon my daughter is perfectly satisfactory:—and his lordship," added the citizen, venturing a somewhat malicious glance at the nobleman, "has now the pleasure of finding his estates once more unencumbered, and is likewise enabled to carry on those works which have been so long suspended at the new mansion opposite."

This laboured and unnecessary harangue served as a rebuke and a retaliation on account of the insufferably proud bearing of the Earl towards those with whom his necessities had compelled him to connect his aristocratic family. The nobleman experienced all the keenness of the citizen's satire; and he was drawing himself up with tremendous importance in order to make some overwhelming reply, when a sudden twinge of the gout distorted his entire countenance with the agony he endured, and wrung from him an ejaculation of pain. It was a pity that the gout had not too much respect for such a high and mighty personage;—and it was a greater pity still that such a high and mighty personage should have experienced the complete discomposure of his dignity on account of a sudden pang shooting through his foot!

The Alderman—astonished at himself for having had the momentary courage to address the Earl in a tone of satire or rebuke—was now fast sinking back into a mood of fawning obsequiousness; and infinite was his relief when he perceived that the aristocrat's intended reply was so promptly but ignobly cut short in the manner described.

But we need not dwell longer on the present scene—the first in the striking drama of a Marriage in High Life,—a marriage of convention, brought about by selfishness, ambition, and necessity,—an union of hands and not of hearts,—an alliance admirably emblematised by two of the Viscount's own favourite dogs, which, coupled against their inclinations, happen to be in the apartment at the time!

Alas! for the hearts that are ruined—the affections that are blighted—the hopes that are destroyed—the frailties that are engendered by marriages such as the one just celebrated between the Earl's son and the Alderman's daughter!

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.—PLATE I.—THE SIGNING OF THE MARRIAGE-CONTRACT.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.—PLATE II.—THE MORNING AFTER THE GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

PLATE II.

THE MORNING AFTER THE GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

We may now suppose that a few months have elapsed since the marriage; and the Plate before us enables us to sketch in imagination the respective pursuits of the ill-matched pair. While the Viscount passes his time with debauched companions or in immoral pursuits, the Viscountess plunges into the dissipation of London fashionable life. Card-parties, routs, balls, and theatres, engage all her attention; and the picture now under notice suggests the details of an elegant entertainment which her ladyship has just given. We may fancy we see the numerous guests arriving in carriages and sedans, and the immediate vicinity of the entrance to the lordly dwelling thronged with servants in gorgeous liveries, powdered lacqueys, link-boys with their flaming torches, sedan-bearers, and the usual retainers or dependants of wealthy personages. Within the mansion all is bustle, brilliancy, and illumination: the magnificent saloons on the ground-floor are thrown open for card-players;—the drawing-rooms above are set apart for the gay dancers; and in the spacious banqueting-hall preparations are being made for a supper on a scale of unusual costliness and luxury. In every part of the house thus devoted to the guests, the glare of innumerable chandeliers and candelabra is reflected in superb mirrors;—the fine pictures are surmounted with garlands of flowers purchased at an immense outlay at that wintry season of the year;—and vases of perfume are placed upon porcelain pedestals in the recesses. The curtains of rich material, sweeping the thick carpets with their heavy gold fringes, are drawn over the windows; and the atmosphere is warm and fragrant.

We may further picture to ourselves that the mansion is soon filled with all the *élite* of fashion and aristocracy; and the scene is now brilliant indeed. The ladies are for the most part attired in flowered silks of large patterns, but chiefly on a white ground, with wide short sleeves, and with the skirt pinned up behind over the short petticoat. Many have gold or silver nets on their petticoat; and some few have the same on their sleeves. The elder ladies wear powder; the younger ones have their hair curled down on the sides, and arranged with ribands or artificial flowers; and some few appear with their luxuriant tresses flowing in natural ringlets over their shoulders, and without any artificial adornment. The gentlemen are for the most part dressed in brown flowered velvet or dark broadcloth coats, laced with gold or silver,—waistcoats of rich flowered silk,—crimson or purple breeches,—scarlet or blue silk-stockings, the velvet garters being unconcealed and fastened below the knee with diamond buckles,—and shoes with high red heels and silver buckles on one side. The elderly gentlemen wear large flowing wigs, chiefly powdered, but some made of grey human hair: the younger gallants either display exquisitely curled perriwigs, of the same material just named, or else their own hair combed down in a long wavy mass over their shoulders. All the gentlemen carry opera-hats under their arm; and below the square-cut coat peeps forth the ornamented sheath of the light and elegant rapier.

The Viscountess, though only a few months are supposed to have elapsed since her marriage and her consequent introduction into the fashionable world, receives her numerous guests with as much ease and affability as if she had been bred and trained in that aristocratic sphere. But, then, she is a keen observer: she has marked and studied how the mistresses of splendid mansions welcome their company and do the honours of their houses;—and she moreover feels all that self-confidence and even pride which exalted rank and great wealth are so eminently calculated to inspire. The Viscount is not present: he has more agreeable occupations elsewhere; and the Viscountess does not miss him—for one of the earliest arrivals on this occasion is that of Counsellor Silvertongue, on whose arm she hangs, and with whom she appears to be on such excellent terms that a stranger, ignorant of the precise standard of fashionable morals, would have supposed him to be the lady's brother, or at least some near relative. But the old Earl himself, who is present, seems to be rather scandalised by the degree of intimacy subsisting between Counsellor Silvertongue and his daughter-in-law: he is, however, too well acquainted with the world, and too polished a nobleman, to attempt any remonstrance—much less interference—on such an occasion.

Gambling prevailed to an immense extent amongst the wealthy classes at that period; and soon after the arrival of the guests, card-parties are formed in the saloons on the ground-floor, whist being the favourite game, and Hoyle's "Guide" being handy for reference in cases of dispute, which are of tolerably frequent occurrence amongst the elderly ladies. In the drawing-rooms dancing soon commences; and Counsellor Silvertongue has the honour of opening the ball with the noble lady of the mansion. His fine figure, elegant deportment, and handsome countenance shine to the greatest advantage in the mazy

quadrille; and many a young heart that evening envies the Viscountess the possession of so attractive a partner.

It is during an interval between the dances that Silvertongue draws the Viscountess gently away into an ante-room where refreshments are spread upon a handsome sideboard; and, while assisting her to a glass of light French wine, he says in a low tone, accompanied by a tender look, "Your ladyship is ravishingly beautiful to-night. Oh! how is it possible that your husband can be indifferent to charms which captivate every heart and win the admiration of every eye?"

And then follows a declaration of love, poured forth in the tenderest tones of a voice only too insidiously replete with manly music.

Two or three minutes elapse ere the Viscountess can so far compose her excited feelings or subdue the flutterings of her young heart, now so strangely moved by the language of that man, as to accompany him back to the drawing-room; and it is fortunate for both that the dancing has in the meantime been resumed with such spirit that their entrance is scarcely perceived: for her cheeks are still unusually flushed, and her bosom rises and sinks with rapid heavings—while Silvertongue, self-possessed and collected as he naturally is, feels himself unable altogether to subdue the smile of proud triumph which plays upon his lips.

Let us now suppose that it is one o'clock in the morning, and the domestics announce that supper is served in the banqueting-hall. Thither the company accordingly repaired, Silvertongue still remaining the cavalier of the Viscountess. The repast is of the most sumptuous description; and it is evident that gold has been lavished with no niggard hand, but rather with a wanton profusion, in order to render the banquet as luxurious and inviting as possible.

After supper, which is prolonged until past three o'clock in the morning, dancing is resumed with fresh spirit, and is continued till past six. At length even the most inveterate pleasure-seekers begin to think it prudent to retire; and the street echoes to the summons of livery-servants for particular carriages—the oaths of coachmen whose way is barred by sedans—the recrimination of the sedan bearers themselves—the shouts of link-boys—the growling of watchmen endeavouring to make the vehicles draw up in order, but only rendering confusion more confused—and all the usual din attendant upon the breaking up of a large party at a fashionable mansion. But by degrees these sounds grow lower and less continuous,—subsiding more and more until the wheels of the last carriage rattle away from the door; and then the silence of a misty morning in an aristocratic quarter of the metropolis sinks down upon the scene.

We may next picture to ourselves the dial in the saloons on the ground-floor indicating the approach of noon, when a common hackney-coach sets down the Viscount at the door of his abode; and entering the apartments just mentioned, he throws himself upon a seat—fatigued and still half intoxicated from his long debauch. His dress is in disorder—his sword broken—and his entire appearance denotes that he has become involved in some drunken fray, doubtless in a brothel—at least if one might judge by the female's cap hanging half-way out of his pocket.

The Viscountess has descended from her bed-room only a few minutes previous to her husband's entrance, and is seated in *deshabillée* at a table, partaking of some richly-prepared chocolate. The place is in perfect confusion,—the curtains still shutting out the day-light, and the candles still burning, the tired servants having hurried off to bed the moment the party broke up, without waiting even to extinguish the tapers. But the rising of the Viscountess has been the signal for that of the household; and the worn-out lacqueys, not half refreshed by their short slumber, are beginning in a lazy manner to set the apartments to rights.

On entering the room, the Viscount flings himself in a chair without taking the least notice of his wife, although he can not possibly fail to remark her presence. On the other hand, the Viscountess, whose imagination has been inflamed by the amatory language of Silvertongue, experiences those soft desires which at that instant would have induced her to throw herself into the arms of her husband, had he addressed the least kind word to her, or manifested the least symptom of a wish for the mutual adoption of a conciliatory bearing.

The old steward now enters the room. This dependant has been for many years in the service of the Earl, and has passed, by the consent of all parties, into that of the Viscount—the old noble having been well aware, when he himself recommended the change, that his son's pecuniary affairs would require a more discreet management than even his own.

"My lord," says the faithful steward, approaching his young master, and bowing respectfully as he prepares to open his book and display his accounts, "I do implore of your lordship to look a little into your affairs. All the money which your lordship placed in my hands four months ago, has not only been expended, but the accounts for last night's entertainment are every one unpaid."

"I cannot attend to business now," exclaims the young nobleman. "As long as I have any money in the bank, you can have it; and when there is no more—why, then we must request her ladyship," he adds, in a satirical tone, "to draw upon her father, the worthy Alderman in the City."

The Viscountess affects not to hear this cruel and unwarrantable—nay, cowardly piece of insolence; and the steward quits the room slowly, shrugging his shoulders in despair at the gloomy forebodings which the wanton extravagance pursued in that household excite in his business mind. Almost immediately afterwards the Viscount rises and drags himself lazily away to his own apartment, without deigning to take any farther notice of his wife, who, the moment the door closes behind him, no longer strives to subdue her vexation and grief, but bursts into a flood of tears.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.—PLATE III.—THE QUACK DOCTOR'S STUDIO.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

PLATE III.

THE QUACK DOCTOR'S STUDIO.

The scene which we shall immediately proceed to describe is by no means difficult to imagine as forming an episode in the history of this Marriage a la Mode; and it will be found that the latter part of the conversation about to be recorded develops the significancy of the annexed Plate in all its details.

We are to suppose that the young Viscount is in his dressing-room, one forenoon not long after the grand entertainment recently described,—when a page enters and announces the arrival of the Earl to pay a visit to his son. The Viscount is surprised at such a call at so unusual an hour; but having desired that his noble parent may be shown up to him, he throws himself languidly into an easy-chair, humming an Opera tune. In a few minutes the Earl enters the room with that measured pace and pompous dignity of manner which has become so essential a portion of his nature that he could not deviate from the former nor cast aside the latter even were he on his way to the scaffold. Depositing himself on a sofa, the Earl waves his hand authoritatively for the Valet to withdraw; and until the door has closed behind him, not a word is exchanged between the father and the son.

"Your lordship comes enveloped in a mystery which is truly ominous," at length observes the Viscount, regaling his nose with two or three consecutive but infinitesimal pinches of scented snuff.

"For once in your life," replies the Earl, "give me your serious attention; for it is a parent who comes as a friend to offer advice to a son rushing headlong to the vortex of dishonour and destruction?"

"My dear Earl," cries the Viscount, affecting surprise, but speaking with covert sarcasm, "is it possible that you have come to me as a *friend?* Upon my honour, your lordship has been somewhat tardy in resolving to appear in this new light."

"Undutiful boy!" exclaims the nobleman, now profoundly irritated; "can you afford to jest and banter, when the active element of ruin is at your threshold?"

"Egad! did not you and I stand in the pleasant and agreeable relationship of father and son, I should say that the active element of ruin had passed the threshold and is snugly seated upon that sofa."

The Earl writhes like a stricken snake beneath this bitter—cutting sarcasm; and for an instant—a single instant—he feels his heart so full that it needs almost a superhuman effort to keep the tears from overflowing the brim of the eyes. The Viscount observes the effect which his ruthless irony has produced; but he assumes an air of flippant indifference and heartless levity, tapping the floor with his foot in the action of beating time to a tune which he hums.

"Perhaps I know—perchance I deeply feel how much of your relentless satire is just and well merited," says the Earl, after a long pause, and speaking in a low and even tremulous tone. "But spare me *now*,—spare me on this occasion; and listen to me for a few minutes—if not as an act of duty towards your father, at least on the score of common prudence and sound policy. For, as assuredly as you and I are engaged in this most painful interview—so true is it that the neglect with which you treat your wife is preparing the way for your dishonour!"

"Ah!" exclaims the Viscount, starting from his apathy: "what—so soon!"

"It is as I tell you, my son," replies the Earl, solemnly. "A certain barrister is too intimate in this house—your wife feels that she is treated with contemptuous indifference by you—and the consequences——"

"Will be just as your lordship's sagacity should have foreseen," adds the Viscount, his tone losing its sudden excitement and assuming a caustic flippancy. "The inevitable consequences of the marriage you arranged for me begin to develop themselves; and you, my lord—instead of falling upon your knees and demanding pardon of the God whose solemn rites you have led the citizen's daughter and myself to outrage,—instead of imploring the forgiveness of myself and of that young girl who has been also sacrificed to the vile considerations of Mammon,—instead of manifesting contrition for what must prove to be a flagrant wrong—your lordship comes, arming yourself with the dignity of a parent and insidiously professing the kind intentions of a friend, to remonstrate with me—to warn me,—*me*, whom you should look upon as a victim, and not as a culprit!"

The Earl is overwhelmed and confounded: for the Viscount, as he speaks, by degrees throws aside all that insufferable affectation and all that heartless levity which marked the commencement of his address; and as his voice assumes a tone of profound and sincere feeling, his manner becomes impressively lofty and appealingly energetic.

"Nevertheless, my lord," continues the Viscount, "in spite of what I have said, rest assured that I shall vindicate my honour, if it be tarnished by fault or

frailty on my wife's part;—though not for an instant shall I either set spies to watch her actions, nor attempt to interfere in her pursuits."

"But this is insanely inconsistent!" cries the Earl, surveying his son with mingled astonishment and vexation.

"It may appear so to your lordship," observes the Viscount, coldly: "but the course which I have explained is in perfect keeping with my sentiments. Were I to remonstrate with the wife whom your lordship's sagacity and kind consideration gave me, she might imagine that I in reality entertained some degree of affection for her;—and not for worlds would I be so ludicrously misunderstood—so absurdly misinterpreted!" he adds, laughing almost hysterically. "And now, my dear respected parent," he immediately afterwards exclaims, as he throws himself back again into his easy chair, takes a pinch of snuff with an insufferable degree of affectation, and in a word relapses into his wonted character of self-conceit and flippant coxcombry,—"and now, my dear and respected parent, by way of changing the discourse to a livelier topic, I will just describe to you a rare piece of diversion which took place yesterday. I myself am somewhat indisposed—in a particular manner—and I went to consult that prince of empirics—that most peerless of French quacks—Doctor de la Pillule. Heavens! such a place as I was shown into! Two large rooms, opening into each other, and filled with all the implements of his art—aye, and of his craft too, for that matter! There was a glass-case, in which was the skeleton of a man who had been hanged; and the hideous head seemed to be grinning at '*a subject in muscles*,' as the old rogue denominated another frightful object. Then, in the same case, there was a plaster cast of a head, on which *Monsieur* had placed his best wig. A stuffed monster of some kind or another—I think it must have been an alligator—surmounted the glass inclosure. Strange machines—looking very much like instruments of torture—were grouped about the room; and the inner chamber was fitted up as a laboratory."

"You are quite graphic in your description, sir," says the Earl, drily.

"Well—the truth is that the place made a deep impression upon my mind—and I can recapitulate every feature in detail," returns the Viscount, taking a very minute pinch of snuff in such a manner as to exhibit his jewelled hand to its best advantage. "But for what purpose can you possibly conceive those machines to have been? I was curious enough to ask the old Frenchman; whereupon he pointed majestically to a huge volume lying open upon one of them; and, on examining the title-page, I found it to be '*An Explanation of two Grand Machines: one for Re-setting the Collar-bone, and the other for Drawing a Cork. By Monsieur de la Pillule. Inspected and Approved by the Royal Academy at Paris.*' I laughed so heartily when I thought of the immense complexity of these ponderous contrivances for the most simple operations, that the empiric flew into a rage; and I had scarcely succeeded in appeasing him, when two ladies of my acquaintance—ladies of a certain class, remember—entered the room. Egad! they were rather surprised to behold me there! One was a fine grown woman—the other a mere child: such a contrast in outward appearance—but both equally profligate and depraved in mind, I warrant ye! The elder one was an old flame of mine; and therefore I paid my best attentions to the little creature, on purpose to vex her stout companion. And I succeeded most effectually, too; for the lady on the large scale snatched up the doctor's razor which was lying on a table near a death's head, and threatened to do mischief with it. So I turned to the doctor, and showing him one of his own pills, I asked him if the bolus—which, by the bye, was as large as a nutmeg—would cure a cut-throat as easily as his ponderous machines would set collar-bones and uncork bottles. Oh! you should have seen the look of mingled rage and amazement with which the old quack surveyed me; so that even the furious fair one burst out laughing at the empiric's expense—and I hurried away, enjoying the confusion into which I had thrown the ancient scoundrel. Well, my dear father, next I repaired to a fashionable gaming-house—I dare swear you know it well—"

"Enough—enough!" exclaims the Earl, starting from his seat in a towering passion. "This conduct is cruel indeed, when coming from my own son——"

"The son whom you trained up in such rigid paths of virtue?" adds the Viscount, with an affected laugh. "You see that I have profited by wise counsels and good examples; and you have every reason to be proud of me."

The Earl stays to hear no more. Stung to the very heart's core by the language of the Viscount, and smarting beneath his satire as much as he has been abashed and confounded by his more serious expositions, the humbled and conscience-stricken nobleman rushes from the room, with the Viscount's sardonic laugh ringing in his ears like an ominous knell.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.—PLATE IV.—THE BOUDOIR OF THE COUNTESS.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

PLATE IV.

THE BOUDOIR OF THE COUNTESS.

We are now to suppose that a year or more has passed since the scenes just related; and in the meanwhile the Earl has paid the debt of nature, his dissolution having been no doubt hastened by the terrible castigation he received from the tongue of his own offspring. His demise has of course elevated his son and daughter-in-law to the rank of Earl and Countess; and we may suppose that they have removed from their former dwelling to the splendid mansion so recently built by the deceased nobleman.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive that when the old Earl's affairs come to be looked into, they are found to be in almost irretrievable disorder: for the pecuniary assistance he has received from the Alderman has only proved sufficient for immediate purposes, and inadequate to minister to subsequent extravagances. In fact the lordly palace which the Earl has reared, at the sacrifice of nearly all his fortune, demanded for its completion an expenditure beyond his convenience to encounter. Thus, at his death, he bequeaths to his son a haughty name and an encumbered estate,—a high rank and a falling fortune. The Alderman is compelled to step in to his son-in-law's assistance—advancing money to settle debts and pay off mortgages. But even with this aid, the Viscount finds his income too small for his wants; and his faithful old steward views with dismay the reckless extravagance and profuse expenditure persisted in alike by the Earl on one side and by the Countess on the other.

Having interjected these few necessary observations, we may resume the thread of our narrative,—reminding our readers that we have introduced them to the newly finished mansion which has cost so much.

In a *boudoir* fitted up in the most luxurious and elegant manner, the Countess holds her usual morning's levee while undergoing the last operations of the toilette. Her ladyship is seated in a chair, behind which stands her finnikin French valet-de-chambre, curling her hair in the most approved fashion;—while, half reclining, on a voluptuous ottoman close by, is the handsome but unprincipled barrister who has succeeded in winning the affections of the neglected wife. The Countess is a mother: but the son whom six months previously to the present date she has borne to her husband, can not be denominated "a pledge of affection;"—for no love exists between the little being's parents.

On the floor of the *boudoir* are scattered several invitation-notes and complimentary cards, addressed to Lady Charlotte Squander, and which she has brought to show her very intimate and particular friend the Countess. The contents of these are as follow:—

"Lady Squander's company is desired at Lady Townley's drum next Monday."

"Lady Squander's company is desired at Lady Heathen's drum-major next Sunday."

"Lady Squander's company is desired at Miss Hairbrains' rout."

"Count Bassett begs to no how lade Squander sleapt last nite,"—this complimentary document having, by its orthography, evidently emanated from a foreigner.

According to the fashion of the times, the *boudoir* is thronged with visitors who esteem it a high honour to be admitted to the toilette of the noble mistress of the house. Foremost amongst the group is Farinelli, the celebrated Italian singer, whose powers of song have such an influence upon Lady Charlotte Squander, as to induce this sensitive—or rather absurdly affected creature—to throw herself on her knees at the signor's feet, and thank him with an assumed extatic rapture for the glorious treat his melody affords. The English musician, who deferentially standing behind the great man's chair, accompanies him on the flute, receives none of this frivolous homage; for when was native talent ever appreciated in England?

Next to Farinelli is seated an "exquisite" of the first water—having his hair in papers, and sipping his chocolate with such a mincing air of stupid affectation that it seems as if nothing but a sound box on the ears could possibly remind him that he is not an ape—but a man. On his left is placed another fashionable specimen of the lords of creation—an individual with a fan suspended to his wrist, and who exhibits as much effeminate rapture at Farinelli's song as Lady Charlotte Squander herself. Farther on, still, appears a country squire, who has been induced to accompany the "exquisite" to the Countess's levee, but who, finding the whole affair particularly dull, yet knowing that it would be rude to beat a precipitate retreat, resigns himself to his fate and falls fast asleep in his chair, to dream of fox-hounds and the pleasures of the chase.

While a tall, bulky negro-footman hands round the chocolate to the company, a mulatto page spreads upon the floor, at the feet of his noble mistress, a number of China monsters, ornaments, and pagods,

which some lady-friend has just sent as a present; for, to be fashionable in those times, it was highly necessary to profess a taste for rubbish of that kind —aye, and to purchase specimens, too, at a very costly rate.

From all that has been previously said in these pages, the reader can have no difficulty in forming an idea of the laxity characterising the morals of the age whereof we are writing; and if any further proofs of that laxity be required, they may be found in the scene which we are now describing. For the walls of the *boudoir* are hung with pictures the subjects of which are by no means remarkable for their chastity; and in the chamber of privacy which should have been held sacred, do we find visitors of both sexes,—while her ladyship sits in a voluptuous *dishabillée*, listening to the love-strains which Counsellor Silvertongue pours into her ears.

And her husband—the Earl—where is he? She knows not—and cares as little. Were she asked, she would only shrug her shoulders, as an intimation that provided he does not attempt to interfere with her or her pursuits, she certainly will not institute unpleasant inquiries concerning him or his avocations. They live together under the same roof, it is true; but they seldom meet, save at the formal dinner-table, where the presence of guests prevents the interchange of any save ceremonious phrases. And yet this nobleman who so neglects his wife and seeks pleasure anywhere rather than in her company,—this confirmed *roué*—this star of fashion, is jealous of his honour, though he adopts not the slightest precaution to preserve it untainted. He cares not if his own amours should reach the ears of his wife: but were she to stray from the right path—were she to succumb to the temptations amidst which she is so recklessly thrown—her husband would not hesitate to heap reproaches upon her—to anathematize her as the being who had tarnished his proud name—to thrust her forth from his dwelling as a tainted, polluted, loathsome thing! Yes—and his vengeance, too, would pursue the object of her guilty love, and never be assuaged until his sword had drunk deeply of the heart's-blood of the seducer! Such was the way of the fashionable world of that age; such was the idea which the upper classes entertained of *honour!*

We have seen on a former occasion that Counsellor Silvertongue dared to talk of love to the heroine of this drama in high life. But though he has secured her affections, he has not yet entirely triumphed over her purity. Fear has hitherto proved stronger than her inclinations; for she knows that her husband, with all his neglect of her and his flagrant debaucheries elsewhere, is jealous to a degree. But on the present occasion Silvertongue has resolved to pave the way for the summary accomplishment of his infamous designs; and, having exerted all his powers of conversation to please and fascinate, he finds that he has succeeded in making so deep an impression upon her mind as to bring her to that pitch of voluptuous tenderness when she can refuse him nothing.

"Dearest creature," he says, in a soft and almost plaintive under-tone, "if you love me as much as you have expressed, you will no longer keep me in this intolerable suspense. For you have I abjured the marriage-state; for you have I renounced many brilliant opportunities of pushing my way in the world by means of an alliance with wealth and rank. Am I ever to sigh vainly at your feet—ever to plead hopelessly for proofs of your attachment?"

"But the world—consider how the world watches the actions of women in my sphere!" murmurs the Countess.

"And therefore must we deceive the world," urges the designing lover; "and this is effected daily and hourly. Listen, dearest," he continues, in a still more soft and plaintive tone,—for the French valet-de-chambre can not understand a syllable of English, and he alone is near enough to overhear this dialogue: —"listen, my beloved, and refuse not the favour I am about to ask. To-night a grand masquerade is to take place at the Assembly Rooms in Saint James's Street: I have procured tickets—one for yourself, and the other for me."

Thus speaking, he looks at her significantly; and he sees by the blush which mantles on her cheeks and the pleasure which gleams in her eyes, that his proposal will not be refused. He accordingly hands her one of the tickets, which, after a short but violent internal struggle, she accepts and conceals in her bosom. A few hasty whispers then arrange the costumes which they are to wear—the hour at which each is to appear at the rooms—and the watchword by which they are to know each other when they meet, should other masques happen to assume a similar attire.

By this time the lady's hair is dressed—Farinelli has terminated his third song—and the visitors rise to depart. Silvertongue for the sake of appearances, is one of the first to take his leave: and as he presses the fair hand of the Countess, he darts upon her a look full of eloquent meaning,—to which she replies by a deep blush which is replete with significant promise to that designing man.

It is not, however, our purpose to dwell at length upon this portion of our narrative. Suffice it to say that, in spite of the promptings of her better feelings and the warnings which her timid nature suggests, —in spite of the lingering remains of virtuous principle, and the dread of detection,—the Countess, deeply disguised, repairs to the masquerade. There she encounters her lover;—and thence he bears her in a hired vehicle to some fashionable house of infamy, where her marriage-vows are forgotten and her dishonour is accomplished. It is late when she returns to the mansion; and, through the connivance of a faithful lady's-maid, her protracted absence—alone and unattended on that night—is unsuspected by the household generally, and remains entirely unknown to her husband.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.—PLATE V.—THE HUSBAND, THE WIFE, AND THE LOVER.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

PLATE V.

THE HUSBAND, THE WIFE, AND THE LOVER.

We may suppose that upwards of a twelvemonth has passed since the fall of the Countess, and that the amour has during that time been carried on. But the Earl begins at length to suspect his wife of infidelity to his bed; and his own observation as well as the whispers of scandal lead to the belief that Counsellor Silvertongue is the favoured gallant. The Earl employs spies to watch the actions of his spouse; but so wary is she in her intrigues, and so effectual is the assistance which she receives from a conniving lady's-maid, that the jealous husband cannot obtain any positive proof of her frailty. At length on a certain night one of the Earl's spies seeks out his master amongst the haunts of dissipation in the fashionable part of the metropolis; and, having succeeded in his search, the man acquaints his lordship with the fact that he has watched the Countess and Silvertongue, on leaving a masquerade shortly before midnight, and has traced them to a genteel house of infamy in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street.

The indignant husband, smarting under a sense of that dishonour which he has never sought by his own conduct to avert from his noble name, hastens to the fashionable brothel indicated; and, having ascertained the room to which the lady and gentleman answering to a particular description, have retired, he rushes furiously up the stairs—breaks open the door—and bursts into the presence of the guilty pair. The light of a candle upon a side-table reveals to them the countenance of the Earl,—that countenance which is pale as death, and distorted with rage; —and a piercing scream issues from the lips of the wretched lady. Counsellor Silvertongue leaps from the bed in which, a moment before, he has been locked in the arms of his paramour; and, seizing his sword, he commands the nobleman to retire. The Earl answers with an ejaculation of rage; and, drawing his weapon, prepares to rush upon the destroyer of his honour. The rapiers cross with a clashing sound; and the guilty cause of this duel, springing from the bed, alarms the house with her distressing shrieks.

Short is the combat—in less than a minute it is over; for the Earl, blinded by his rage, is unable to parry the dexterous thrusts made at him by the Counsellor, and the sword of the seducer inflicts a mortal wound in the breast of the injured husband. Then, how piercing—how thrilling—how rending is the scream that bursts from the agonising wife; and, throwing herself upon her knees at her husband's feet, she exclaims, "Oh! pardon me—pardon me! Say that you forgive me—if not for *my* sake—for that of our child—the child whom both of us have so little loved and so much neglected! Pardon me, I say——Ah! you spurn me from you——"

At this moment there is a rapid, rushing sound of many footsteps up the stairs; and Counsellor Silvertongue, who for a few instants has been gazing in speechless horror upon the tragic scene which his iniquity has wrought, seems suddenly to be animated with a terrific sense of the peril that menaces him. Throwing up the window,—undressed—half-naked as he is, he lowers himself upon the leads which the room overlooks, and thence alights in safety in the yard at the back of the house, the topography of which is well known to him. In the meantime the porter of the establishment, attended by the night-watch, has entered the room where the guilty wife is still kneeling in bitterest anguish at the feet of her husband, who, fixing upon her a look—a ghastly look of indescribable hate, endeavours to point at her heart the weapon which he still retains in his hand. But at the same instant the faintness of death seizes upon him—the sword falls from his grasp—he staggers back a few paces —and, with a low moan, sinks lifeless upon the floor!

"May heaven have mercy upon me!" cries the wretched woman, whose brain seems to whirl with a wild delirium;—and, uttering a piercing scream, she falls senseless on the corpse of her murdered husband.

While some of the night-constables busy themselves in summoning the females of the establishment to the assistance of the guilty lady, others, perceiving by the open window that the lover has made his escape, institute an immediate search in the vicinity; and in less than ten minutes from the time that he has leapt into the yard, Counsellor Silvertongue is discovered and arrested in an outhouse belonging to an adjacent dwelling.

About a fortnight afterwards the sessions commence before the Recorder at the Old Bailey. Counsellor Silvertongue is now put upon his trial.

In a dreadful state—pale, ghastly, and convulsed with anguish—is he carried, rather than conducted, into the dock; and it is found necessary to accommodate him with a chair. While the night-constables, who arrested him on the night which marked his crime, are giving their evidence, the unhappy man weeps like a child and frequently interrupts the proceeding with his agonising moans and piteous wail-

ings; but when the barrister, engaged in his defence, enters upon his argument, Silvertongue suddenly becomes profoundly silent, and hangs with an interest most painfully intense upon every word that falls from the learned gentleman's lips. All this time, however, the workings of the unhappy man's countenance are dreadful to behold,—as hope and fear alternate rapidly in his mind. At length the speech for the defence is terminated; and then the prisoner fixes his eyes upon the Judge, and never withdraws them from that functionary's face—no, not for a single instant, during the summing up. But perhaps the most painful portion of this trial is the interval of the jury's half-hour's absence to consider their verdict; and while that absence lasts, the condition of the prisoner is so truly piteous—so absolutely lamentable, that many a kind heart then present forgets the crimes of which he has been guilty, and melts in sympathy for the wretched man whose mental anguish is so fearfully recorded in his countenance.

The jury return to their place—and the prisoner follows them with his eyes, as if his very looks could devour them. He reads his doom on their countenances: and yet he cannot now shriek out—nor give vent even to a moan. It is not a stunning nor stupifying sense that weighs upon him; but it is the actual intensity—the poignant acuteness of his feelings that forbids the idea of relief in the utterance of a syllable or sound. But, oh! when the word—the terrible word "*Guilty*" is pronounced, in a low, yet emphatic tone, then the band that confines the wretched man's tongue is suddenly loosened; and a shriek—a piercing scream bursts from his lips,—an expression of agony so strange and unnatural on the part of a man, that many present on the occasion believe at first it must have come from a female throat. The very walls of the Court appear to send back that shriek in reverberations and echoes of an appalling kind; and strong men feel as if frightened and bewildered—and women faint in the gallery—and the Judge, and barristers, and officers of the tribunal, though accustomed to outbursts of bitter anguish on the part of the condemned, shudder and turn pale at the unwonted intensity of wrung feelings displayed on this occasion.

The Recorder draws on the black cap, and proceeds to pass sentence of death in a most affecting manner.

"Gifted with talents, endowed with a handsome exterior, and possessed of no ordinary powers of eloquence," says the Judge, "if ever there were a man who had grand opportunities and favourable chances of rising to eminence in an honourable profession, and acquiring the renown to which a laudable ambition might have elevated him, that man is yourself. But you have perverted all the good gifts which heaven had showered upon you with no niggard hand; you have used your enviable qualifications to bad purposes and iniquitous ends; and the erring course which you thus adopted has hurried you on to this deplorable—this ignominious catastrophe. It only now remains for you to make your peace with heaven: the hand of human justice will not be stayed on your account."

The dreadful condemnation is then pronounced; and as the last words of the Recorder fall upon the ears of the breathless auditory, the wretched prisoner gives utterance to another wild and piercing shriek, and sinks back senseless in the arms of the turnkeys.

Then, as the persons who have been present at the trial, disperse in all directions, they say to each other, as if speaking in anticipation of a joyous holiday, "The execution will take place next Monday!"

But during the interval, great interest is made by powerful friends on behalf of the prisoner; and a memorial is addressed to the Secretary of State, strongly urging the expediency of showing mercy in this instance. For it is alleged by the memorialists that the prisoner only acted in self-defence, when the Earl broke abruptly and furiously into the room; and they implore a commutation of the sentence passed on the unhappy man. The Minister replies that the subject shall receive due consideration, and that the Recorder shall be consulted in the matter with the least possible delay. Hope, therefore, revives in the breast of the miserable man, and his friends look upon the object of their memorial as already gained. Whether the result justifies this belief, the sequel must show.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.—PLATE VI.—THE SUICIDE OF THE COUNTESS.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

PLATE VI.

SUICIDE OF THE COUNTESS.

The house of the City Alderman is supposed to have been situated on the City side of the Thames, midway between Queenhithe and London Bridge. Immediately after the tragic event which cost the Earl his life and gave the Counsellor into the hands of justice, the guilty Countess seeks her father's dwelling —not daring to return to the mansion where she expects that the very servants would look upon her with loathing and abhorrence. The moment the death of her husband becomes known throughout the metropolis, his numerous creditors seize upon all his effects; and thus, after a few years of "splendid misery," the Countess once more crosses the paternal threshold, lost and dishonoured—beggared and undone! But her father grieves more for her ruined fortunes than her tarnished fame—sorrows more profoundly over her blighted hopes than her blasted reputation. He could have made up his mind to receive the polluted dimirep with open arms, provided that well-filled money-bags or the title-deeds of vast estates accompany her. But to be compelled to take back to his hearth that daughter and her child, knowing that they are dependent upon him for the food they will consume and the clothes they must have to wear,—to find that all they bring with them consists in empty, sounding titles,—to reflect upon the gold which he has expended to place his daughter in a proud and independent position, and to view the wreck of all his brightest hopes,—Oh! this is gall and wormwood to that selfish, worldly, calculating old man!

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We must now suppose that it is about two o'clock in the afternoon of the Monday following the trial at the Old Bailey, and all is confusion and dismay in the Alderman's house. During the interval of about three weeks which has elapsed since the fatal tragedy in the brothel, the Countess has alternated between violent paroxysms of grief, and long, silent fits of blank despair. Sometimes she asks for her child, and presses him with a kind of frantic tenderness to her bosom: at others she appears to loathe the sight of the innocent little being, and peremptorily orders the servant to take him from her presence. She scarcely touches any food, and wastes rapidly away, as if under the influence of a terrible atrophy—so that a few days work such fearful changes in her personal appearance that she seems but the shadow of what she lately was. When the trial of her paramour comes on, her mental anguish reaches a height that portends no other possible result than madness;—and all that day she paces her chamber, or else lies writhing on her sofa, as if enduring the pains of the damned. But when the termination of the process is communicated to her,—when she learns that he whom she has loved so madly, and for whom she has sinned so deeply, is doomed to die a felon's death, a sudden revulsion of feeling takes place, and her anguish, instead of progressing to insanity, throws her back into dark—deep—sombre —and speechless despair. From this state she is slowly aroused to new excitement, by hearing whispers around her to the effect that immense efforts are being made to procure a commutation of the condemned one's sentence; and then hope revives in her soul. But wherefore may she hope? Never—never more can she and her paramour come together;—for, even if his life be spared, it must be upon the condition of passing the remainder of his days in exile. Still she *does* hope—but it is on his account; for she cannot bear to think that the countenance she has so much loved to look upon, should ever grow distorted and hideous with the strangling noose around the neck.

Thus, amidst feverish uncertainties—wild hopes and appalling fears—do several days pass; and still is her suspense unrelieved on the Monday which we ere now named. For though it is known in the house that the memorial to the Government has been unsuccessful and that the warrant for the execution of the Counsellor has arrived at Newgate late on the preceding Saturday night,—though it is likewise known that on this very Monday morning to which we have brought our narrative, the dread sentence is to be carried into effect at Tyburn,—yet the dreadful news has been kept from the unhappy woman. The physician, who attends upon her, has recommended that the fatal intelligence should be gradually broken to her when all is over, and when the soul may rather sink into the despair of a tremendous certainty, than undergo the torturing fluctuations of hope and fear. Thus is it that the hour of two on this Monday afternoon has arrived; and the guilty Countess is still unacquainted with the doom of her lover.

It is arranged that so soon as it is known that the prisoner has positively suffered the extreme penalty and that no reprieve has been vouchsafed to him at the gallows' foot, the family physician shall undertake the painful task of revealing the fact to the Countess. The usual preparations for the afternoon meal accordingly take place as usual: and the

Countess is seated alone in the apartment where the table is spread, when she suddenly hears a woman crying out something about a "dying speech and confession" in the street below. A frightful suspicion shoots through her brain, like a sudden and poignant pang; and she throws open the window to listen. But the woman has turned the corner; and though the Countess can hear the sounds of her whining voice, she cannot catch the words that she utters. At this moment an old and faithful domestic, who has been a long time attached to her father's household, enters the room; and the Countess, in a tone of agonising impatience and pathetic appeal, implores him to hasten after the woman and procure one of the papers which she is selling. The kind-hearted servant promises instantaneous compliance with this request, and hurries away to fulfil the commission.

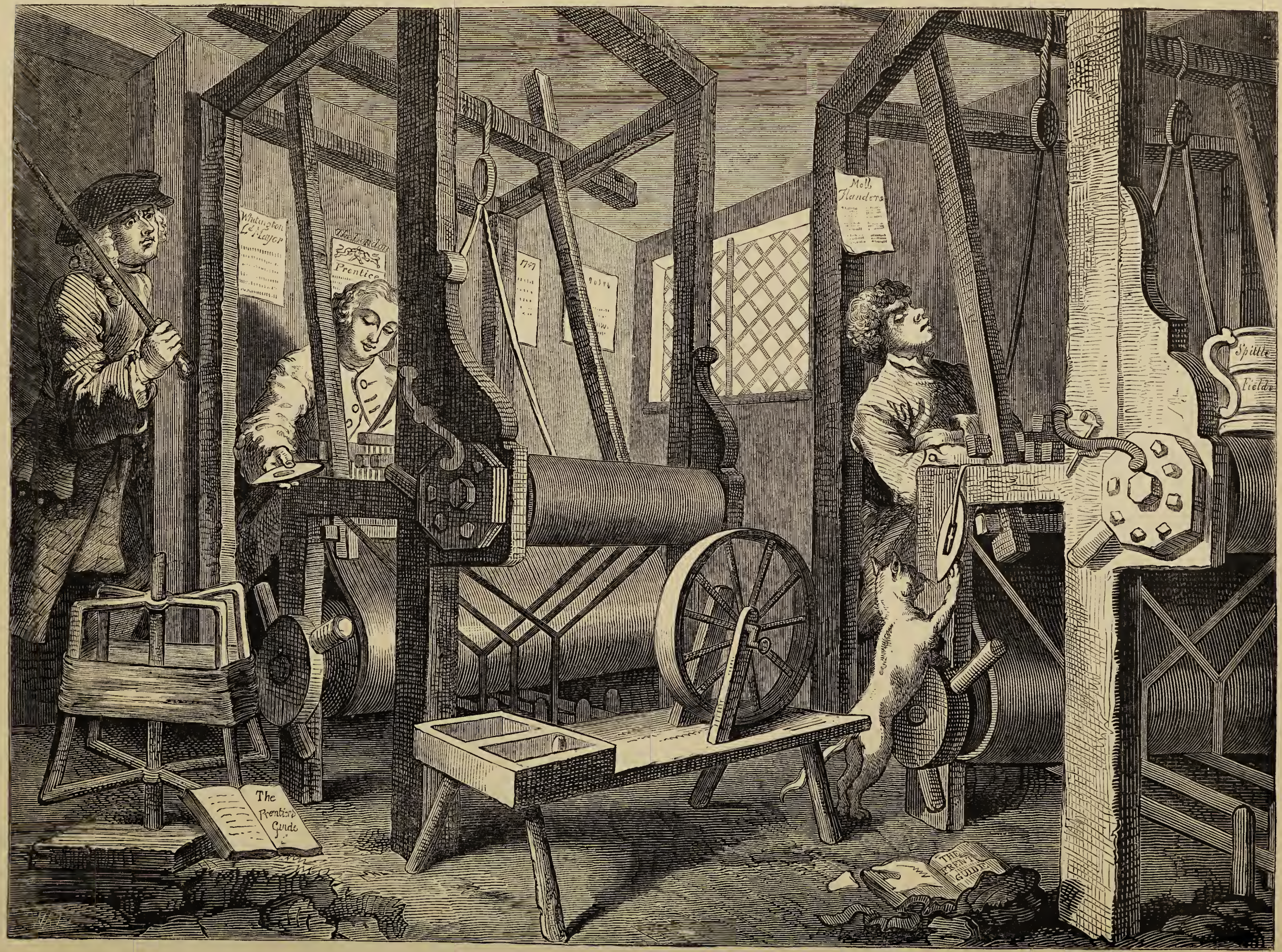
"Oh! heavens—they have been deceiving me!" cries the Countess, the instant the door closes behind the domestic; and, throwing herself on a seat, she bursts into a flood of tears. But in a few moments she starts up again—wipes away the traces of weeping—and, casting her eyes wildly around, seems to be animated with some sudden and desperate resolution. A hectic flush appears on her cheeks, previously so ghastly pale; and, after a brief—a very brief hesitation, she rushes from the room. To hasten to her own chamber—take a phial from a private drawer in her writing-desk—secure that bottle about her person—and return to the apartment where the dinner-table is spread,—all this is the work of half a minute. Then, murmuring to herself, "If my worst fears be confirmed, I will not survive thee!" she awaits with the calmness of despair for the return of the servant.

He is not long in making his appearance;—but his countenance wears an expression of horror—and he stands speechless, and with staring eye-balls, in the presence of his young mistress.

"The paper!" she exclaims, now speaking with impatience as well as authority; and the trembling old man presents the terrible document. She glances at it as she takes it in her bloodless hand—and then she feels a dizziness come upon her as if she must faint: but, instantly exercising an almost superhuman power over her excruciating emotions, she says hastily—nay, even sternly, "Begone!"

The old man, bewildered by her strange conduct—terrified by her unearthly looks—and oppressed with vague apprehensions, as well as with the more definite fear of having done wrong in bringing her the paper, hastens away, not so much in obedience to the imperious command he has received as for the purpose of alarming the household. This he speedily accomplishes; and the Alderman, accompanied by the physician who happens to arrive at the instant, hastens to the room where his daughter is. She is reclining in an arm-chair, gazing vacantly before her, and having the appearance of one whose senses are lost. The truth is read in a moment; for there, at her feet, lies the fatal paper, containing the "*Last Dying Speech and Confession of Counsellor Silvertongue;*" and near it a phial labelled with the word —"LAUDANUM."

A surgeon is instantly sent for; and the two medical gentlemen have recourse to all the usual means to counteract the effect of the poison; but every effort is vain: the dose is large, and the wretched woman was already weak, feeble, and attenuated when she swallowed it. The hand of death lies heavily upon her; and the nurse brings in her orphan—so soon to be doubly orphan—boy to embrace his parent in the supreme hour of dissolution. Even with that touching scene before his eyes, the avaricious—selfish—cold-hearted Alderman cannot resist the temptation of drawing a valuable ring from his dying daughter's hand, for fear it should become the perquisite of the woman who may lay her out;—and while the physician takes his departure in a stately manner—and the surgeon upbraids the old servant for procuring the fatal document for his mistress,—while, too, a half-starved dog avails itself of the opportunity to seize upon a portion of the scanty meal spread upon the table,—amidst these varied incidents is surrendered up the spirit of the hapless victim of a *Marriage à la Mode*.



INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—PLATE I.—THE TWO APPRENTICES.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE I.

THE TWO APPRENTICES.

We must now introduce the reader to the interior of a factory in Spitalfields,—one of the most extensive establishments in that district of the metropolis, and belonging to a worthy citizen of the name of West.

In a large, airy, and well-lighted apartment are several looms, employed in the weaving of that soft and lustrous texture which constitutes one of the most costly as well as the most beautiful of our manufactures. It was somewhere about the year 1680 that the factory was established by the father of the Mr. West whom we find to be its proprietor in 1720—the period of which we are now writing. This gentleman, was indeed, as we have denominated him, a worthy citizen in every sense of the word—a good husband, a kind father, and an excellent master. His character was unblemished; and he was quoted as an example of integrity and honour by all who knew him. His disposition was generous and humane; and he treated the persons in his service, not as mere machines and automatons for whom he had done all that he need do when he paid them their wages—but as friends between whom and himself mutual obligations lay. He gave them employment and liberal remuneration: and they gave him their labour and skill, whereby he enriched himself. Thus the compact existing between the employer and the employed was based on reciprocal confidence and a manly sense of mutual reliance—without overbearing insolence on one side, or mean cringing on the other. Mr. West was happy in the results of so admirable though taeit an understanding; and the men were happy in enjoying that good opinion on his part which they were proudly conscious of deserving.

Throughout the spacious room in which the noise of the busy looms makes the sweetest music that could ever fall on the ear of the Genius of Manufacture,—there is but one idle hand—one silent shuttle. Vainly has Mr. West endeavoured, by gentle remonstrance and mildly expressed though forcibly argumentative reasoning, to wean Tom Idle away from those habits of indolence and dissipation which have obtained a complete mastery over him.

Of a widely different character from Tom Idle, is Frank Goodchild—another apprentice, who occupies a loom immediately behind that of his lazy and profligate companion. Frank is a good, steady, industrious young man,—active and intelligent—fond of his occupation—and ever studious to retain the excellent opinion his master has formed of him. His open countenance contrasts strongly with the sullen, down-east looks of Tom Idle: for Frank dares look any one in the face, whereas the other invariably quails beneath the glances of those whom he knows to be better than himself.

It is verging towards noon, when Mr. West appears at the door of the work-shop. His countenance beams with benevolence and satisfaction as the busy noise meets his ears: but a cloud suddenly overspreads his features, as his eyes rest on the place occupied by Tom Idle. For the indolent apprentice is leaning back in a sound sleep, his head supported by one of the uprights of the loom; and the cat is playing with his shuttle. A pewter quart-pot close by indicates the nature of the liquor which has overpowered him, and the drowsy influence of which has completely unfitted him for work. Everything about him denotes idleness, improvidence, and depravity. The licentious ballad of "Moll Flanders" is pinned to the framework of his loom; in another place a blackened tobacco-pipe proclaims him to be an inveterate smoker; and on the floor lies the "Apprentice's Guide"—a manual of good advice introduced by Mr. West into the factory—soiled, dog's-eared, and torn. His hair is matted and uncombed; his clothes are stained with liquor, and rent in several places;—and his entire appearance is that of a dissipated, idle sloven.

From this lamentable picture the eyes of Mr. West are turned, as if to seek a relief where he knows such a contrast will be afforded, towards the loom occupied by the industrious apprentice. And there is the young man intent upon his work,—a half-smile upon his countenance, as if pleasing thoughts are passing through his mind,—and his general demeanour indicating mental tranquility, good conduct, and the possession of estimable qualities. His attire is plain, but scrupulously neat; and his hair is combed back from his open and intelligent forehead. Several ballads are fastened to the wall immediately behind him; but they are all of a moral nature, or of a tendency to encourage emulation. One, for instance, records the marvellous adventures of Whittington, who, from a poor boy, raised himself by his honest industry to so respectable a position that he became Lord Mayor of London. In a word, the general tenour of the ballads in the vicinity of the industrious apprentice's loom, shows that the young man lays out his pocket-money judiciously instead of wasting it in dissolute pursuits;—and the cleanly appearance of his "Guide," which he has left open at the place where he has read a page during a few minutes' necessary rest from his labour, bears evidence to his willingness to imbibe good counsel and receive profitable instruction.

"Well, Frank," says Mr. West, advancing towards the industrious apprentice, whom he addresses in a tone of almost paternal kindness, "hard at work as usual? But you were smiling a minute ago, when I first looked at you."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaims the young man, raising his fine intelligent eyes for a moment towards his master's countenance, but without desisting from his work: "I did not observe that you were there, sir, until you spoke."

"Very likely not, my dear boy," says the manufacturer; "because you were so intent on your occupation;—and the advantage of this occupation is that, being mechanical, it allows one to indulge in thought. Now, meditation is very useful — very beneficial indeed, Frank, when the subject is good. May I learn the topic of your thoughts just now?"

"Oh! certainly, sir," replies the young man, cheerfully. "I was repeating to myself the ballad of *Whittington, Lord Mayor of London*, and was wondering whether, if I worked hard and behaved myself well, such good fortune would ever befall me."

"Say not '*good fortune*,' Frank," observes Mr. West, laying his hand with kind familiarity upon the youth's shoulder: "that phrase is almost as bad as '*good luck*,' which is very objectionable. Be you well assured that we are all the artificers of our own fortunes, or the workers out of our own ruin. The elements of success exist in ourselves, if we choose to take advantage of them;—and, on the other hand, people are too apt to attribute to evil fortune or what they are pleased to call ill-luck, those failures which have resulted from their own neglect, want of foresight, indolence, or obstinacy. The person who says to himself, '*I* WILL *succeed*,' and who acts in accordance with the resolution, can scarcely experience disappointment; for by perseverance he will triumph over all obstacles. But, alas;" adds Mr. West, indicating Tom Idle, with a mournful look; "what can we expect from a young man like him?"

"Oh! sir, do not be angry with him!" exclaims Francis Goodchild, with generous fervour; "he will yet become all you wish him to be!"

Mr. West shakes his head, and advancing towards the idle apprentice, exclaims, "What! sleeping here before noon! Tom—Tom," he continues in a serious tone, as the young man wakes up, rubbing his eyes and yawning with the drowsiness that still hangs over him,—"this conduct on your part will never do! I am really tired of speaking to you; and you are not only an enemy to your own interests, but unjust towards your employer thus to tax his patience so severely!"

"I suppose I can't help sleeping, sir, if the fit comes on me," says Tom in a sulky voice, but without venturing to raise his eyes towards his master.

"You can help drinking so much of that liquor which is good in moderation, but most pernicious in excess," returns the manufacturer, pointing with his stick to the pewter-pot. "I should be sorry—very sorry to wound the feelings of your father; but, if you do not amend, I must positively request that he will remove you from my establishment."

With these words Mr. West passes on; and the moment his back is turned the idle apprentice makes a face at the worthy man, at the same time muttering to himself, "I am precious sick of this kind of life, old fellow; and the sooner I cut it the better. What a pity it is that I wasn't born a rich gentleman."

Meantime, Mr. West passes down the room, addressing a few kind words to each of the weavers,—making benevolent enquiries concerning the families of those who are married,—and manifesting the most lively solicitude in the comfort and happiness of all.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—PLATE II.—THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE'S SUNDAY MORNING.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE II.

THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE'S SUNDAY MORNING.

It is by no means difficult to imagine, in all its completeness, the character of Frank Goodchild, the industrious apprentice. He is a young man who has never committed a single deed to bring a blush to his cheek; and yet, strictly—rigidly well-conducted as he is, he possesses a gay disposition, a fine spirit, and a generous heart. He is regular in his attendance at church, and is deeply imbued with the truths and importance of revealed religion; but he is not what the world disdainfully calls "a saint"—he never makes theology the subject of conversation, nor is his piety associated with a sickly fastidiousness nor a stern intolerance. He is an excellent young man, without a taint of maudlin sentimentality: his knowledge is varied, combining many useful branches of learning; —and during his leisure hours, he is constantly accumulating fresh stores of intellectual wealth.

It is natural that Mr. and Mrs. West should have formed a great attachment for so deserving and promising a youth; but there are other ties, besides those constituted by his own merits, which render him an object of their special regard. He is the orphan child of parents, who, during their lifetime, were the bosom friends of the Wests, and who dying early and almost simultaneously of an epidemic disease, have left their boy to the care and guardianship of the worthy merchant. On their demise, their property was realized; and the amount, though not large, is sufficient to afford an assurance of enabling Frank Goodchild to establish himself in an independent manner at the expiration of his term of apprenticeship. Moreover, the judicious way in which Mr. West has laid it out at interest, considerably increases the original capital; and thus the deserving youth's prospects are as bright as the possession of a little fortune, the kindness of excellent friends, and his own good qualities can possibly render them.

It is a pleasing spectacle to behold Frank Goodchild and Miss West proceeding to church, arm-in-arm, on the Sabbath morning, following Mr. and Mrs. West at a little distance. The open, intelligent countenance of the young man, and the pretty, interesting face of the manufacturer's daughter, are animated with that subdued spirit of joyous contentment which denotes happy hearts imbued with a due sense of the solemnity of a day devoted to thanksgiving and innocent holiday. And at church it is likewise an agreeable sight to contemplate the youthful pair placed next to each other in the same pew, and exercising their devotions from the same book. Were it proper to entertain such an idea on such an occasion, it would strike the beholder that Frank Goodchild and Miss West are made for each other, and that there is altogether a fitness in their union which destiny itself has devised and forecast.

We may suppose that though the heart of Miss West is as yet disengaged, yet it entertains a decided preference in favour of Frank Goodchild—a preference which the artless maiden mistakes for friendship, but which is the element of a sincere and profound attachment. On the other hand, the industrious apprentice is decidedly enamoured of his master's daughter; and these germinating sentiments, more definite on his part than on hers, do not escape the notice of Mr. and Mrs. West, who behold that incipient evidence of mutual affection with heartfelt pleasure. In fact, nothing can be better calculated to ensure the happiness of their daughter upon a solid foundation than her marriage with so deserving and promising a young man. It would be easy to effect a more advantageous match for her, in a purely worldly point of view, the only considerations of which are wealth and rank; but Mr. and Mrs. West are too well acquainted with the real and genuine springs of happiness to think for a moment of sacrificing their beloved and only child at the altar of Mammon. Thus it seems tacitly understood on their part that Frank Goodchild and their daughter are destined for each other; and the young men who visit at the house, perceiving that Frank's attentions are always more welcome than their own to Miss West, give up all hopes of securing the hand of the rich merchant's daughter.

We may now imagine a little incident which will afford the reader a better insight into the industrious apprentice's character and position than anything we have yet said.

It is evening, and the two apprentices retire to their bed-chamber, as usual, shortly before ten o'clock. Previously to laying himself down to rest, Frank kneels by the side of his bed and breathes a fervent prayer to heaven, proffering thanksgiving for the blessings of the day just past, and imploring a renewal of the same for the morrow. On rising from his pious devotions, Frank observes his fellow-apprentice lounging idly on his bed, without making any preparation for repose.

"Well, Tom," he says, "are you going to lie there all night?"

"Pray, why do you meddle with my concerns, Master Goodchild?" demands Idle, sulkily. "You are not my master, at all events."

"Neither do I assume any right to dictate to you,

Tom," is the mild yet firm reply. "I merely made an observation of little consequence; and I am sorry if I have displeased you."

"Another time I shall thank you to keep your observations to yourself," says the other.

"Why do you speak to me in this harsh manner?" inquires Frank. "Situated as we are together—apprentices to the same kind and indulgent master—living under the same roof—eating at the same board—and occupying the same chamber, we ought to be friends. Indeed, I have endeavoured to cultivate good feelings between us——"

"I don't want your friendship or your good feelings," interrupts Tom, doggedly; "and I wish you would hold your tongue and go to sleep."

"I am at a loss to understand the meaning of your conduct," exclaims Goodchild, in a tone of unfeigned surprise. "Your manner has recently changed altogether towards me. I am disposed to consider you in the light of a brother, and you reject all my proffered advances with scorn."

"Since it comes to that," cries Tom Idle, starting up from the bed on which he has been lounging, "I think it best to tell you my mind at once. I don't like you, Frank Goodchild! You have always been our master's favourite; and I am sure you have set him against me in an under-hand way."

"So far from being capable of such a cowardly, vile proceeding," exclaims the industrious apprentice, indignantly, "I have always endeavoured to palliate any little indiscretions of which you have been guilty."

"Indiscretions!" ejaculates Tom, flying into a rage; "who made you a judge of my conduct? I never wanted you to interfere with me or in my affairs; and I should advise you to mind your own business in future."

"You are determined to cherish a most extraordinary prejudice against me," says Goodchild, in a tone of manly conciliation; "and I much regret that you understand so little of my real disposition."

"I understand quite enough to make me dislike you," cries Tom; "and if you don't hold your tongue, I shall see if I can't force you."

"If you think that I care for your menaces, you are much mistaken," says Goodchild, quietly. "But I certainly shall not attempt to carry on the present conversation any farther."

"Ah! I always thought you were a sneaking coward," exclaims Tom Idle, in a jeering tone; "and now I am convinced of it. Oh! you have no answer to give to that, Master Meek-face! For two pins I'd bestow something upon you that should make you remember me;"—and as Frank is stepping into bed, without taking any notice of this insulting language, the idle apprentice pushes him rudely.

Frank Goodchild starts up, turns round, and confronting his companion, says, "I should be very sorry to quarrel with you, Tom. I hate the idea of strife in any shape or way—especially the brutal use of the fists. But if you dare to lay a finger upon me again——"

Tom Idle, who is in one of those dogged, dissatisfied moods which are so frequently the associates of the guilty mind, interrupts his fellow-apprentice with a violent blow upon the face; whereupon Frank Goodchild, being unwilling to hit him in return, yet unable to endure the indignity which he has received, instantly closes with him, and throws him back upon his bed. Then, holding him down, he says, in a decided tone, "If you attempt to molest me again, Tom, I shall be compelled to chastise you most severely."

The idle apprentice now discovers for the first time that his companion is the stronger of the two; and, like all bullies, he is a coward. He accordingly promises to use no farther violence; and Frank Goodchild, deeply regretting the scene which has just occurred, retires to his own couch.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—PLATE III.—THE IDLE APPRENTICE'S SUNDAY MORNING.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE III.

THE IDLE APPRENTICE'S SUNDAY MORNING.

At the period of which we are writing, the Great Metropolis presented a social phase of remarkable demoralisation. The upper classes were steeped to the very lips in licentiousness; while the lower orders were plunged into a state of distressing penury and dreadful depravity. The highest ladies in the land experienced no shame for the amours in which they indulged, and of which they openly boasted; and the lives of the daughters of toil were dissolute to a degree. The occupations of great nobles and wealthy gentlemen were chiefly seduction, gaming, drinking, and riot; while their wives, neglected by their legitimate protectors, readily threw themselves into the arms of lovers, and made gallantry the business of their existence. Such an example produced, as might naturally be expected, the most pernicious effects upon the poorer orders, who considered that what their superiors did could scarcely be wrong; and thus those men or women, whom want reduced to desperation, had not the least compunction in flying to desperate pursuits. The only class which maintained itself in a comparatively healthy state, amid such wide-spread contamination, was that of the merchants and better kind of tradesmen generally: but the good examples of honest citizen-families were lost upon the mass of the population, the ignorant poor being glad to excuse their own depravity by pointing to that of the highest order in the social sphere.

From all these circumstances the reader may learn that, in the times to which the present series of Pictures refers, London was the scene of innumerable deeds of violence, evidences of disorder, and crimes of a very flagrant nature. The police arrangements were wretchedly ineffectual; and turpitude literally stalked abroad with impunity. All the low neighbourhoods swarmed with desperate and dissolute characters, and contained a vast number of receptacles for thieves and prostitutes, and vile dens where the greatest infamy was practised. The most audacious robberies were perpetrated not merely in lonely places and in the night-time, but in frequented thoroughfares and even during the day. It is a fact—strange as the assertion may appear — that gangs of ruffians paraded the streets, well armed with swords and pistols, setting the police-officers at defiance, and generally coming best off from a skirmish with those impotent functionaries.

The eastern part of London was for the most part in a very deplorable condition at the period of which we are writing. Spitalfields was a poor but industrious district: but Whitechapel and Wapping were like morasses swarming with reptiles. Nothing could exceed the penury and squalor—the misery and filth—the sordidness and the sinister aspect of the dwellings in these neighbourhoods; while the inhabitants seemed to be of a race totally distinct from that which peopled the better portions of the metropolis. Every third house, at the least, was a low drinking-ken —as might be perceived not only by the sign of the pewter measure hung out in front, but by the number of tipplers congregated at the doors at all hours in the day. Women, positively half-naked, and without shame, were engaged in obscene discourse with reprobates of the most desperate character: married females and their young daughters herded freely with the most abandoned prostitutes; burglars, thieves, and pickpockets were treating their mistresses to the inebriating dram; and not unfrequently the scene was still more varied by the quarrels, the fighting, and the fierce wrangles that sprang up in the excitement of liquor.

The dwellings were chiefly of wood,—low and sombre,—and with miserable little windows, the holes in which were stopped up with filthy rags, old stockings, or even worn-out hats crushed in together for the purpose. The roofs were broken in many parts; and some of the rotten tenements had veered so far out of the perpendicular that it seemed wonderful how they remained standing at all—and still more wonderful how any human beings could be found venturesome enough to occupy them. The entire aspect of the scene created in the mind the impression of several thousands of people voluntarily clinging to their rags, their penury, their squalor, and their filth,—steeped to the very lips in immoralities too frightful to detail, and profligacies too hideous to think upon,—contented with that awful lot,—nay, absolutely loving it,—never seeking to emancipate themselves from that state of barbarism—never emulating the civilization which actually hemmed them in and made them isolated,—complaining not of the nauseous atmosphere which they breathed, nor endeavouring to improve it by the removal of the offal, feculence, and putridity which rendered every street ankle-deep with elements sufficient to engender a hundred pestilences! Never did it appear to strike parents in this horrible neighbourhood that they might do better for their children than allow them to roll about in the gutters all day, picking up morsels of carrot or cabbage-stalk to devour,—raking the kennels for lost pence,—searching the very dung-hills for bits and scraps of food thrown

away with the sweepings of the houses,—sucking the putrid marrow out of the bones which the boilers of horse-flesh had used,—and varying their occupations by pilfering at the small shops, or practising themselves in the more decided art of pickpocketing. Nor were these the pursuits of the boys alone; but the young girls passed through the same ordeal—the same atrocious initiation—through the neglect of their parents. Unfortunate creatures! they knew not right from wrong—no moral guides had they;—their infancy and childhood were spent in contemplating the vilest examples—enduring the most poignant sufferings of cold and hunger—and in having their sensibilities blunted by the brutal treatment they received from their parents;—so that these poor girls were irrevocably entangled and irremediably involved in the meshes of crime, before they even suspected that they were doing wrong; and thus before they even became marriageable, according to the general idea of the term, they were deep, deep in the vortex of the most abandoned profligacy!

We may suppose that it is amidst the scenes we have just described that Tom Idle has got the habit of wandering, not merely to lounge away his time, but also to contemplate the various phases presented by those haunts of dissipation. With these he is daily becoming more and more familiar, until he is led on to mingle in low carousals at flash public-houses, and in company with characters of the most depraved description. Having passed the whole of a certain Saturday night in debauchery, he lies down for a couple of hours to sleep off the fumes of liquor: but he is haunted by such hideous dreams that he awakes with a start; and, being positively afraid to close his eyes again, he sallies forth on the Sunday morning to seek some of the vagabonds who have so pleased him with their company. As he is passing through one of the metropolitan churchyards, he beholds a beggar-boy, a shoe-black, and another low vagabond, playing at shuffle-halfpenny on a tomb-stone. He stops to contemplate the game, which is not entirely new to him; and, being half stupefied with the effects of the previous night's debauch and the morning dram, he offers to join in the play. His proposal is accepted; and now behold the idle apprentice so lost to even the commonest notions of pride or self-respect, and in a few minutes so absorbed in the excitement of gambling, that he feels no shame in becoming the companion of beggar-boys and shoe-blacks. There, lounging upon a tomb-stone—by the side of a recently-opened grave—on a Sabbath morning—and while the congregation is proceeding to the church,—there is the lost young man, openly flying in the face of all conventional decencies—flagrantly neglecting his religious duties, and indeed treating them with contempt—exhibiting every fatal sign of irredeemable viciousness, in spite of all the monuments of mortality and trophies of death scattered around!

He has not however been engaged many minutes in this manner, when a shower of blows is suddenly rained down upon his back; and, starting up with an ejaculation of savage fury, the young man finds himself at the mercy of the beadle, who, having stolen noiselessly up to the spot, has thought fit to administer with his swinging cane the chastisement that is so well deserved. This incident breaks up the gambling party; and with impotent curses against the beadle, Tom Idle quits the churchyard.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—PLATE IV.—THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE APPOINTED OVERSEER.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE IV.

THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE APPOINTED OVERSEER.

The meeting at the breakfast table in the morning is, for four persons, always a happy one in the dwelling of Mr. West. The worthy merchant sits down to it with that mental tranquility which arises from the consciousness of being about to pass the day in a manner beneficial to his family and useful to society at large: his wife presides at the board with the cheerfulness of an English matron who beholds with heart-felt pleasure the smiling and benignant countenance of a beloved husband, and who marks his calm contentment with a soul swelling through ineffable emotions;—and Miss West, as she takes her accustomed seat on her father's right hand, is sure to receive some fond appellation or be called by some pet name. Frank Goodchild's place has become established by tacit privilege next to Sophia; and Tom Idle sits on the opposite side of the table.

Such is the party present on the occasion to which we now allude. The fare is alike plenteous and substantial. During the progress of the meal, the conversation is lively, though by no means frivolous—Tom Idle, however, mingling but little in it. Mr. West can crack a good-natured joke or say a humorous thing on those occasions when the mind unbends: he sees no harm in a little innocent mirth, always keeping the rules of the strictest decorum and propriety in view;—for he knows that it is absurd as well as wrong to expect young people to be always serious, and that the gradual accumulation of spirits even in the most steady persons must at length reach a height when it needs an exit. Thus, if during working hours he appears as a master towards his apprentices and as the dignified head of a family towards his wife and daughter, yet at table he reveals himself as the kind friend and happy companion of them all.

And Miss West can be gay, too: but her mirth is never boisterous, never exuberant—though always artless and sincere. Frank feels it sweet to listen to her pleasing voice, liquid and melodious even in laughter; and the fine English language appears to be invested with new charms when flowing from her tongue. Hers is a voice so pure—so musical, that it sounds like a silver bell upon the ear,—one of those voices which are rare even among young and charming women,—a voice whose every tone is inspiration, making every auditor a poet, and raising in the mind the happiest images of which genius is susceptible. For how precious is the gift of a pure voice to woman,—to fascinate as a charm, or to wield as a weapon,—to constitute a magic grace infusing perpetual refreshment into the soul of the listener,—to plead in the cause of mercy and humanity, dear woman's unerring mission,—so that the spirit of man may imbibe love out of sound, or welcome joy or hope on its errand through the air!

It is a happy scene, that family breakfast-table—if we except the idle apprentice from the party. Mr. West seems exactly what he is—an honest citizen, a good husband, and a kind father,—a man who might be quoted as one of the most favourable specimens of the true English character,—not the stubborn, obstinate, prejudiced John Bull—but the sterling, enlightened, and estimable Englishman. No maudlin endearments pass between him and his wife; but their manner and their words to each other are affectionate and sincere,—the indications of that tender sympathy which has mellowed down from the ardent love of youthful days to the steady and profoundly-seated attachment of mature years. As for Miss West, she is happy as the possession of such parents and her own pure heart can render her,—happy as an innocent, artless maiden can ever be, when as ignorant of the cares and troubles as of the evil passions and conflicting interests of the great world without!

And who would think, while contemplating that excellent family of the Wests, and that good young man—the industrious apprentice—that the voiceless eloquence of such moral examples can be completely lost upon Tom Idle? But it is so; and the youthful sinner, though the last to make his appearance at table, is the first to rise and leave it, because the presence of good, happy, and contented people is irksome to him.

We may readily suppose that business thrives well with Mr. West; and he receives so much valuable assistance from Frank Goodchild, that his attachment towards the young man increases to an extent which makes him anxious to bestow upon the deserving apprentice some signal mark of his favour. Not only is the good example of the youth most salutary in the workshop at Spitalfields; but, as the overseer is now well stricken in years, Frank seeks every opportunity to lighten his labours—so that many things which would positively have been neglected through the age and augmenting infirmities of that supervising functionary, are accomplished by the forethought and assiduity of the apprentice. These little services are moreover performed in so unpretending and modest a manner, that they do not excite the animadversions of his fellow-workmen, who might other-

wise have placed a sinister and derogatory construction upon Goodchild's readiness to oblige the overseer. But Frank is a general favourite; and Mr. West's establishment is conducted on principles so just and liberal, that justice and liberality become the leading characteristics of the minds of all the inmates. A good master makes good subordinates: there must necessarily be occasional exceptions to this rule;—but still the favourable instances are so numerous, that the fact may be boldly asserted and the truth triumphantly maintained.

It is not the overseer only who experiences the utility of Frank's services: Mr. West also feels their direct value in many different ways. Of an evening, the industrious apprentice, after his return from Spitalfields to the dwelling of his master in the City, helps that worthy man to make out his accounts or post his books; and he is likewise particularly intelligent in conducting mercantile correspondence. Thus, while his amiability and excellent qualities endear him to Mr. and Mrs. West, and make them look upon him as the most suitable person to render their daughter happy in the marriage state when the proper time for such an alliance shall arrive,—while, too, the young man is winning golden opinions from all who come in contact with him, though he himself remains almost unconscious of the favourable impression he thus everywhere produces—and while the gentle Miss West begins to understand a little more clearly the nature of the feelings which his ingenuous countenance, genteel manners, cultivated mind, and good behaviour have excited in her bosom,—the worthy merchant is deliberating within himself in what way he can best reward the youth at once for his meritorious conduct. At this juncture, the old overseer is suddenly attacked with severe illness, which carries him off in a very few days; and as soon as the funeral has taken place, the entire establishment attending the obsequies, Mr. West determines to instal Goodchild in the situation thus rendered vacant.

This resolution is now to be carried out; and it is at breakfast-time on the morning now specially alluded to that Mr. West says, "Frank, I shall accompany you presently to the factory, when you are ready to proceed thither."

"You intend to visit it earlier than usual, sir?" observes the apprentice.

"Yes—and for a special purpose," returns Mr. West, exchanging significant looks with his wife and daughter, both of whom are in the secret of his intentions respecting Goodchild. "Now, are you ready, my boy?" he demands, in a tone of familiar kindness, as he rises from his seat.

"Perfectly, sir," is the reply; and away the merchant speeds with his apprentice, arm-in-arm together. During the walk Mr. West speaks on indifferent topics; but the moment they enter the factory, he says, "Frank, you go no more to the loom: your services will prove more valuable to me in another way."

The young man surveys his master with profound astonishment.

"Yes," continues the worthy merchant, drawing him into the office which the deceased overseer has occupied for so many, many years; "henceforth this must be your place, my dear Frank—and, though I deeply deplore the loss of a deserving and faithful servitor, yet I thank God who has enabled me to supply that vacancy in so satisfactory a manner. I make you my overseer, Frank—the superior of my establishment in Spitalfields; and I do so in the fullest confidence that all your fellow-workmen will approve of the choice, and honour the appointment with their obedience."

"Oh! my dear, kind master!" exclaims Frank, pressing the merchant's hand in fervent gratitude: "I cannot find words to thank you for this signal proof of your generosity towards me. But I am too young—too inexperienced to undertake so great a trust: I dare not engage in so deep a responsibility."

"Permit me, my dear boy, to judge of your merits and your capacities according to the means which I have had of appreciating them," says Mr. West, firmly but kindly: then, before Frank can utter another word, he opens the desk, draws forth a bag of money and the ledger, and, thrusting the keys of the factory into the youth's hand, exclaims, "There, Frank—I have duly installed you as my overseer!"

"I thank you for your kindness, sir," says Frank, in a modest yet not embarrassed tone: "and I shall endeavour to preserve the good opinion entertained of me."

Mr. West now proceeds to give his new overseer a few necessary instructions; and having thus regularly installed him in that responsible but honourable situation, the worthy merchant communicates the fact to the weavers, who receive the tidings with the most unfeigned joy, Tom Idle alone excepted; for in his bad heart the most jealous feelings now rankle against his prosperous and happy comrade.

There are a few features in the accompanying Plate which deserve special mention. The familiar position of the master, leaning on the young man's shoulder, speaks volumes in favour of the good understanding that prevails between them. The head-piece of the London Almanack representing Industry taking Time by the forelock is not one of the least beauties in this Plate, as it intimates the danger of delay, and advises us to make the best use of time whilst we have it in our power; nor will the position of the gloves on the glass of the escritoire be unobserved by a curious examiner, being expressive of that union which subsists between an indulgent master and an industrious apprentice. The strong-beer nose and pimpled face of the porter, though it has no connection with the moral of the piece, is a fine caricature, and shows that our artist let slip no opportunity of ridiculing the vices and follies of the age, and particularly here in laying before us the strange infatuation of this set of people, who, because a good deal of labour requires some extra refreshment, will even drink to the deprivation of their reason and the destruction of their health.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—PLATE V.—THE IDLE APPRENTICE SENT TO SEA.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE V.

THE IDLE APPRENTICE SENT TO SEA.

In contrast with the growing prosperity of Frank Goodchild, now stands forth the adversity of Tom Idle,—the former being the natural consequence of industry and virtue, as much as the latter is the inevitable result of slothfulness and vice. The subject of this Plate is so well described by the commentator, John Trussler, that we cannot do better than transfer it to our own pages. "The Idle Apprentice," he says, "having by his continued bad behaviour tired out the patience of his master, is turned away and sent to sea, in hopes that, being absent from the vices of the town, and out of the reach of his wicked companions, together with the discipline of the sea-service, might work the reformation his friends had little reason to expect while he continued on shore. See him, then, in the ship's boat, off from land, the stage of all his crimes, making towards the vessel in which he is to embark. The disposition of the different figures in the boat, and the expression of their faces, tell us as particularly as if we heard them speak, the subject of their discourse, which is relative to his idleness, his insolent behaviour, and impudence to every one present. His application of his hand to his forehead by way of horns—supposed to have been dictated to him by the place in the river which they have just passed—that of Cuckold's Point—and his throwing his indentures into the water with an air of contempt, prove that he is not at all affected by his present condition, and how little he regards the persuasions,—nay, the tears of a fond mother, whose heart seems ready to burst with grief in fear for the fate of her darling son. Well might Solomon say that 'a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother;' it being natural for a parent to be interested in the well-being of a child, be that child ever so bad—to rejoice in a foresight of its happiness, and sorrow even in a distant view of its misery. One would naturally imagine, from the common course of things, that reflection would now and then find a passage to his heart, and be a means of softening in some measure the ruggedness of his disposition; but, on the contrary, we observe him, in the vulgar phrase, 'a dog so hardened,' as to beget even in the seamen an abhorrence of his behaviour, and draw from them an intimation of what he is to expect, unless he alters for the better—namely, first, a whipping, indicated by the cat-o'-nine-tails hung over his shoulder by the boy behind him, and in the end a gallows, which the boatswain is pointing at, too often the dreadful consequence of sloth, which is, in fact, the parent of every kind of wickedness."

The great moral taught by the career of this worthless youth is, that Idleness is at least a "state of temptation," even if it be not actually the "root of all evil." There is an old saying that "a working monk is assaulted by one devil, but an idle one is spoiled by numerous bad spirits." The degree of the temptation is only a question, perhaps of time, perhaps of opportunity. But that the path of Sloth is full of pitfalls, no one can doubt. Take the commonest case of a slothful labourer, made slothful, perhaps, against his original desire, by a weak and corrupt administration of the laws for the relief of sickness and impotency. He begins by being a pauper—he goes on to practice the arts of a poacher—he ends by-and-bye with the desperate courses of a thief. Take the equally common example of a "man on the town"—a fine gentleman, with a large appetite for pleasure, and a small income for its gratification. He begins by incurring debts which he has no prospect of discharging; he goes on by trusting to the gaming-table for the supply of his wants. The gaming-table is a very uncertain bank, and he looks, at last, to operations more within the control of his own will. He finishes as a swindler. Take, lastly, the not unfrequent example of a tradesman who neglects his business. His charges of rent and servants begin to press heavily upon him; the ordinary receipts of his trade will not meet his engagements; he begins to abuse one of the greatest instruments of commerce—the power of getting credit; he buys goods, and sells them at a loss, to patch up the demands upon him; or he enters upon the desperate career of "accommodation bills;" that is, of exchanging promises to pay for *other promises to pay*, each equally worthless, raising money upon them at a high rate of interest. Lastly, he absconds, and finishes as an outlawed bankrupt. These are a few of the intermediate steps between the first abandonment to sloth and the ultimate vengeance of the offended laws.

But to return to our great and moral painter. When Hogarth made it a part of the fate of his Idle Apprentice that he should be turned away and sent to sea, the artist showed that one of the means of reformation which Society provides for Sloth and imprudence are bestowed upon his depraved hero. A restless will, impatient of the restraints of unvarying labour, sometimes finds a field for honest and useful exercise in the adventurous variety of a sailor's life. The discipline, too, of a ship is so strict, that idleness is here driven out of its ordinary course of shifts and

expedients. Hence, a sea life often produces a salutary change in the character of an imprudent but not thoroughly corrupted youth. A sailor's duties may absorb those energies that, in other situations, might crave for the excitement of dissipation; but it is a mistake to imagine that a life on shipboard can produce any salutary effects upon a wicked and obdurate disposition, or that a young man can discharge his duties as a seaman, and still preserve his hatred of steady labour and his love of base gratification. It requires the same qualities to make a good sailor as a good citizen—industry, perseverance, obedience, integrity. The Idle Apprentice is not likely to display these qualities. His fate may be read in Hogarth's wonderful Plate which we are now describing. The figures are few, but they tell all the story. Look at the group around Tom Idle's sea-chest. The unhappy boy has thrown his indentures overboard; his mind is intent upon a vulgar joke suggested by the place in the river where the boat is passing; his demeanour is so reckless, that one of the sailors, with a coarse warning, is exhibiting to him a cat-o'-nine-tails; the other, with his hard features of admonition, is pointing to the gibbet on the flat shore. But there is one of that group who would touch his heart by other associations—it is his weeping mother. Without being plunged into the lowest depths of obstinacy, he might affect to despise the terrors with which those rough monitors seek to affright him. But a mother's tears! If he resist these tokens of all she has done and all she has felt for him, of all the hopes and all the dreads in this parting hour, he is lost. She "is clinging, with the fondness of hope not quite extinguished, to her brutal, vice-hardened child." He meets her love with a base and desperate ribaldry. He is lost!

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—PLATE VI.—THE MARRIAGE OF THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE VI.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE.

We now come to one of the most important incidents in the career of the model-hero of this pictorial history. Virtue, industry, and integrity are well rewarded in the person of Frank Goodchild; and when, amidst the unadulterated happiness of the present occasion, he casts a rapidly retrospective glance over the years which have elapsed from the moment that he first set foot in Mr. West's house, and then mentally surveys the proud and enviable position in which he now stands, he experiences that satisfaction which the upright mind must ever feel under such circumstances.

For here we behold the industrious youth progressing in his happiness, taken into partnership by his master, (as is evident from their joint names upon the sign), and married to his daughter,—the subject of this Plate being finely continued from the second and fourth. By the young man's appearing in his cap and dressing-gown at breakfast, in company with his amiable bride, we are to suppose it morning; and by the congratulations of the people gathered in such numbers, from his well-known benevolence and generosity, we may further conclude it to be the morning after marriage. Even at such a time Frank Goodchild is not inattentive to the distresses of others nor deaf to the voice of humanity. The natural feelings of his heart, and his desire that others should in some measure partake of his felicity, are visible from the servants distributing alms to the necessitous: and his giving the master-drummer gold to gladden the hearts of his comrades. "In this groupe of figures," says a commentator of the period, "the true spirit of this nation is exquisitely described in the earnestness with which one of the butchers, standing with his marrow bone and cleaver, observes the fortunate receiver for the other drums, and in the anger expressed in the countenance of his fellow, who is elbowing out of the first rank the ruffled French performer on the bass-viol—demanding that precedence which the English have been always masters of. That cripple on the left of this Plate was intended for a well-known beggar, called Philip-in-the-tub, (from his being reduced to the shift we see in order to supply his unhappy want of limbs) who, in the principal towns of Great Britain, was a constant out-door attendant at all weddings, or a ballad-singing epithalamist. He is supposed to be here bawling out the song of 'Jesse, or the Happy Pair.' But whilst our attention is drawn to the moral history of the piece, we must not forget the other design of the painter—that of exhibiting to view the extravagance of custom in the assembling of so great a number of drummers, fiddlers, butchers,—who, because in former days, the wedding of those who were respected by the parish were usually celebrated with instruments of joy (the public congratulations of their poorer neighbours) do now, on such particular occasions, gather round the house, not out of any regard to the person whose marriage they attend, but merely through the view of obtaining money; and though, perhaps, they might in this be in some respect justifiable—yet, grown to extortion—the common practice of latter days—it is criminal—deserving the watchful care of Magistracy, and the interposition of the law; for to so great a pitch of insolence are those wretches arrived, that if their extravagant demand is not complied with, from sounds of congratulation they proceed to those of insult, and from being formerly instruments and marks of respect, they are now become a general nuisance. Such is the pernicious prevalance of some customs, supported and encouraged by the ill-judged liberality of the public."

Lichtenberg, a German writer, has made some very curious remarks on the Series of the Two Apprentices. He says:—"In order to display the consequences of industry and idleness, our artist has chosen the lives of two weavers. To be sure, with German journeymen weavers, he could not have carried it into effect,—at least, not with so much force of contrast. Whoever in Germany has learnt a trade, may easily, if he commence properly, make an end at the gallows with *éclat*. But, in opposition to the gallows, there is with us no proportional reward of industry: virtue and rectitude of conduct have happily no need of such a stimulus. Indeed, the representation of noiseless domestic happiness (although certainly the greatest, perhaps even the only true happiness of the world) cannot be well chosen by an artist who adopts the graver as the instrument of teaching moral truths to the class of mankind who are called the 'lower.' A coach with six horses before and two footmen behind is more easily depicted, at least it is more easily understood, than the nursery with its six children about the table, or even, if it so happens, with one half around it, and the other half under it, and the two happy parents at either end. * * * Hogarth thus wisely chose, for more than one reason, to contrast the gallows with outward magnificence, which happily, however, may very well exist with internal peace. In Hogarth's country it is not unfrequent that the son of a weaver or brewer may distinguish himself in the House of Commons, and his grandson or great-grandson in the House of Lords. Oh, what a land! in which no cobbler is certain that the

favours of his great grandson may not one day be solicited by kings and emperors. And yet they grumble!"

Hogarth was unquestionably right in selecting contrasts that addressed themselves at once to the senses. It was his business to arrest the thoughtless in their hasty steps to evil,—to confirm the prudent in their steady march towards good. In the conduct of his story there is not the slightest violation of probability. He chose instances that have occurred, and that are still occurring;—and he clothed them with the most striking accessories of reward and punishment. Our artist, however, did not neglect the intermediate contrasts between the final contrast of the Lord Mayor's carriage and the murderer's cart. In the several stages of Industry there are shown,—the satisfaction of being usefully employed,—the calm content of a humble and pious spirit,—the honest pride of receiving the confidence of a discriminating employer,—the happiness of a well-assorted marriage. In the several stages of Idleness there are shown,—the miseries of sottish indifference,—the feverish anxiety of low and profane excitement,—the reckless daring of the callous ruffian who despises even the tears of a mother,—the coward terrors and loathsome degradation of illicit intercourse. Without reaching the extreme honour or the extreme punishment which Hogarth has delineated, there is quite enough to show in these several contrasts, what are the natural rewards of Industry and the natural punishments of Idleness.

The terms "Industry" and "Idleness" may, perhaps, require some explanation. Gambling in the churchyard, on shipboard, or engaged in robbery, the idle apprentice seems to have as much to do as the industrious apprentice, attending the service of the church, in his master's counting-house, or sitting as magistrate. Barrow, one of the most eloquent and logical of our divines, has put the distinction between laborious idleness and profitable industry very admirably:—"Industry doth not consist merely in action; for that is incessant in all persons, our mind being a restless thing, never abiding in a total cessation from thought or from design; being like a ship in the sea, if not steered to some good purpose by reason, gets tossed by the waves of fancy, or driven by the winds of temptation, somewhither. But the direction of our mind to some good end, without roving or flinching, in a straight and steady course, drawing after it our active powers in execution thereof, doth constitute Industry." Again:—"Sloth, indeed, doth affect ease and quiet, but by affecting them doth lose them. It is a self-destroying vice, not suffering those who cherish it to be idle, but creating much work and multiplying pains into them; engaging them in divers necessities and straits, which they cannot support with ease, and out of which, without extreme trouble, they cannot extricate themselves."

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—PLATE VII.—THOMAS IDLE RETURNED FROM SEA.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE VII.

THOMAS IDLE RETURNED FROM SEA.

We must now suppose that some few years have elapsed since the departure of the idle apprentice to a foreign clime. Perhaps half a dozen years have thus been absorbed in the mighty Past,—six years, during which thousands and thousands of mortal beings have flitted away from the world's stage: and how few of them have left permanent memorials behind! Time is incomprehensible save as a power which subdues all things: in the abstract, it is a portion marked out and defined from the vast ocean of eternity,—a river flowing from a sea that has no beginning, into another sea that has no end. Poets and painters have essayed an impersonation of that mysterious idea which we call Time: but how ineffectual has proved even the most wondrous flight of poetic fancy,—how far short of what we should conceive the reality ought to be, has appeared the finest embodiment produced by the artist's pencil! For there is something essentially mortal and evanescent in the idea of representing Time as an old man with a scythe and an hour-glass: it is a finite, a meagre, poor allegory,—of no magnitude nor vastness, and limited to the narrowest confines of thought. May not a type more solemnly and sublimely significant, be found in the shadow which passes round the earth?—that shadow which, with huge invisible wing, is, nevertheless, visible to our eyes—ever moving on, silently and unceasingly, in the same direction—triumphing over even the brightness of the sunshine—appearing to be something palpable and to be touched, and yet leaving not a trace to show where it has passed—never stopping and never turning back—and marking on the dial-stone the uniform rate of its progress, as it circles on—on—on! Round—round the earth, from the period when earth and sun were first set in the spheres by the hand of the Almighty Architect,—has the ceaseless shade pursued its silent way and traced its phantom path: round, round this orb of ours has the shadow crept,—beholding generations after generations go down into the tomb, and cities as mighty as Babylon or as fair as Tadmor crumble into dust. And round, round the earth will the shadow thus move on,—until worlds shall grow dim with age, and Time shall be no more, and the shadow shall spread its funeral pall throughout the universe!

We must request out readers to accompany us to a certain quarter of the metropolis, which has latterly been somewhat elevated in the scale of respectability, but which, at the time whereof we are writing, constituted one of the vilest, lowest, and most horrible neighbourhoods in all London. We allude to that dense mass of dwellings, narrow streets, dark courts, and filthy alleys lying between Fore Street and Chiswell Street. In that loathsome quarter was Grub Street—on which thoroughfare has recently been bestowed the name of our great epic poet—Milton; and in the same district were Moor Lane, White Street, and Ropemakers' Walk, which are similarly known at the present day. Swarming with a population frightfully demoralized, the neighbourhood now described was a perfect sink of iniquity; the refuge of the criminal, the poverty-stricken, and social outcasts of all kinds and both sexes. It was to the City of London what the Mint so long has been to Southwark,—a species of sanctuary into which even the officers of justice penetrated not without fear and trembling, and where the general interest of the community seemed to exist in a total defiance of the law. The low lodging-houses in that quarter were nothing less than horrible dens where profligacy, licentiousness, and depravity maintained an incessant orgie;—the dark courts swarmed with brothels, where ruffians and bullies hesitated not to plunder, or perhaps murder, the unwary citizens whom loose girls had enticed thither;—and in every street in that neighbourhood, there were numerous "fences" or receivers of stolen goods, who were leagued with all the most notorious burglars and thieves in the City.

Night was rendered terrible in this district by incessant brawls—drunken quarrels—or the frightful scenes arising from the fearless attempts of prowling brigands to way-lay passers-by. But it was not only on account of the demoralization of its inhabitants that this quarter was of such hideous repute; it possessed a reputation if possible more appalling still;—for, in consequence of the total absence of drainage and proper ventilation, and on account of the dense packing of entire families, each in a miserably small room, the neighbourhood of Grub Street was looked upon as a nucleus of pestilence—a spot where malignant diseases and virulent maladies were ever rife, and ever menacing the entire metropolis with a sudden invasion in the direst form of plague! Nevertheless, in that loathsome quarter,—where vice stalked abroad in all its nakedness—where crime presented an aspect of unblushing effrontery, and where a constant epidemic raged with decimating effect—there, where the atmosphere was so dark, so fœtid, and so suffocating, that it seemed as if a disease-mist hung over the entire district,—there dwelt hundreds of persons—men and women—who possessed the means of removing to other and more salubrious parts of the metropolis,—but who clung to the filth,

the turbulence, the dissipation, and the unhealthiness of Grub Street or Moor Lane, because their gains amongst thieves and prostitutes were so large and so rapid. Oh! the thirst of gold is a leprosy which no man can shake off!

One evening a man, habited almost in rags, and with a weather-beaten countenance, the expression of which indicates a dogged ferocity of disposition, plunges rapidly into the horrible neighbourhood we have just described. Casting a furtive glance behind him, as if to acquire the assurance that he is not pursued, the man joins a tall female, poorly dressed, and whose countenance, never good-looking, bears the evident traces of depravity and intemperance.

"All right," says the man, who indeed is none other than Thomas Idle. "Get on quick."

The woman accordingly turns into a dark alley, and, having procured a light, she leads the way up a narrow, dirty, broken staircase—ascending until she reaches a garret of most miserable appearance, and into which she conducts the young man. With a shudder, he casts a hasty glance around the garret, which has a large hole in the wall instead of a window, and contains no other furniture than a miserable bed, the woodwork whereof is falling to pieces.

The woman produces from beneath her tattered shawl, a bottle of gin and a quantity of cold meat and a loaf; while Tom Idle draws forth from his pocket a pair of pistols and a couple of small bags containing the ammunition necessary for their use.

"Now," says he, "let us make the room safe against intrusion, and we will contrive to put up with the cold draughts and other inconveniences."

"The door has a good lock and two bolts, you know," observes the woman; "but have you more than usual cause for such excessive alarm?"

"There is no harm in adopting every possible precaution," returns the man. "As for the lock and the bolts, they are almost useless on such a worm-eaten, rotten old door as this. Look here! this is the way to guard against a surprise:"—and, with as much coolness and deliberation as if the house were his own, he tears up a couple of planks from the flooring, and plants them in such a fashion against the door that the garret now appears as if it were really capable of sustaining a siege against any unwelcome visitors.

The lost young man and the degraded woman then sit down upon the bed, and begin to eat and drink.

Cheered by the meat, especially by the potent alcoholic liquor, the criminal pair retire to rest—the woman hanging the hoop of her petticoat against the hole in the wall to keep out the draught. Weariness and semi-intoxication soon seal their eyes in slumber:—but dreadful dreams haunt the robber, and he starts in his sleep with such horrible fits of nervousness that his frail companion is more than once disturbed. At length morning dawns; the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, proclaims the hour; and the inmates of the garret awake. The wretched man felt a dreadful oppression weighing upon his spirits;—but the gin-bottle is handy, and it requires no pressing on the part of the vile woman, nor yet the force of the example which she sets him, to induce him to imbibe a dram. Somewhat cheered—artificially and unnaturally cheered—by this libation, he draws from his coat-pocket the produce of the previous night's plunder—namely, two watches, an etwee, a couple of rings, and an ear-ring, which articles the woman proceeds to examine by the dim light that steals into the room through the perforation of the wall at the bed's head. While she is thus engaged, and Tom Idle is regarding her, a terrific noise suddenly emanates from the chimney; and it flashes to the mind of the wretched man that the constables are breaking into the garret in search of him. A cold perspiration breaks out all over him—his hair stands on end—and his entire appearance denotes the horror and dismay which seizes upon him. Even after the cause of the alarm is discovered, and it proves to have been occasioned by a starved cat falling down the dilapidated chimney, dislodging several bricks in her descent,—still is the guilty wretch for some minutes a prey to the most crushing—overpowering terror; so that it is only by means of a fresh application to the ardent spirits that he can recover his self-possession.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—PLATE VIII.—FRANK GOODCHILD APPOINTED HIGH SHERIFF.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE VIII.

FRANK GOODCHILD APPOINTED HIGH SHERIFF.

The progress of virtue and vice, together with their respective rewards and punishments, have hitherto kept pace with each other. We have seen the slothful apprentice — the obstinate, the drunken, the abandoned Tom Idle—in several stages of his life, running the race of debauchery and infamy: we have traced him through various scenes of his folly, and find him at last so harassed and tormented with the apprehensions of guilt, that even the "sound of a shaken leaf" can terrify him and render him a burthen to himself: while his fellow apprentice, the industrious and honest Frank Goodchild, has trodden the paths of innocence and virtue; is happy in the possession of an amiable bride; meets with the respect of all who know him; loves, and is beloved by every neighbour. This Plate is a farther continuation of the happiness that attends on diligence and goodness. We now find his conscientious discharge of the duties of a tradesman, his punctuality and other necessary qualifications, have recommended him to the notice of the Corporation as a proper person to serve the honourable office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex (that being an introduction to the future dignity of Lord Mayor). He is now represented as regaling, at a sumptuous banquet, the liverymen of his Company, with their wives, at the Hall.

A commentator says, "Hogarth has here, as in most of his pieces, given us the strongest proofs of his unequalled humour by introducing a few remarkable characters, as being the life of a City feast, in their superior excellence of guzzling, in which employment the whole company indeed seems to be happily engaged. In these civic entertainments many men place their chief delight, studying the indulgence of their palates and the gratification of their luxurious appetites above every other thing whatever; eating to the sound of music, yet boasting a refined taste, and proud of those accomplishments which the sensible man despises. Pity is it that they should not now and then experience that necessity which numbers of people are driven to through the absolute want of a hearty meal. Were this to be the case, I am convinced they would not take such pains to pamper a wanton appetite, at the expense of all that is manly, rational, and sober. At the door is a crowd of people supposed to have brought a delinquent to justice. One of these has presented a letter addressed to the Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq., Sheriff of London, which the Beadle takes with the utmost mark of self-consequence, turning up his nose, and showing in the plainest terms of what vast importance he thinks himself."

Another commentator furnishes these very interesting remarks:—"The eighth Plate represents the City Feast of Goodchild, who has become Sheriff of London. This was a natural course of advancement for industry and integrity accumulating wealth. The career which the Industrious Apprentice has pursued, properly fits him for public trusts and public duties. Hogarth, in the print before us, has with his usual felicity, represented the coarse enjoyments of a City Feast. The eager clamour for fresh supplies—the gloating satisfaction of the heathful feeder, and the exhausted appetite of the apoplectic one—these are traits of every day occurrence which Hogarth has not exaggerated. The gutling of corporations, miscalled hospitality, is the greatest abuse of our municipal institutions. The Companies who habitually feast with all the pampered luxuriousness of a Roman emperor, have enormous funds at their disposal, some of which they dole out in charity, and more of which they employ in their courses of wasteful riot; and this they called making good for trade. Properly applied, these funds would eradicate want instead of cherishing it, and bestow sound and elevating instruction upon those who now suffer the debasement of ignorance; properly applied, these funds would empty our prisons and fill our schools. Municipal honours and municipal privileges belong to our Constitution. They are the outward rewards to the middle classes for managing their own affairs. They are honest objects to ambition which are open to all men. But the Board-day and the Council dinner are what the really useful members of Corporations despise. Something of high festival to commemorate some public triumph, something of profuse hospitality to welcome a new functionary, may be without impropriety tolerated and encouraged; beyond this is waste and vanity. Changes are taking place amongst us which may restore municipal Corporations to their real uses, and destroy their abuses; and then an upright and intelligent citizen may be proud of his Company and his Corporation. 'The Londoners,' says an eloquent writer, 'love their city with that patriotic love which is found only in small communities, like those of ancient Greece, or like those that arose in Italy during the middle ages.' It will be so again when those institutions which now seem only to exist for the delight of epicures and antiquaries become conspicuous instruments in the advancement of civilisation."

When it is considered how many virtues, and how much knowledge go to make up the character of a good tradesman, it must be a matter of proud satis-

faction that the highest municipal honours have fallen upon many who have risen to commercial eminence from small beginnings. Such men have invariably been benefactors of their species. To industry they must have united great economy; and judicious economy is the mainspring of all profitable industry. The source from which all the great private and public works of man are created and upheld—the opulence of individuals founded upon their industry and frugality—has raised up some of the most valuable institutions of our own and other countries; the poverty of individuals, produced by their wasteful expenditure, has destroyed many of the most splendid creations of wealth and taste, and has involved in that destruction the prosperity, not only of families, but of whole districts. History is full of such examples; but these considerations extend beyond individual interests. Nations depend for their prosperity, and consequently their strength and happiness, upon the industry of private men; their aggregate industry makes up a flourishing community. An eloquent divine, truly says, "It is industry whereto the public state of the world and of each common-weal therein, is indebted for its being, in all conveniences and embellishments belonging to life, advanced above rude and sordid barbarism; yea, whereto mankind doth owe all that good learning, that morality, those improvements of soul which elevate us beyond brutes. To industrious study is to be ascribed the invention and perfection of all those arts whereby human life is civilised, and the world cultivated with numberless accommodations, ornaments, and beauties. All the comely, the stately, the pleasant and useful works which we do view with delight, or enjoy with comfort, industry did contrive them—industry did frame them. Doth any country flourish in wealth, in grandeur, in prosperity, it must be imputed to industry; to the industry of its governors, settling of good order; to the industry of its people, following profitable occupations. So did Cato, in that notable oration of his in Sallust, tell the Roman senate that it was not by the force of their arms, but by the industry of their ancestors, that the commonwealth did arise to such a pitch of greatness. When sloth creepeth in, then all things corrupt and decay. Then the public state doth sink into disorder, penury, and a disgraceful condition." How much admirable truth is there in these quaintly worded sentences!

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—PLATE IX.—TOM IDLE BETRAYED BY HIS MISTRESS.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE IX.

TOM IDLE BETRAYED BY HIS MISTRESS.

At the time when Hogarth published the present Series of Plates, there was a noted den of infamy in Black-boy Alley, leading out of Chick Lane, Smithfield. It bore the terrible appellation of the Blood-bowl house, and the members of the gang frequenting it were called Black-boys. A commentator describes it as "a receptacle of loose women and thieves, where the greatest iniquity was practised, and where there seldom passed a month without the commission of some act of murder. To this subterraneous place of crime (it being a cellar) Tom Idle had been introduced, where he is now represented with one of his favourite accomplices, the one-eyed wretch whom we beheld in the Plate of the desecration of the Sabbath by gambling in the churchyard."

The scene we are about to describe is by no means difficult to imagine in connection with the present Plate. Let us suppose it to be somewhat late in the evening, when a woman enters Chick Lane, along which she proceeds rapidly until she reaches a court immediately facing Black-boy Alley; and into that court she plunges with haste and some degree of trepidation. The place is as dark as pitch; and as the woman cannot catch a glimpse of a human soul, she coughs in a low but significant manner to awaken the attention of those whom she expects to meet, if they are already there.

"Is that you?" demands a voice, which she immediately recognises as that of the head-constable of the City.

"Yes, sir," is the reply. "Have you your followers in ambush?"

"I have a dozen sturdy fellows all well armed and provided with dark lanterns, at the end of the court."

"And you remember all that I have told you?" inquires the woman, whose fears have by this time subsided, and who, finding herself backed by several brave and determined men, thinks only of the profit about to be reaped.

"I am not likely to forget matters of importance," observes the constable.

"Forgive me for being so particular, sir," says the woman; "because, if the thing was to fail my life would not be worth an hour's purchase. As it is, I know that I am risking much——"

"But if you succeed in placing Tom Idle, the leader of the gang, in my hands, you yourself will never be called to an account for having belonged to the association," observes the constable, hastily: "and therefore, to save yourself from danger, it is worth while to incur some little risk."

"True!" says the woman. "But, remember that the moment you enter the cellar, and I have pointed out the man to you,—the moment all this is done, and you have given me the earnest-money as a token that I am to have the full reward to-morrow,—that instant," adds the woman, impressively, "you must protect my precipitate retreat — you must defend the door against any one who might seek to follow me."

"Do not be alarmed," says the head constable. "I know that we are about to have to deal with a set of desperate villains; but I promise you that your escape shall be made all right and sure the moment your part is performed. Bear it well in mind, however, that it is for *you* to point out to me the leader from amongst the rest; and this you must do in a manner that my followers can't fail to observe, so that you may be fully assured of both pardon and reward. For, according to the terms of the magistrates' proclamation, it is not enough that you merely admit us into the haunt of these ruffians: it is requisite that you should positively and actually place the ringleader or ringleaders in our hands."

"I understand you, sir," observes the woman; "and depend upon it," she adds in a tone of ill-concealed glee, arising from the prospect of a rich reward, "I shall not fail nor flinch when the moment of danger comes."

"You are a resolute woman," says the constable. "It is precisely as the clock strikes eleven that we are to effect an entry?"

"Yes; for the leader is sure to be there by that time," returns the woman; "and as this is the first night on which the Black-boys are to recommence business on the old system, it is ten to one that you will find positive proofs of their villany——"

"Good!" interrupts the officer, rubbing his hands with glee at the thought of the important capture he is about to make. "The handle of the bell which rings as a secret signal to open the door——"

"Is covered by a small iron plate that lifts up," adds the woman.

"And from what you told me this morning, you think it probable that the duty of answering the bell will fall upon you?"

"I think it most likely that I shall be able to assume that office without exciting the least suspicion," returns the woman; "and if so, it will make the matter all the easier, and my escape without harm the more certain."

"Just so," observes the constable. "And now I don't think we've any more to say at present. As

the clock strikes eleven, you may be sure to hear the bell tinkle down in the cellar."

"Do not make it any later," says the woman, in a rapid tone: "for I shall be glad when it is over."

With these words she parts from the officer; and, crossing Chick Lane, she enters Black-boy Alley.

Tom Idle welcomes her with a boisterous joviality; and she, with an hypocrisy sustained in the most successful manner, laughs, jokes, drinks, and chatters with the men and women assembled, as if she has not a care in the world, nor anything of importance to engage her thoughts. Presently a gentleman who is well dressed, but in such a state of intoxication that he can scarcely stand, is introduced into the cellar by some loose woman by whom he has been inveigled thither. He is at one despatched; and it is speedily discovered that a handsome booty, in the shape of a watch, a locket, a gold snuff-box, and a well-filled purse, are the produce of the atrocious deed.

But now, for some reason or another a violent dispute occurs at the farther end of the room; and angry words soon lead to blows. The quarrel spreads amongst the men and women with the rapidity of wild-fire, so that a tremendous uproar ensues,—chairs, tongs, and shovels being speedily converted into weapons alike offensive and defensive. The woman (Tom Idle's paramour) rejoices at the confusion thus created; inasmuch as she perceives that the din and riot will drown the noise of the many footsteps of those about to appear upon the scene: for it is now eleven o'clock precisely—and the bell suddenly rings. She bounds up the stairs, opens the door—and gives admittance to the constables. So terrific is the disturbance below,—so absorbed are Tom Idle and his accomplice in contemplating their booty,—and so busy is another of the gang in raising the trap-door in the floor, and hurling down the corpse of the murdered victim into the abyss beneath, —that the sounds of the officers' steps are unheard; and the invading force, armed with pistols and staves, and carrying lanterns, effects a complete entry before its presence is even suspected by any of the infamous gang, save the woman herself.

Thus the capture of Tom Idle is easily effected; and in a short time the miserable wretch is the inmate of a dungeon.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—PLATE X.—TOM IDLE BROUGHT BEFORE ALDERMAN GOODCHILD.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE X.

TOM IDLE BROUGHT BEFORE ALDERMAN GOODCHILD.

Let us suppose the clock of St. Sepulchre to be striking an early hour on the morning after the incidents just related, when Tom Idle awakes, with a convulsive start, from a troubled and feverish slumber. Horrible visions have oppressed him—hideous night-mares have haunted him: his dreams have conjured up a long and vividly depicted panorama, which, as it swept past his mental view, traced the history of his whole life,—commencing with the innocent days of childhood—hurrying him through all the phases of debauchery and crime with which of late years he has become so familiar—and whirling him along, amidst those terrible ordeals which the guilty are destined to pass, until he finds himself suddenly standing on the ladder of the gallows-tree! Then is it that he awakes with a spasmodic start and a subdued cry; and wildly he casts around his eyes. But the place where he finds himself is pitch dark: nothing, therefore, that his disturbed imagination has conjured up, meets his view; and yet an awful apprehension—a profound terror sways his soul, even before memory can assert its empire over the lingering influence of sleep. He is lying on a hard plank: he stretches out his arms—and one of his hands encounters a rough stone wall. A tide of recollections rushes in upon him,—sweeping away the last remnant of drowsiness—pourtraying with lightning speed and vividness the occurrences of the past night—and carrying to the mind of the wretched young man the appalling conviction that he is in the round-house!

"Heavens!" he exclaims, covering his face with his hands, as if to shut out a horrible object from his mental view—for, in imagination, he now beholds, even through the Cimmerian darkness of his dungeon, the scaffold looming in the distance.

No sooner has the mighty city awakened to the business, the occupations, or the pleasures of another day, than the rumour is rapidly spread abroad, that during the past night the constabulary have succeeded in effecting an entrance into the stronghold of the notorious Black-boy Alley Gang, and have taken the two ringleaders into custody. The betrayal of the miscreants by one of their female accomplices—the fact that the villains were assailed at the very moment when they were disposing of the corpse of a murdered man and dividing the plunder acquired by the crime,—and the circumstance that the two captured chiefs of the band have been lodged in gaol—all these incidents are circulated like wild-fire, and produce an extraordinary degree of excitement throughout the metropolis—but especially in the neighbourhood of Chick Lane. Crowds flock to that locality, in order to obtain a view of the Blood-Bowl House, which is now in possession of the constables: crowds also collected in front of the round-house, in the hope of seeing the two terrible individuals who are to undergo an examination that forenoon at the Guildhall. Presently, it is reported that one of the prisoners has offered to turn King's Evidence, promising to make the most complete disclosures,—that the proposal has been forwarded to the Secretary of State—and that it will no doubt be accepted, provided that his is not the hand which dealt the blow that murdered the gentleman.

And now behold Tom Idle, handcuffed and guarded by a posse of constables, conducted to the Guildhall. He has already heard that his one-eyed accomplice has been accepted as an approver; and this is the first of the many trying and moving passages in his eventful history through which he is destined to pass on the morning of his examination at the Guildhall. The next is the unexpected presence of his old mother, who has suddenly heard with dismay that her son, whom she believes to be still absent in a far-distant land, is a prisoner on capital charges of the blackest—darkest hue! The afflicted woman hastens to the Guildhall, where, as she is told, he is about to be examined; and on the threshold of the justice-room they meet—that guilty son, and that affectionate, heart-broken parent!

It were vain and useless to attempt to depict this interview,—vain and useless to endeavour to find words to express the grief of the aged woman or the shame of the young man! For a few minutes he is overpowered by the train of crushing thoughts which the presence of his mother conjures up in his memory: but, when the first ebullition of feeling has subsided, he relapses into a dogged, obstinate sullenness, which he assumes as a shield to guard himself against another attack of what he now deems to be a pusillanimous weakness on his part. In this humour he is placed at the bar, his mother accompanying him to the justice-room, where her grief creates general sympathy, save in respect to a self-sufficient City constable, who even reproves her for the noise which her profound sobs make in the court!

And now a new trial awaits the wretched prisoner at the bar; for on raising his eyes to the countenance of the Alderman sitting—he is struck as by a thunderbolt on recognising the features—the well-known features of the companion of his youth—Frank Goodchild! The recognition is mutual;—and painful—Oh! most painful is it on either side. The excellent son-in-law of Mr. West turns away and weeps: the

dignity of the magistrate is forgotten in the feelings of the man. For how meet they who were once fellow-apprentices beneath the same roof, and who started in the race of life on equal terms? The one has devoted himself to a career of dissipation,—the other has steadily pursued the ways of temperance: the one has passed, by a natural transition, from the paths of debauchery into those of crime,—the other has elevated himself from a state of lowliness and obscurity to a high grade of distinction and honour: the one has acquired infamy and disgrace,—the other has gained the proud reputation of an honest man: the one has drawn around himself the meshes and toils of perils the most frightful and dangers the most appalling,—the other can look the world in the face, confident that no human soul has the power nor the wish to injure him. In fine, the one already beholds the short vista of his remaining days closed abruptly by the scaffold,—while the other sees in cheerful perspective the highest office of the City awaiting him at the proper time!

"Oh! sir—have mercy—have mercy upon me!" exclaims Tom Idle, clasping his manacled hands, and once more almost completely overpowered by the dreadful feelings and the bitter thoughts which this unexpected encounter excites within him.

"Alas! it is not to me that you must appeal for mercy, unhappy man!" returns Alderman Goodchild, in a tone indicative of the deepest emotion, just as the swearing-clerk is administering the oath to the one-eyed villain, who has been brought up to the bar in his quality of approver for the Crown. The meeting between the Prisoner and the Alderman is indeed most eloquently expressive of the strong contrast that subsists between Vice and Virtue: but the sordid, griping, avaricious officials of the justice-room are unmoved by the scene—and while the City constable is reproving the distracted mother for the violence of her grief, the swearing-clerk slyly receives a fee from some poor woman who has a cause that is to be heard in the course of the morning.

Mastering his feelings in order to do his duty, Alderman Goodchild, after hearing all the evidence, commits Tom Idle for trial on the capital charge of murder. As the wretched man is being removed from the bar, he invokes bitter curses upon the head of the approver, while his mother is borne away in a strong fit.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—PLATE XI.—THE EXECUTION OF THOMAS IDLE.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE XI.

THE EXECUTION OF THOMAS IDLE.

The morning—the fatal morning dawns, breaking in gleams at first ineffectual and struggling amidst gloom and mist, and rendering old Newgate more sombre and sinister than ever in its aspect to the eyes of the thousands and thousands of persons collected around and near. The Old Bailey—Giltspur Street—Snow Hill—and all the adjacent avenues, are thronged with countless multitudes: the windows and roofs of the dwellings are likewise swarming with life;—every lamp-post and every projecting shop-sign is converted into a look-out for ragged urchins;—and the very walls seem lined with human faces.

Precisely as the clock strikes eight, a black coach drives up the Old Bailey, and stops at the door of the Governor of Newgate's house: then, almost immediately afterwards, a cart comes in the same direction, and arrests its course at the prisoners' gate. In the cart is a black coffin. And now the bell of Newgate begins to toll, and that of Saint Sepulchre takes up the solemn sound; and a dead—dead silence falls upon the multitudes, a moment before so noisy and so turbulent with their hideous ribaldry, their coarse jests, their obscene discourse, and the horrible imprecations that fall as glibly from their tongues as the prattle of innocence from the lips of children. Then, in the midst of that deep and solemn stillness, the prisoners' gate of Newgate opens, and forth comes Tom Idle, in his shroud, with his night-cap upon his head, and ready pinioned. White as that shroud is his countenance; and the livid hue of his lips adds to the ghastliness of his appearance. The moment he ascends into the open cart, he hastily seats himself with his back to the coffin; and the vehicle moves on. At the same moment the Ordinary, issuing from the governor's dwelling, steps into the black coach which is provided for him, and which heads the funeral *cortège* that now begins to move slowly on, attended by the Under-Sheriff and his javelin-men on horseback.

And now the buzz of innumerable voices succeeds the death-like silence that has prevailed for some minutes; and, as if the crowds are recovering from the awe inspired by a terrible spectacle, those buzzing sounds grow louder and more distinct,—till the ribaldry, the jesting, the swearing, and the obscenity become painfully audible on all sides. Down Snow Hill the procession passes—the cart jolting over the rugged pavement, and making the coffin clatter with an ominous din; while the convict sits motionless in his shroud—ghastly, horrible to behold.

Over the bridge, which at that time lay across the Fleet Ditch at the bottom of Snow Hill, the procession goes lumberingly along; and the painful ascent of Holborn Hill is accomplished with difficulty by the wretched hack that draws the cart. And all the while the multitude moves on also, at a rate measured according to the progress of the vehicles and the cavalcade of guards which are thus completely hemmed in by the compact mass; while from that flowing, undulating ocean of people emanate the jests of the giddy and heartless, the imprecations of strong men elbowing their way, and the screams and shrieks of the women who are crushed in the jostling crowds. Long before the procession comes in view, the houses on either side of Holborn are covered from shop-window to roof with faces: mothers hold up their children—young men chat and laugh away the time with their mistresses until the convict-cart appears—and old men exhibit as much curiosity as the rest. And all those eager spectators, too, have dressed themselves in their Sunday apparel, as if it were a grand gala or a holiday: but then, even at an execution, as well as at church or a ball, ladies must display their finery, and gentlemen must show that they follow the latest fashions!

On—on goes the funeral *cortège*, with its accompanying multitude that advances like a mighty mass of water, overwhelming in volume, and roaring and raging in tremendous billows,—now dashing in shop-fronts in its uncontrollable pressure, now hurling down scaffoldings from houses building or repairing,—rolling on—on, unable to stop, or to flow backward, or to turn aside—each human particle being so completely held in by the rest. And the farther the portentous tide thus moves along, the greater becomes the mass—the more formidable the swell—the deeper the agitation—and the louder the roaring, raging sounds; while, in the midst, still proceeds that corpse-like form, as if it were a *cortège* of myriads of fiends accompanying a spectre to the pandemonium of its destination. But often—often, amidst the bellowing of countless voices and the rushing din of innumerable feet, arise terrific screams and appalling shrieks from the women who are thrown down and trampled in the crowd; and sometimes the voices of children, dashed from their mothers' arms by the jostling of reckless ruffians, mingle their piercing cries for a few moments with the other terrific noises of the scene, and then sink for ever into the silence of death. For if once a grown-up person fall, or a child be dropped, in the midst of such a multitude as that, no human power can save them: those nearest, and who witness the awful casualty, cannot stop, much less stoop, to lend an in-

stant's aid;—for none can control his movements there—none can pause, or advance, or turn aside at will, where the pressure is uniform and onward throughout the mass, as if it were a monster with one huge body but countless thousands of heads that is thus forcing its way along thoroughfares all too small for its bulk and volume.

The district of Saint Giles is gained;—and there the procession halts for a few minutes, a publican, whose tavern stands in the road, having the privilege of supplying the convict with a mug of foaming ale. And welcome is the beverage to the miserable being, half dead as he is through terror at the crowds and his own horrible sensations. Here also it is that an itinerant preacher, belonging to some particular sect, ascends into the cart; and when the procession again moves on, he begins to sing psalms with all the power of his leathern lungs. On his side, Tom Idle, who is now completely subdued, listens with earnest attention, and even attempts to join in the hymning; but his tongue refuses utteranee to the words that rise to it.

And now the procession moves along the Tyburn Road; and the multitude appears to gather fresh strength as it flows onward. For here the houses are few and far between;—fields are to the right, and fields to the left,—and the living ocean expands, as if the more room it has for its course, the wider its volume extends. The rout is now unpaved and miserably uneven,—deep ruts in some places, piles of stones in others: but the driver of the convict-cart takes no notiee of these inequalities, and urges his wretched hack along, as if eager to get to the journey's end. Thus the rudely-constructed vehicle bumps and jolts and goes up and down, shaking the coffin with horrible din—aye, and shaking likewise him who is so soon to occupy it. At length Tyburn itself is reached; and as the eonviet turns hastily round, and casts a horrified glance in front of the cart, he beholds the triangular gibbet, with its eross-beams, rising black and ominous above the closely-packed heads of the eountless multitudes assembled about that sinister thing! A terrible shudder convulses him from head to foot, and the spasm re-acts with poignant anguish from foot to head; and in the same moment he feels as if his heart were taken out of ice, and plunged into devouring fire.

Hideous—dreadful—revolting is the seene aromnd and near that gallows-tree. Behold it, ye advocates for the Punishment of Death! and tell us where is the moral example—where is the awe-inspiring feeling—where the beneficial effect of that legalized murder? Does the moral example work upon the boy who is picking the pocket of the vender of cakes, while another juvenile thief is waiting to receive the booty? Is the awe-inspiring feeling experienced by the old procuress turning up her eyes in rank hypocrisy, as she conveys the gin-glass to her lips? Is the beneficial effect telling upon the ruffian who is hurling a dog amongst the crowd by the tail? Mark the general appearanee of the people gathered about the gibbet, and say, if ye dare, that public strangulation is attended with grand social advantages. The executioner is smoking his pipe upon the eross-beams of the fatal tree; a woman is bawling the already printed "dying speeeh and confession" of a man who is as yet on his way to death, and intends to make no speech; the Ordinary is lolling in his coaeh, thinking of the luncheon prepared by the Governor of Newgate for himself and the Under-Sheriff, against their return from the revolting drama; a soldier has stepped into a pool of water, that he may thrust his hand up a woman's petticoats; and a man is letting off a carrier-pigeon, to inform the turnkeys of Newgate that the funeral procession has reached its destination, so that the prison chapel-bell may once more toll for the miserable wretch about to be launched into eternity. Oh! in all this there is naught effective as a solemn warning;—but the aspect of the seene is that of a gala, or fair, save in respect to that shuddering, agonizing man, wrapt up in a shroud before his coffin receives him!

The convict-cart has reached the gibbet, the exeentioner knocks out the ashes from his pipe and consigns it to his poeket, and the javelin-men form a circle about the gallows. The vehicle is placed in such a way that Jack Ketch may eonveniently tie up the doomed wreteh to the cross-beam; and now the Ordinary commenees the funeral service from his coaeh-window, the itinerant minister having taken his leave of the convict. Again does a deep silence enthral the multitude; and the ribald tongue is hushed in momentary awe—too soon to break forth again in imprecations and obscenity. At length the chaplain reaches that point in the service for the dead, at which the mortal struggle is to commence; and the driver of the convict-cart snddenly whips his horse furiously. The animal springs forward a few paces—the wretched man feels the vehicle gliding away from under him, and quickly as the eye can wink he is left dangling in the air. Then the executioner, who has maintained his plaee on the cross-bream to which he tied him up, leaps upon his shoulders; and amidst convulsive but ineffectual struggles, the immortal soul bursts from its mortal tenement, and wings its mysterious way along that unknown path which leads to the footstool of the Eternal!

Such is the end of the Idle Apprentice.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—PLATE XII.—FRANK GOODCHILD LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS

PLATE XII.

FRANK GOODCHILD LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

While vice receives its punishment, virtue is crowned with its reward; and thus is poetic justice forcibly illustrated by the talented pencil of the great artist. The Idle Apprentice has ended his days on the gallows; and he whom we have denominated the Industrious Apprentice becomes elevated to the highest civic honour—the Mayoralty of London. His diligence, integrity, and perseverance have been adequately rewarded. Blessed with a loving and exemplary wife, and with dutiful and affectionate children,—enjoying the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and possessed of immense wealth,—happy, too, in the approving smiles of the excellent parents of his spouse,—what more can he desire? Nothing:—he is, indeed, supremely happy! And now behold the gay procession passing through the streets of London: hark to those joyous shouts—those enthusiastic hurrahs that make the welkin ring! 'Tis for Frank Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, that this busy scene is enacted—that these multitudes have congregated—that these applauding voices are upraised—that this animation and harmless excitement prevail! The son of toil has risen from the humble apprentice to the first Magistrate of the first city in the universe. Not that he is unduly elated by the pomp and ostentation which now attend upon his progress—not that he smiles with the cold condescension of a patron from that gilt chariot—not that he looks upon himself as the hero of a gorgeous pageantry. No: better contented would he be, were all this vain display—this idle parade spared him. But the office is one which, urged by a laudable ambition, he has a right to aspire to; and the immemorial customs of the old city compel him to pass through this ordeal of glitter and of triumph. What, then, does he really feel? The honourable pride of deserving the rank to which he has attained—the satisfaction of knowing that his own merits, apart from all adventitious means, have elevated him from what he *was* to what he now *is*. May his example arouse to an equally praiseworthy emulation, those of our youthful readers who are placed in positions where integrity, diligence, and perseverance may ensure the approval of their employers, and where merit may reasonably hope to reap its eventual reward!

The commentator Trussler thus describes the last plate of the present series:—"As we have already seen the disgraceful end of the Idle Apprentice, there remains nothing save to represent the completion of the happiness of the industrious one, who is now exalted to the highest civic honour—that of Lord Mayor of London—the greatest reward that ancient and noble city can bestow on long continued diligence and irreproachable integrity. Our artist here, as he has done in the last plate, has given full scope to his wonderful sense of humour, by representing more of the low part of the Lord Mayor's Show than the magnificent; yet the honour done the city by the presence of Royal Personages now and then is not omitted or forgotten. The variety of comic characters in the print serves to show what usually passes on the occasion of such processions as these, when the people gather to gratify their childish curiosity, or indulge their wanton disposition or natural love of riot and excitement.

"The front of the plate exhibits the oversetting of a board, on which some girls had stood, and displays them sprawling on the gravel; on the left, at the back of the scaffold, is a man kissing a female; near him is a blind man, who has staggered in amongst the crowd and joining in the general cheering; before him is a Militia man so completely intoxicated as to be quite insensible as to what either he himself, or any one else is doing; this is a capital figure, and full of genuine humour. The chief intention here of Hogarth seems to have been to ridicule the City Militia, which was then composed of all kinds of men, of all ages, sizes, and heights, some fat, some lean, some tall, some short, some crooked, some lame; and all so evidently unused to the musket, that scarce one knows how to carry their weapon. One we see is firing off his piece and turning his head another way, at which the man above laughs, while the child is alarmed. The boy on the right crying a full and true account of the ghost of Thomas Idle, supposed to have appeared to the Lord Mayor, keeps up the connection of the whole work. With respect to the cornucopiæ, or horns of plenty on the outside of the plate, they are introduced to show the abundance that always fills the hands of the diligent.

"We have thus had depicted to us in a series of events the prosperity of the Industrious, and the downfall of the Idle Apprentice, the riches and honour which fall to the lot of the one, and the disgrace and destruction which are the certain fate of the other. We need hardly say which is the proper path to tread. Show the traveller the two roads, and he will assuredly take the right one; give the boy this instructive lesson to learn, and a good and lasting effect on his future welfare may be the almost certain result."

The moral lesson Hogarth intended to convey would have wanted much of its force had any of the usual experiences of life been violated to give it point.

How faithfully the course of idleness and depravity has been depicted, we need nothing beyond the observations of every day to inform us. The prosperity of the industrious and well behaved is, however, so often set down to "chances" and "lucky hits," that the tale Hogarth has told of his Industrious Apprentice is by many felt to be less natural than the other. We think it is not so. The fortunate circumstances which occur to lift the industrious upwards, are, as much as their other advantages, the effects of that industry and good conduct without which they could not have been so placed that "lucky chances" could occur or would benefit them. So, in the instance before us, without a long previous course of industrious and trustworthy conduct, the Industrious Apprentice would not have been in a situation for the good fortune of being the husband of his master's daughter and partner in his firm. The biography of every nation is full of instances of men who, by talents and useful inventions, have raised themselves to a commanding position in society. But all men are not endowed with such talent; and it does not appear to have been the intention of Hogarth to represent *their* progress. He intended rather to exhibit the prosperity which might be attained by the practice of virtues which no man is naturally incapable of exercising, and to point out a path to consideration which no man wants more than the will to follow. He has represented an extreme case, certainly. There are many lesser elevations than that of the chief magistracy of London, on which the industrious and wise man may rest happy and comfortable. Nevertheless, many of our readers would be surprised to learn how large the proportion is of those who have reached to that dignity from the lowest beginnings.

We have but little room for particular details on this last point. But the following brief notices will show that Hogarth has not departed from probability in depicting the course of his Industrious Apprentice. Sir William Plomer began life in a dark oil-shop in the neighbourhood of Aldgate; Mr. Brook Walton, elected member for the city in 1784, was the son of a journeyman tailor to which trade he served an apprenticeship; Sir John W. Anderson, Lord Mayor in 1797, and member for the City, was the son of a day labourer; Alderman Macauley was the son of a captain of a coasting vessel, who died leaving nine children unprovided for; Sir William Staines was a working paviour and stone mason; Alderman Hamerton, also a paviour, from being a very poor boy, raised himself to affluence; Sir John Eamer originally kept a small grocer's shop, and afterwards carried on a great wholesale business in the same line; Alderman Wright was a servant in the warehouse of which he ultimately became master,—he acquired a fortune of 400,000*l.*; Alderman Gill was also a servant in the same house, and acquired an immense fortune: he began business with Alderman Wright as a stationer, and married his sister; they lived sixty years in partnership together without having ever disagreed in the slightest shape, and both died in the same year—1798; Sir Samuel Fludger was originally employed in attending on pack-horses, but by great industry, joined to an enterprising spirit, acquired immense wealth, and rose to great importance in the world of commerce.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.—PLATE I.—THE INHERITANCE.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE I.

THE INHERITANCE.

The old miser is dead; and his son, only just of age, has come to claim his inheritance. The youth suddenly finds himself the undisputed heir to a fortune notoriously immense, but the full extent of which yet remains to be discovered. He has ever been kept so short of funds—such a slight acquaintanceship has hitherto existed between himself and a well-lined purse, that he is seized with an insatiable longing to ascertain the amount of his riches. But it is not that longing which taught his departed father to weigh and count his gold, to see how much he was worth: it is a craving on the youth's part to learn how much he has to spend!

Accordingly, on the very day after the miser's death, great is the bustle and remarkable is the change which characterises his large and gloomy-looking house. Shutters that have remained closed for years, are thrown open; and the light of the sun is allowed to pour its golden flood into the dusty rooms, whither partial glimmerings have until then alone been able to steal through cracks and crevices. Padlocks are wrenched from cupboards—closets are forced open—and their contents, either of documents or treasures, are all conveyed into an apartment on the first floor, there to be duly inspected according to a faithful inventory which the old miser has left behind him.

It is in this room that the corpse of the deceased is to lie in state; and one of the first commands that the young heir issues is to suspend black hangings round the walls while the body remains there. But, as if the entire scene of the first day of inheritance were to lose no possible feature of moral interest, the very act of putting up the symbols of sorrow for the death of the miser is calculated to develop fresh wealth for the enjoyment of the heir; inasmuch as the hammer of the carpenter disturbs cornices and discloses nooks in which the defunct has secreted hoards of gold!

And now, behold the young man and the astute but roguish lawyer whom he has summoned to assist in examining the inventory and other documents telling of immense riches,—behold them setting to work to investigate the affairs of the deceased miser! The morning is cold—moreover the room is damp; and the old crone of a servant brings in a bundle of wood to light a fire in that grate from which no cheerful flame has ascended for many and many a long day. It is a bundle of wood such as her departed master would have made her eke out for a month even in the depth of winter. And, even though he is now no more, and a new spirit is diffusing its influence throughout the dwelling, the hag shudders as if she were about to perpetrate a crime—so strong is the habit of parsimony which she has acquired through years of servitude to a penurious master! Indeed, as she has entered the room, laden with the fuel which gives promise of a glorious blaze, she starts convulsively—for her eyes encounter the portrait of the deceased, suspended over the mantel, and representing him in his old morning-gown and fur cap, weighing his money in the very attitude and with the gloating eagerness which characterised him in life. Strange is it that he should have permitted the limner to have painted him in a manner that proclaimed his failing:—but then his very parsimony was his pride!

On the mantel is the old greasy cap so faithfully delineated in the picture, and keeping company with the end of a candle in a save-all. Leaning against the wall, close by the fire-place, are his crutch and stick; and as the old woman's glance encounters these memorials of her late master, tears start into her eyes—for the hardness of her servitude has not completely hardened her heart.

Everywhere around are types and evidences of the one grand sentiment which through life influenced the miser,—types and evidences of the most griping avarice—an avarice urged to an extreme that might seem incredible to those who are ignorant of the lengths to which the passion for saving and hoarding may carry the inveterate miser. In an upper cupboard, which the carpenter has wrenched open by order of the young heir, are found the roasting jack and spit—those emblems of a hospitality which the old man never practised. In a large closet beneath the cupboard just mentioned, are discovered articles of the toilette and kitchin utensils, strangely commingled. There also are boots and shoes in abundance; and yet one of the last acts of the miser's life evidently had been to manufacture from the thick leathern cover of a large Bible a sole to fit on one of the shoes which he habitually wore! He must have envied Judas the thirty pieces of silver; for it seemed, by the profane deed just mentioned, as if he would have sold his God for gold!

The chests so carefully secured with double locks, are forced open; and their valuable contents duly examined. One is alone sufficient to fill the heart of the heir with joy and create in his mind all possible schemes of pleasure and delight; for amidst numerous articles of massive plate, are heavy and well filled bags of gold—that chest forming a grand contrast with a neighbouring box in which remnants of broken furniture are stowed away. From the contemplation of the treasure chest, the youth and the lawyer direct their

attention to innumerable deeds and documents, consisting of securities for money vested in many prudential ways, or lent on good guarantees, and at exorbitant interest. Ineffable delight is depicted in the pleasing, though not precisely handsome, countenance of the heir: the harsh, sinister features of the old lawyer are contracted into grim smiles savouring of rapacity; and the half-starved cat appears to mew with satisfaction at the unusual scene around.

A knock is heard at the door; and in walks an obsequious tailor, to measure the youth not only for his mourning, but also for divers suits of clothes on which no expense is to be spared. Heavens! is not the liberality of the order now given, enough to call into life and being that portrait suspended over the mantel—enough to arouse the old miser even in his tomb? For at the very feet of the heir lies tossed contemptuously aside, the journal kept by his father so recently dead, and in which appear such characteristic entries as the following:—"*May 5th, put off my bad shilling!*"

The tailor is in the midst of the duty of measurement, and the lawyer seated at the table, busy with the papers,—when the door of the apartment is suddenly opened, and two females make their appearance. They evidently belong to a humble class, although their attire, especially that of the younger, is characterised by the strictest cleanliness and neatness. One is a woman of about forty, robust in stature, and with an unequivocal expression of the virago in her countenance. The other is apparently nineteen or twenty years of age; and, though her face is pale, denoting mingled hope and fear—or rather a cruel suspense—yet it is impossible not to be struck by its soft and touching beauty. And well might the gentle heart of that young creature flutter with uncertainty; for now is the moment when the brightest aspiration her soul has ever formed, is to receive its fulfilment,—or shame to remain for ever stamped upon her fair and polished brow! For that interesting girl is in a way to become a mother without being yet a wife!

Had she obeyed the impulse of her feelings, she would no doubt have sprung forward and clasped the youth in her arms—for *he* is the father of the child which she bears in her bosom; but a terrible presentiment of evil—probably excited by the sudden start indicative of vexation, and the deep blush bespeaking conscious treachery, which she observes on the part of her seducer—strikes to her soul, and renders her motionless. Clinging to the back of a chair for support, she casts upon him so plaintive—so beseeching—so appealing a glance, that a bitter pang shoots through his heart, as he remembers all the happy days he has passed with her who has loved him too sincerely and too well for her honour and her happiness! But he has formed grand projects of shining in the sphere of fashion—and in imagination he already beholds himself about to lead a titled heiress to the altar. What hope, then, has he to give to the poor humbly-born girl whom he has betrayed?—how can he for a moment entertain the thought of dashing to the earth the golden bowl from which he is imbibing such intoxicating draughts—dashing it down merely for the sake of doing *her* justice?

He puts on an angry look, makes an impatient gesture, and mutters something about the impertinence of disturbing him at such a time.

The girl bursts into an agony of tears; for with that keenness of perception which is intuitive in a woman who loves, she sees by the manner which her seducer has suddenly assumed, that the terrible presentiment is confirmed, and that there is indeed no hope for her!

"What does the foolish girl mean?" cries the mother, surveying her daughter with astonishment. "Is she a-crying because she's going to be made an honest woman of?"

"Mother—mother," sobs the almost heart-broken girl, "do you not see that our presence is unwelcome here?"

"Really, my good woman," falters the young heir, "I am at this moment so overwhelmed with business, as you perceive——"

"Sir," cries the mother in a voice of fury, "what am I to understand? Do you mean to violate the solemn promises contained in these letters?" she demands, producing at the same time a large packet of those love-missives, all addressed to her daughter.

"My good woman," says the heir, "I know that I have acted wrong—but I will make every atonement within my power. Here is gold—take it as an earnest of what I am prepared to settle upon your daughter——"

"Touch it not, mother!" almost shrieks the wretched girl; "let him keep his gold—and come away, I beseech you!"

"Yes—keep your gold!" exclaims the mother; "and may it prove a curse—a plague—a pestilence in your hands—a blight to your happiness——"

"Curse him not!" implores the girl; and, exerting all her strength to put an end to this painful scene, she drags her mother from the room.

But the youthful heir does not breathe freely until he hears the front door close behind them.

The tailor, with characteristic discretion and good taste, has maintained an undisturbed demeanour throughout the entire scene, as if it were indeed altogether unnoticed by him; but the roguish old lawyer has watched his opportunity, when his client's back was turned, to pilfer a handful of gold pieces from a bag which lies upon the table!

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.—PLATE II.—THE RAKE'S LEVEE.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE II.

THE RAKE'S LEVEE.

We must suppose a few months to have elapsed since the miser's death; and now we may note the contrast which exists between that house as we first saw it, and its appearance now, under the auspices of the spend-thrift son. Instead of presenting a miserable and dilapidated aspect, its exterior is that of a splendid mansion; while internally it has undergone a change as effectual and complete as any of which we read in oriental tales, where the imagination of the writer calls enchantment to his aid to enable him to pass the bounds of probability and enter, as if in a natural manner, into the realms of marvel and wonder. The carpenter, the painter, the upholsterer, and the decorator have united their efforts to accomplish this transformation in a speedy and most efficient style; curiosity-shops, picture-galleries, and the studios of sculptors have furnished rarities and master-pieces of costly price to embellish the renovated rooms;—footmen in rich liveries lounge at the hall-windows—the servants' offices are filled in all the varied departments belonging to an extensive and wealthy establishment—the cellars are stored with the most generous wines—and the markets of the metropolis supply the choicest dainties for the larder.

We may suppose it to be about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the young rake is holding his levee in a handsome apartment, to which admission is obtained by means of a species of gallery serving as an ante-room. The youth is in an easy undress, and plays the character of the "great man" to perfection. He delights in the homage that is paid to him—in the incense of adulation offered up to him. The conversation of the frivolous has indescribable charms for him; frothy, superficial discourse—idle gossip—and contemptible scandal displace all useful and profitable topics. A miserable witticism calls smiles to the countenance that would have expressed contempt for the serious remarks of learning.

But let us see of whom the company at this levee is composed. At the harpsichord is a professor of music, strumming away in spite of the noise produced by the entrance of visitors and the chattering of many voices. Here is Essex, the famous dancing-master, waiting to give the heir his morning-lesson, which usually lasts ten minutes, and for which the professor of the Terpsichorean art receives a guinea: there is an improver of gardens, who has brought a plan of the way in which he proposes to lay out the grounds attached to a villa that the heir has purchased in the suburbs of the metropolis. Leaning upon his quarter-staves is the celebrated prize-fighter, Thomas Figg—surveying with cool contempt a vivacious French fencing-master, who is making a thrust at an imaginary pupil with his small sword. In another part of the room is a musician who plays the bugle; and every now and then he puts the instrument to his lips, blowing a blast which raises every echo throughout the house, and causes the assembled company to start nervously, much to the amusement of the heir. In the ante-room is a group of tailors, peruke-makers, and men-milliners,—likewise a poor poet who has been dancing attendance on the great man for a fortnight without being able to obtain even a smile or a look, while the Terpsichorean professor has received during that period fourteen guineas for only dancing ten minutes each day!

At this period Farinelli, the Italian singer, is in the zenith of his popularity; and the nobility, gentry, and members of the fashionable world vie with each other in lavishing marks of their admiration upon the foreigner, while native talent is totally disregarded. The heir is not behind-hand in following the custom then in vogue; and he has accordingly sent a splendid snuff-box to Farinelli, through the medium of the professor of music now present at the levee. The professor has this day brought with him the long list of Farinelli's patrons, in order that the gift may be duly inscribed thereon; and accordingly the list receives the name of Rakewell. The list is then ostentatiously suspended over the professor's chair at the harpsichord, so that every one who attends the levee might observe it, and depart to publish the liberality of Rakewell. For your fashionable people never bestow anything without the certainty of the gift being proclaimed to the world: even many of the philanthropic societies which annually meet at Exeter Hall would not glean pence where they now obtain guineas, were it not for the publication of the list of subscribers!

The heir possesses a stud, and is most anxious to be thought a sporting character. The walls of the apartment in which he holds his levee, are adorned with the portraits of celebrated game-cocks; and these pictures are far more frequently the theme of conversation at his residence than the splendid paintings by famous masters which embellish his gallery. But on the present occasion Rakewell is particularly proud of his sporting renown; for one of his horses has been the winner in a steeple-chase on the previous day, and the silver punch-bowl, which was the prize gained, is now duly displayed to the admiring eyes of the company by the jockey who rode the triumphant steed.

Such is the scene which tells an interesting and

impressive chapter in the history of Rakewell's life, and which denotes how deeply he has already plunged into reckless extravaganee during the short space of a few months from the date of his aecession to the enormous wealth bequeathed him by the miser!

But we must not forget a little incident in the narrative deseribed by the plate; which, though rather Italian in its character than English, might, nevertheless, have very well oecurred at the time referred to. We may suppose that we presently see a stout, swaggering, military-looking man enter the room; and, passing behind the group gathered about the heir, tap him with a species of mysterious familiarity upon the shoulder. Rakewell immediately turns round, and beholds a broad, rubicund, and ferocious countenance which is quite unknown to him.

"My name's Stab, sir—Captain Stab, at your service," mutters the new-comer, at the same time casting fierce glances to the right and left, as much as to intimate that he should advise no one to dare to listen to what he is saying. "Here's the note of introduction that was given me to present to you. Read it, sir—read it; and you'll find that I'm a man of honour—and to be trusted."

The heir opens the letter thrust by the Captain into his hand, and glancing over the contents, finds that this most deleetable gentleman is an officer of great merit, and whose services are particularly useful at times to men about town. The virtues and excellencies of the Captain are easily summed up:—he is a notorious duellist, the terror of sheriff's officers, and the best fellow in Europe to carry off a girl even under her father's very nose—all of which qualifications he readily places at the disposal of good paymasters. He is alike a bravo and a bully, and in these eapacities offers his services, when needed, by young Rakewell.

Such was the state of society at that period!

TOTUS MUNDUS
PONTAC
AUGUSTUS
NERO
OTHO
VITELLIUS
VESPATIANUS
Tullius

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE III.

THE ORGIE AT THE ROSE TAVERN.

We are now to accompany young Rakewell to a tavern, which is a noted house for the reception of abandoned women and young men about town. It was well-known as the Rose, and was situated in Drury Lane, and was not only considered but also felt to be a nuisance by all the neighbours; and though many of these were not of a character to be over particular, still the frequent disturbances which took place at the Rose—the fact of its being a centralizing point for the loose females of the vicinity—and the tremendous uproar that burst from its interior at every hour of the night—all combined to render it an annoyance and a scandal. The reader may perhaps wonder how such a sink of iniquity was licensed by the magistrates or tolerated by the authorities; but when we point to the infamous Saloon and the notorious Elysium of a recent date, flourishing like weeds in rank luxuriance, it may be well understood how the Rose maintained its foul existence at a period when justices of the peace were indifferent or venal, and when the police-laws were meagre and ineffectual.

On his road to the Rose young Rakewell got into a row with some constables, whom, however, he gets the best of; and the miserable old "Charleys" are not intrepid enough to follow the champion of the riot to the Rose, although they are well aware that he has procceded thither with the lantern and staff—the trophies of his victory!

And now, in the parlour of the Rose, commences a scene of debauchery and dissipation which should find no mention in these pages, were it not necessary to point out the shoals and quicksands whereon the ship of youth is liable to strike in its perilous voyage over the great ocean of life. By his social position, his wealth, his education, and his personal appearance, Rakewell is qualified to mix in the best society and enter the most select circles: but his training by a parsimonious father has been of a nature calculated only to hurry him headlong into the vortex of licentiousness, depravity, and extravagance, the moment he becomes his own master. The privations of his school and college days have kept him totally unprepared to know and appreciate the value of money; and thus, when he finds himself the possessor of countless riches, he looks upon gold only as the desirable means of procuring the enjoyments most suited to his taste. It is not, therefore, a matter of wonder that this young man should rush precipitately on a career of unbounded dissipation, and wanton extravagance, the moment the tomb has closed over his father's remains; and let parents as well as sons deduce from his career a grand moral lesson, teaching the former that a rigorous parsimony towards their offspring is as ill-judged as it is cruel, and urging the latter to render themselves deserving of a liberal allowance by a due appreciation of the value and the uses of money.

Young Rakewell is in his glory when caressed and flattered by a number of abandoned females; and he cheerfully lavishes his gold to procure the best and most costly wines which the flash house can afford. He knows not that, in their hearts, those painted courtezans, with smiles as artificial as their complexions, look upon him as a soft fool, whom it is easy to make a victim; he never once suspects that the very woman who is most assiduous in her demonstrations of affection, is the one that holds him in the greatest contempt. Be assured, ye young men who read these lines, that a lavish expenditure amongst depraved females, so far from making you appear "fine dashing fellows," only renders you ridiculous in their eyes: they are laughing at you in their sleeves all the time they are feasting and drinking at your cost; and when you take your departure with an empty purse, you are followed by no real gratitude on their side, but, on the contrary, your folly remains the theme of many a jest and ironical observation, which would be sadly hurtful to your pride were you placed so as to be an unseen listener.

We cannot enter into minute details of the alike shameful and shameless orgie that lasts at the Rose, on the occasion alluded to, until an advanced hour of the night. Suffice it to say, that Rakewell speedily becomes so intoxicated as to be unaware that the courtezan who is most tender in her caresses, is the very first to plunder him of his watch and other articles of jewellery—that two of the women have a desperate quarrel, one spirting forth wine in the face of the other, who menaces her with a sharp knife in return, —that a ragged wench enters the room, and sings an obscene song to the wretched harmony afforded by two blind musicians—that a young woman rendered sentimentally maudlin by excess of liquor, and deeming herself slighted by Rakewell, sets fire to a map of the world, swearing that she will burn the entire globe and herself with it—and that the disgusting proceedings are wound up by the indecent exhibitions of a posture-woman or "model," who dances in a state of nudity on a large silver dish, which a waiter brings in and places on the floor for the purpose.

The morning is far advanced when Rakewell is set down by a sedan at his own door. His valet, who has sat up all night awaiting his return, conducts, or rather carries him up to bed; and the young rake

sleeps until a late hour in the day. When he awakes his head aches with such a racking pain that he is unable immediately to rise; and all the incidents of the orgie at the Rose gradually develop themselves to his mental contemplation. Then what a feeling of sickening dissatisfaction does he experience—a feeling which forces upon his mind the irresistible conviction that the *enjoyments*, if they can be so termed, of the preceding night are most dearly purchased by the thoughts and sensations of restored sobriety and calm reflection. It is not that he grudges the money he has expended; but he loathes the society on whom he has wasted it. Had any one of the women whose caresses were a few hours back so welcome, entered his room as he now lies dispirited and in pain, he would have recoiled from the blandishments of the courtezan in disgust and horror. Not that his conscience is stricken, any more than his regrets in a pecuniary sense are excited: no, he is not influenced by any moral compunctions or sentiments;—he is the prey to a feeling of dissatisfaction, for which he can scarcely account, but which invariably follows the satiety of a debauchee. It is the penalty which all men pay for a night of dissipation;—it is an unavoidable and certain punishment for mis-spent hours. It is a sensation which makes the individual dislike and loathe himself; and it wrings from the parched and feverish lips the words—"What a fool I have been!"

Yes—these are the consequences of deep dissipation and licentious enjoyments! Although the debauchee may reck nothing for the gold which he has expended, —although he may fear no upbraiding word on the part of parents, wife, or friends,—although he be so thoroughly his own master that no human tongue dares question his conduct—still, still he is inevitably doomed to experience that sense of dissatisfaction which we have endeavoured to explain—still must he admit to himself that he has behaved foolishly—and still is he certain to endure, in his waking thoughts and his racking brow, a severe penalty for the unhallowed enjoyments of the past night. And sorrowful —sorrowful indeed is that man's condition, when in order to fly from self-reproach, and to subdue the whisperings of the "still small voice" which warns him of his folly, he has not the moral courage to take a firm stand, and say, "I will do this no more," but plunges again headlong into the inviting though poisonous flood of dissipation and debauchery!

Yet such is the lamentable case of the hero of this Series.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS. PLATE IV. THE ARREST FOR DEBT.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE IV.

THE ARREST FOR DEBT.

The incident we are about to relate is supposed to have occurred on a certain first of March—the day sacred to St. David, the tutelar champion of Wales. On this occasion, King George the Second holds a grand levee; and the various avenues of approach to Saint James's Palace are crowded with spectators to behold the procession of carriages and sedans. The great nobles of the land—the Members of the House of Commons—the Civic Authorities—the Foreign Ambassadors—and the wealthiest gentlemen of the metropolis, are to be present at this reception, which rumour and the newspapers of the day have predicted as likely to eclipse all former ceremonies of the same nature.

As the hour approaches, an elegant sedan passes along St. James's Street; Rakewell is the occupant, and he is going to Court, attired in the suitable garb. His wig is trimmed in the most exquisite style—his coat is covered with lace—his waistcoat is of the costliest material and finest pattern—and his general appearance indicates that no money has been spared to render his equipment as fashionable and elegant as possible for this grand occasion.

Yet, what is his actual position now? Not more than three or four years have elapsed since the young rake inherited by his father's death an enormous fortune; and during that comparatively short period he has dissipated by far the greater portion of the immense wealth which thus fell into his hands. His extravagance has been wickedly unbounded—wantonly shameful: his whole and sole object appears to be a desire to ascertain how speedily and recklessly he can throw away his money. His career outherods that of any spendthrift whose life has ever occupied the attention of the world, or who has figured as the hero of a novel. Where others give pence, he tosses down gold: if a sixpence would serve to rid him of an importunate beggar, he must bestow a guinea. His banquets are of so costly a description that their very magnificence becomes a constraint on the guests, and detracts from the general enjoyment. Like Timon, he gives to his friends anything which those friends praise or admire,—a horse, a picture, or a statue. His gallantries are illimitable and most expensive;—and, as if all these elements of ruin are not sufficient, he becomes a confirmed votary of the gambling-table. So vast were his riches, on succeeding to the hoards of his miser parent, that all his extravagances could not consume them in less than a period of many years: but, the instant he takes to play, he casts himself on a desolating torrent which sweeps away his substance with appalling rapidity. Hundreds of guineas depart in a week with his regular expenditure: but thousands and thousands vanish in a single night beneath the influence of the Demon of Dice!

It is a signal, and at the same time terrible retribution on the memory of the miser,—this reckless, mad, insane, profusion of the son! The gold which the old man had accumulated with such griping care—hoarded with such stern, uncompromising avarice, and masked beneath the semblance of such poverty in his own person and household—those treasures have been scattered as rapidly and as wildly as if an army had sacked the dwelling, and not as if a single individual had done the work. An astonishing prodigality has for three or four years maintained an incessant fire on that kitchen hearth which, during the old man's lifetime, no spark ever cheered. Inflexible as destiny had been that old man's avarice—profuse as is a vineyard with its luscious fruitage, is the conduct of his son. Night and day had the former striven, and pinched, and scraped, and yearned to amass heaps of glittering gold: night and day does the other study, and toil, and think, and act to disperse the piles as speedily and as lightly as he can!

Thus is it that at the expiration of a few years, Rakewell not only finds the bulk of his fortune wasted, but likewise numerous debts contracted, and the claimants soliciting payment. The instant there appears the least hesitation or delay in settling the usual current bills, his tradesmen suspect that the inevitable crisis has arrived, and that the Rake's career is already touching on a ruinous catastrophe. They therefore press for the liquidation of their accounts; and this circumstance, the annoyance of which is enhanced by recent losses at play to an immense amount, has compelled the spendthrift to ponder on his condition. Not that he for a moment thinks of diminishing his expenditure and reforming his habits:—no—pride prevents him from entertaining a friend the less at his table, or of curtailing that table of a single dish. But what he thinks of is to build up his breaking—almost broken—fortunes by means of marriage; and chance at this juncture, throws him in the way of an old maid, who is sixty years of age, possessed of an annual income of many thousand guineas, and is foolish enough to be quite ready to snap at any offer of marriage that may be made to her.

But more of this anon. For the present, let us suppose our hero to be in the very best of humours and inordinately in love with himself, as he is borne jauntily along in the sedan towards the Palace. The vehicle has scarcely turned into St. James's Street,

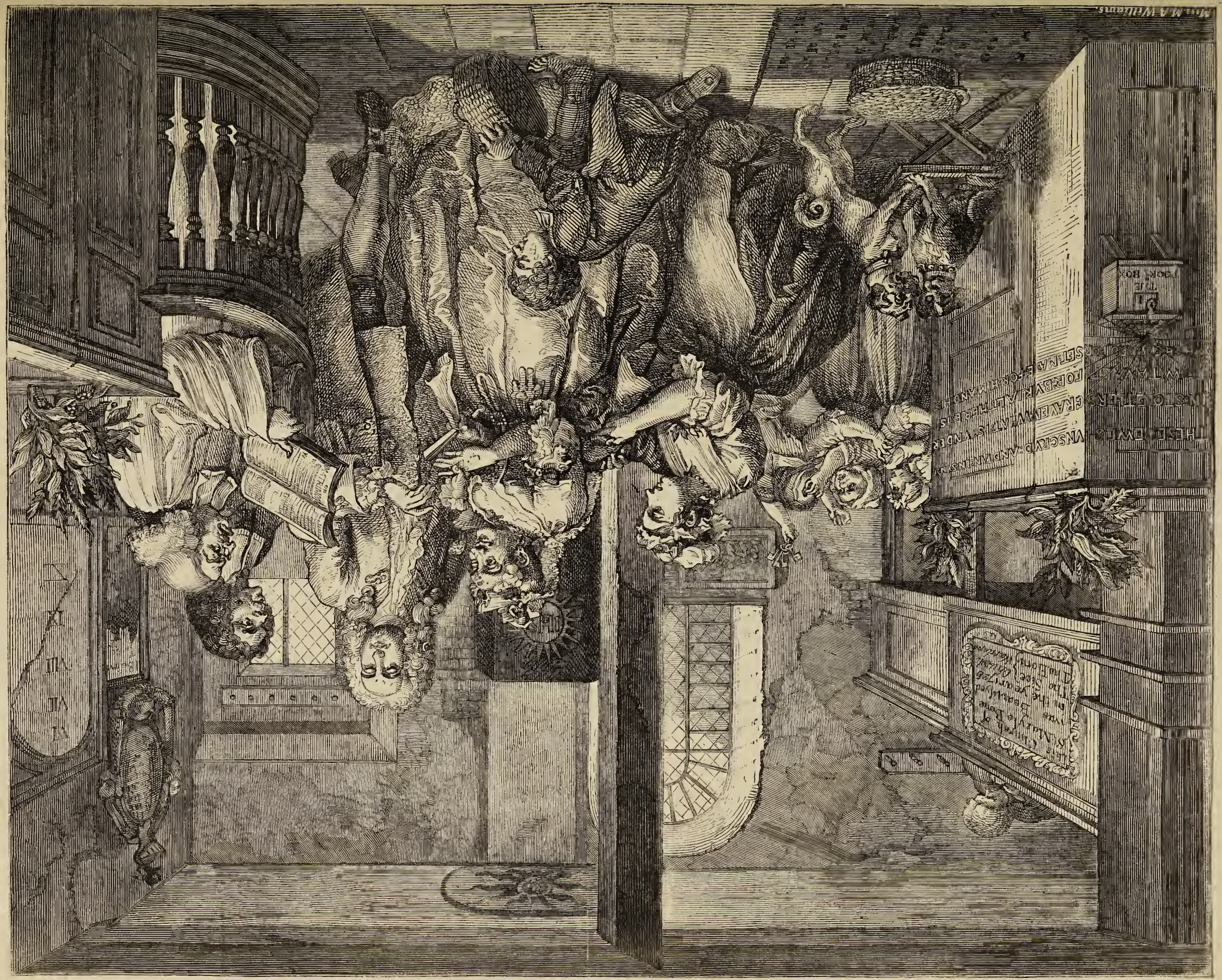
when it suddenly stops short, and the door is wrenched violently open by an ill-looking fellow, holding in his hand a slip of paper of ominous shape.

"This is a writ!" exclaims the man, seizing hold of the collar of the young gentleman, who starts forth from the sedan in horrified amazement at this sudden misfortune. Behind the officer stands a still worse-looking ruffian, armed with a tremendous bludgeon.

At that very moment the young female whom Rakewell had so basely seduced, and so heartlessly abandoned, comes up accidentally to the spot—recognises our hero—learns what is the matter—and offers to pay the money.. The bailiffs, surveying the plain though neat attire of the seamstress, and observing her work-basket hanging on her arm, are incredulous. But she is fully in earnest, and takes a heavy bag from her workbox, which she drops on the pavement in the excited state of her feelings. At the same instant, a lamp-lighter, who is perched upon a ladder at the corner of the street, and whose attention is rivetted to the interesting scene now taking place, spills some of his oil upon Rakewell's laced coat; and an urchin, who exercises the joint avocations of shoeblack and thief, decamps with the young rake's gold-headed cane. The predatory act is observed by a Welchman, who wears a huge leek in his hat in honour of the day; and let us hope that through the agency of this individual, the stick is recovered and restored to its owner.

In the meantime the bailiff counts the money, retaining a sufficient sum to liquidate the debt and costs, and giving back the remainder to the young woman. The door and the roof of the sedan are closed in an instant; and Rakewell immediately draws down the silk blinds to hide his vexation from the people whom the incident have gathered to the spot. Away speeds the sedan, rapidly born off in one direction; while the poor girl moves slowly on in another—her heart laden with a weight of grief. For scarcely has she received a syllable of thanks from her betrayer!

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.—PLATE V.—THE RAKE'S MARRIAGE.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE V.

THE RAKE'S MARRIAGE.

The great artist now brings us, in the course of his pictorial narrative, to a memorable event in the life of his hero. We allude to his most inauspicious marriage with the ancient, one-eyed, partially deformed spinster, who is nearly old enough to be his grandmother. We very readily suppose that this union has been procrastinated by the young rake as long as possible; and we may also be well assured that he would gladly dispense with it altogether, did his circumstances permit so agreeable an alternative. But his losses at the gaming-table have latterly been so heavy—his debts have accumulated so thickly—and his creditors have grown so clamorous, that he at length finds himself compelled to choose between a debtors' gaol and an alliance with the loathed but wealthy old maid. And she—infatuated fool that she is—puts faith in the vows of affection which the profligate young man breathes in her ears; and her wretched vanity induces her to believe that his heart craves her person, and not his necessities her purse!

Accordingly, one morning, the old bride, the youthful bridegroom, and the pretty maid who is in attendance upon her mistress, alight from a hackney-coach at the door of Marylebone church. Through very shame Rakewell has persuaded the elderly lady that it is far preferable for the marriage to take place as privately as possible:—hence the selection of a parish-church so remote from the fashionable quarters of the town,—for Marylebone is at that time a village in the fields. All is cold and cheerless on this particular morning: everything is gloomy and dispiriting,—save the splendid apparel of the bridegroom, and the ridiculous finery of the bride. But the magnificence thus displayed in their toilette only contrasts the more painfully with the miserable and neglected appearance of the church,—with its decaying, crumbling walls—its damp roof—its poor-box covered with a cob-web—its cracked "Commandments" behind the communion table—and its half-defaced "Belief." No friends are there to smile congratulations on the bride: the clerk gives her away, and her own servant acts as bridemaid. The clergyman—an old man, fast verging into a state of second childhood—mumbles over the marriage-service with a haste testifying his anxiety to get back to his snug parlour-fire: the clerk—a stupid, sanctimonious looking person—drawls forth the responses in a voice that is positively provoking with its droning monotony;—and a starveling charity-boy manifests an intolerable officiousness in supplying hassocks and making himself unnecessarily busy.

Never has the old maid seemed so ugly—so revoltingly ugly in the eyes of Rakewell as on this occasion,—her finery and frumpery rendering her physical defects the more conspicuous, rather than concealing them:—and never, on the other hand, has her maid appeared so surpassingly pretty. Even in the midst of the ceremony the bridegroom casts licentious looks on that blooming girl as she kneels behind her mistress; but she maintains a respectful demeanour—though heaven knows there is little to respect in that ill-assorted union, or the manner in which it is conducted. And as if even the ludicrousness of such a match should not pass without typification, though in the temple of the Almighty—an emblem of the alliance is furnished then and there by the fact of a pug-dog paying his court to a one-eyed female of the canine race!

The ceremony which is to bind indissolubly the old maid and the young rake, is nearly terminated, when a disturbance arises in the middle of the aisle. We may suppose that Mrs. Young (the mother of Sarah Young, the rake's victim) has by some chance received a hint of the contemplated marriage; and having a spice of the virago in her character, she resolves to mar the harmony of the proceeding. Vainly does her daughter—the mild, resigned, and meek-souled Sarah—implore her not to intrude herself upon a scene where her presence can only create a scandalous confusion, without effecting any earthly good: Mrs. Young is resolute; and all the favour that Sarah can obtain, is permission to accompany her. The excellent young seamstress accordingly follows her mother to the church—with the view of restraining her parent's fury as much as possible, and of saving the wrathful woman from any disagreeable consequences to which brawling in a place of worship may lead. Poor Sarah takes her child, but we cannot conceive it to be with the hope, nor even with the idea of moving the heart of Rakewell: it is most probably because she cannot possibly leave the little girl alone during an absence that may extend for two or three hours. Thus is it that, at the very moment when the faithless Rakewell is about to place the ring on the finger of the old lady, who, in respect of personal attractions and sweetness of disposition, is not worthy to brush the dust from the shoes of the girl whom he has seduced, deceived, and abandoned,—at this moment is it that Mrs. Young forces her way into the church, followed by Sarah with the child in her arms. The sextoness opposes the entrance of the party; but Mrs. Young, who is not to be thus defeated in her purpose, makes a terrific attack with her nails on the countenance of the female official. This mode of

assault is responded to in a summary manner: for the sextoness, whirling her keys in the air, deals with them so severe a blow on the head of Mrs. Young, that the latter falls almost senseless on the hard pavement. The sexton, who has witnessed this proceeding from the gallery, now hastens to interfere;—and Mrs. Young, having recovered herself, is speedily ejected from the church—followed by her distracted daughter, to insure whose precipitate departure no violence is needed.

The ceremony is interrupted by this disturbance for a short time; and Rakewell, who recognizes the voice of the virago Mrs. Young in the distance, trembles from head to foot lest a complete exposure of his conduct towards her daughter should take place;—but the expulsion of the former and the voluntary departure of the latter, relieve him of this fear—and the ceremony is accomplished. Then from that cold and cheerless church the bridal party—Oh! such a bridal party as it is!—goes away in the shabby hired vehicle;—but the sacrifice of that really good-looking young man to that hideous old woman is not without its moral use—for it teaches the lesson that a wedding can alone be gay when its ceremony unites two hearts that fondly love!

Alas! what love was *there* on this occasion?

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.—PLATE VI.—THE RAKE'S RUIN AT THE GAMING-TABLE.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE VI.

THE RAKE'S RUIN AT THE GAMING-TABLE.

We may suppose a few years to have elapsed since the inauspicious marriage of our hero and the one-eyed old lady. From such an ill-assorted union no happiness can possibly arise: on the contrary, misery is certain to ensue. The rake suddenly finds himself in possession of a second fortune: and he sets to work to expend it in as lavish and wickedly profuse a manner as the former. The payment of his debts requires no small amount: but scarcely are they liquidated, when he begins to contract fresh ones wherever he can procure credit, though having thousands and thousands at his command. Does he, then, incur these liabilities for the sake of hoarding his gold?—is he about to fall into an extreme, and imitate the example of his father by becoming a miser? Far from it:—while recklessly running in debt on one side, he throws about his money on the other as if it were mere dirt; for extravagance is with him a mania—a rage—a fury that appears impossible of control.

His wife soon discovers that she has fallen a victim to a young man of habits calculated to bring her to utter ruin, and of so heartless a disposition that if she ventures to remonstrate with him, he abuses and ill-treats her in the most shameful fashion. Forewarned she had been by the numerous evil reports that were current regarding him: but she had suffered herself to be over-persuaded by his sophistry;—and full speedily, though too late, does she find out that those rumours were not only correct in every detail, but had undergone no exaggeration. The unhappy old lady has no friend to consult, nor to aid her: her relations are all offended by the ridiculous alliance she has formed, and have turned their backs upon her;—and in her husband's large and splendidly furnished house, she feels more lonely, more truly miserable than if she were the sole occupant of an oasis in the desert. Her worthless husband neglects her openly and avowedly: he makes no pretence about the matter—observes no outward propriety of conduct for decency's sake;—but even introduces his mistresses into the mansion, and aggravates the scandal of his behaviour by debauching the female servants. In short, it requires no very great stretch of the imagination to conceive that Rakewell's conduct is an incessant piece of profligacy of the most frightful description; and that his wife is compelled daily and hourly to look back with bitter regret to the tranquil enjoyments and domestic comfort which she had so long known at her own dwelling and when in a state of "single blessedness." Fatal to her happiness and her fortune was the day when she quitted that abode to enter the mansion of the heartless rake. Her folly in having yielded to the temptation of possessing a young husband is severely punished: terrible is the retribution that her insane vanity is doomed to experience. For three or four years has she endured his ill-treatment, his contempt, and his scorn: for three or four years is she forced to look on helplessly and hopelessly, while the thousands she has brought him are dissipated in the most wanton manner. Poverty—utter ruin stares her in the face; and she has no friend—finds no sympathy!

The present Plate shows us the interior of a gaming-house in Savoy Street, Strand—at that period a noted neighbourhood for establishments of this nature. In a small, ill-lighted room are gathered an assemblage of gamblers of all ranks and grades—from the gentleman down to the highway-robber and common street-pickpocket. The play runs high; and amidst the votaries of the ruinous vice then present, none plunge so boldly or recklessly into the chances of the game as Rakewell. But fortune is entirely adverse to him: bank-note after bank-note is caught up by his opponents, until he finds that his pockets are empty and his last resources entirely dried up. Vainly does he apply to the old money-lender who attends nightly at this particular establishment to cash, at most exorbitant interest, the notes-of-hand of persons deemed solvent and trustworthy: vainly, we say, does the rake address himself to this individual—not a sixpence can he obtain either by coaxing or menace,—for the desperate condition of his finances is no secret to the usurer. Driven almost to madness, Rakewell flies into a passion of the most fearful nature: dashing his wig upon the ground, he gives vent to the most bitter imprecations—gnashes his teeth—beats his breast with his clenched fists—and utters mingled threats, blasphemies, and curses, which would have excited sensations of horror and alarm anywhere save in a common gaming-house. For all the rest of the company are too much absorbed, each in his own affairs, to be moved by the grief or joy of strangers. By the side of the fire, which is covered with a grating to guard against such accidents as are likely to arise from the rage of ruined gamesters, sits a highwayman, mourning his folly in having risked upon the cast of a die the proceeds of the robbery for which he has perilled his life; and so engrossed is this man by the subject of his thoughts, that he hears not even the waiting-boy who has brought him the glass of liquor which he has ordered. Near him stands a ruined wretch, biting his nails in spite and vexation at his losses; while, close behind the old

usurer who has a small table specially appropriated to his own use, is seated another victim of the dreadful vice of gaming, cursing his ill-fortune, and apparently resolved to beat out his own brains with his heavy hat. Farther on still is a maddened gambler, striking with his drawn weapon at the lucky opponent who has won his money, and whom he would assuredly murder were it not for the prompt interference of a friend. In a word, the entire scene is one which can only be contemplated with horror, and which is well calculated to induce the sane and rational observer to reflect mournfully on the terrible—the ruinous consequences of gaming.

While the confusion is at its height, and the room echoes to the oaths and maledictions of the losers and to the exulting ejaculations of the winners, a terrific cry of "Fire" is heard from without; and in another moment volumes of suffocating smoke burst through the wainscot and the roof. Many of the gamesters are too much absorbed in their gains or losses to hear the alarm or perceive the presence of the fire, until the door is suddenly flung open with hasty violence, and the night-watch rush in to give a more effectual warning of the danger that is so imminent. Then away send the affrighted gamblers;—away speeds the old usurer, scarcely giving himself time to secure his memorandum-book and papers about his person;—away hurries the ruined and desperate Rakewell; and that night nearly half a street is consumed by the raging element!

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.—PLATE VII.—THE RAKE IN A DEBTOR'S PRISON.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE VII.

THE RAKE IN A DEBTOR'S PRISON.

It is by no means difficult to follow in imagination the downward career of Rakewell. The transition from the ruinous contact of the gambling-table to the atmosphere of a debtor's prison is as speedy as it is natural; and we now find him an inmate of a miserable room in the Fleet. Reduced from the possession of immense wealth to a condition of the most abject penury, he is unable to procure even the comfort of a chamber to himself in the goal; and, on being conveyed thither, he is forced to take up his quarters in company with other prisoners whose appearance might be described as an incrustation of the rust acquired from long years of a hopeless incarceration. How great—how signal—and how lamentable is this fall! He, who has dwelt in a perfect palace,—surrounded by every luxury that the world could afford or money could procure—whose very dogs fattened upon food which would make many and many a poor family happy—and who squandered his gold as if it were dust which might be had for the mere effort of stooping to gather it from the ground,—he, who has slept beneath a canopy of velvet, with silken curtains to shade him in his slumbers, and who has been accustomed to sit down to a table profusely spread with the choicest dainties and the most delicious wines,—this man it is who at length becomes the inmate of a dark and cheerless room in the pauper-region of the Fleet Prison.

Scarcely has he awakened from the stupor into which this vicissitude has thrown him, when he bethinks himself of all the means that can by any possibility be adopted in order to raise money for his immediate wants. The idea of procuring a sufficiency to release himself from prison is out of the question: his debts are immense,—and though all his valuable household property has been swept away by seizures and executions, the amount thus realized has failed to cover one-tenth part of his liabilities. To obtain resources, then, to meet the necessities of existence—to procure food and a comfortable lodging in the prison,—these are now the highest aims of a man who has once lavished his thousands as if he were the possessor of the purse of Fortunatus! He accordingly begs or borrows a few sheets of writing-paper, and pens letters soliciting small loans at the hands of his friends who once thronged at his levees and crowded his banquetting halls. He likewise remembers that some time back, and under the influence of a passing whim, he composed a play which a certain manager whom he much petted, and to whom he had acted with great liberality, pronounced to be a perfect master-piece of its kind. This manager even undertook to produce the piece at his theatre; and in that individual's hands has it accordingly remained. Now is the time, thinks Rakewell, to urge the theatrical gentleman to represent it with as little delay as possible, and solicit some small remuneration in the interim. A letter is therefore written to that effect; and when all the missives are despatched, the young rake's mind feels somewhat relieved—for, to the best of his reckoning, the application he has made will bring him two or three hundred guineas in a few hours.

"These good friends of mine," he reasons within himself, "will only be too much rejoiced to manifest some little return for all the bounties I have heaped upon them. How often have they implored me to inform them in what manner they could testify their friendship—aye, and their gratitude towards me: and now that I have been so moderate in my demands—asking for tens where I might with a good face request the loan of hundreds—their readiness to serve me will only be the more evident. Ha! ha! it was policy on my part!" he continues, chuckling inwardly; "there can be no shadow of an excuse for declining to lend such insignificant sums—and then, too, I can apply to the same parties again in a few weeks' time. How that rust-eaten old goal-bird, seated in yonder corner, and poring over his papers, will be astounded when he presently sees me counting gold and ordering the turnkey to provide me with a separate chamber!—how that miserable man who has converted the stove into a furnace for his chemical experiments, and who imagines that this room is his laboratory, while he pursues his inquiry after the philosopher's stone—a search that has already brought him to this prison,—how *he* also will stare through his great spectacles when he views the chinkling pieces that my messenger will bring me back! Perhaps some of my friends will call in person;—and then this beggarly place will become resplendent with laced coats, and gay colours, and plumed hats."

In this extravagant manner does Rakewell continue to muse for some time,—building up castles even in the atmosphere of wretchedness by which he is surrounded. Meanwhile his two fellow-prisoners, to whom he has alluded in the course of his reverie, pursue their avocations,—the rust-eaten individual having projected a scheme for paying off the National Debt, although he cannot devise one to effect the settlement of his own liabilities, so paltry in comparison,—and the philosopher tenaciously hugging the belief that he must shortly become the richest man on the face of the earth, through the medium of the grand *arcanum!*

In due time the messenger, whom Rakewell has despatched with all his missives, returns to the prison; and the moment he appears in the miserable room, his elongated countenance strikes our hero with dismay.

"Well—what news?" demands the latter: "where are the answers?"

"This is the only written one I have brought back," says the man, presenting a roll of papers, tied up with a string.

"My play!" cries Rakewell, his heart sinking within him: then, tearing open a letter thrust into the parcel, he runs his eye over the contents, wherein the manager informs him, in terms so laconic as to amount to cool insolence, that the piece will not do. Swallowing his resentment, as it were, the unhappy man turns once more to the messenger, and inquires the fate of his other missives. The reply is soon given: not a soul of all Rakewell's late "friends" has been generous enough to send him a shilling.

Presently the heavy door grates on its hinges, and Sarah Young, leading her little girl by the hand, makes her appearance in that horrible place. The rake utters an ejaculation of surprise, and rises to greet her—aye, and kindly too: for he already feels—bitterly feels the want of a friend in the hour of his signal downfall. Sarah, in obedience to the impulse of that first affection which has survived all the indignities and all the wrongs she has endured at his hands, and which teaches her to forget the past on account of the miseries of the present,—poor Sarah, we say, stretches out her arms towards him: but the nature of the place in which she thus finds him—his own altered, haggard appearance—and the wretched aspect of his fellow-prisoners,—all this, embraced and taken in at a single glance, produce such an effect upon the kind-hearted young woman, that with a low moan she sinks senseless upon the floor.

At the same instant the door opens again—and who should enter the room at this crisis but the impoverished, deceived, and much injured wife of the ruined rake? And now let the reader mark how different is her conduct towards the object of this visit;—for whereas Sarah has fainted at the sight of the misery by which he is surrounded, the old lady begins to pour upon his head all the abuse that her imagination can devise, or that her goaded feelings suggest: on the one hand is the seduced and neglected young woman, who has come to offer him her sympathy, and the assistance of her slender purse—on the other is the irritated wife, levelling at him the direst reproaches, and dinning in his ears the most terrible accusations.

The prison-chamber now presents a scene of great confusion;—for while a couple of charwomen are endeavouring to restore the unhappy Sarah to consciousness, and the little girl is beseeching her mother to open her eyes and look upon her, the goal-rusted individual starts from his calculations respecting the National Debt, and begins to abuse those who have disturbed him in the midst of his labours. At the same time the wrathful wife, who now perceives enough to convince her that Sarah Young is her husband's victim, and that the little girl who accompanies her is his child,—the furious woman, we say, grows every instant more virulent in her abuse—more keen and cutting in her reproaches. And, as if this were not sufficient to distract the wretched Rakewell, the turnkey deems it a proper opportunity, while his friends are present, to press him for the entrance-fees that are as yet unpaid; and the prison tapster's boy insolently refuses to leave a quart of beer which he has ordered, unless the coin be forthcoming beforehand. But all this time—in spite of the din, confusion, and mournful interest of the scene—the searcher after the philosopher's stone pursues his occupation at the stove in a remote corner of the room, without appearing to notice that anything unusual is taking place.

Suddenly Rakewell starts up from his seat, and casts a wild—rapid—and unearthly look around, as if endeavouring to embrace and comprehend at a glance all the distinct features of the scene which is driving him mad! There he beholds the fainting young woman whom he has ruined, but whose love follows him even amidst the horrors of a debtor's goal: there also, he sees the child—his own child—his little daughter, with tears trickling down her pretty face, and with arms extended affectionately towards her mother. This scene touches him to the very soul—awakens a feeling that has long, long slumbered in his heart—and forces upon him the conviction, now too late, that in the pure and disinterested love of Sarah Young he might have been blest and supremely happy. He turns away—and, on the other side, he sees his wife—a disgusting, hideous, loathsome old woman—more horrible than ever with her countenance distorted through rage and jealousy, and her person no longer decorated with jewels, and fine garments, and those artificial accessories that were wont to throw so much of her ugliness into the shade. The brain of the ruined rake reels,—whirls: the moans of the reviving Sarah, the screeching reproaches of his wife, the crying of the child, the vociferations of the goal-rusted prisoner, the demands of the turnkey, and the clamours of the pot-boy, sound like an incomprehensible and confused roaring in his ears—as if, having suffered shipwreck, he has just been cast on shore with the din of the billows still beating upon his brain. It is madness—delirium—insanity;—and extending his arms wildly towards Sarah, he gives vent to a terrific cry, as if a mortal agony has come upon him. Then he throws himself upon the floor of the prison-chamber—and raves—and writhes—and dashes his head against the hard stone-pavement,—his eyes glaring wildly, and foam coming from his mouth. His wife flies in dismay: but Sarah Young, whom the loud cry has startled into complete consciousness, hastens to render her assistance and endeavour to tranquillize him.

Vain attempt!—his reason has fled for ever—and he recognises her no longer. The turnkey summons assistance; and the miserable man is forthwith removed from the Fleet Prison to Bethlem Hospital, in Moorfields.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.—PLATE VIII.—THE RAKE IN A MADHOUSE.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE VIII.

THE RAKE IN A MADHOUSE.

Once more the scene changes painfully; and we must now transport our readers to the interior of Bethlem. There,—surrounded by living specimens of mental darkness—amidst all the horrors of a madhouse in an age when coercion and cruelty constitute the monstrous *regime*,—there do we find the once gay, dashing, dissipated, spendthrift Rakewell. But who is nigh to minister to him to the utmost of her power?—who would console him, were he accessible to the words of solace and to the outpourings of the tenderest sympathy? 'Tis Sarah Young—the victim of his treachery and deceit,—'tis she who, having never ceased to love him with an ardent, disinterested, and devoted love—'tis she who now bends over him, with tearful eyes and pale countenance—'tis she who endeavours to soothe him still, when all the friends of his happy days have deserted him! Oh! how endurable—how matchless—how adorable is the pure love of woman! The rake's wife loathes him, and rejoices in his fate: the selfish companions of his debauchery forget that there is such a being in existence as he;—but there is still one—still one fond heart that loves on yet, and will be faithless to him never! With horror does she gaze around upon that appalling scene,—her eyes wandering from one miserable being to another, until her soul sickens and her brain reels to think that *he* should become an inmate there!

And truly that scene presents enough to scare her tender soul. In a wretched cell, sitting naked upon the damp straw, is a despairing wretch whom fanaticism has driven mad, and who shrinks in affright from the very cross which he worships. Tracing lines upon the wall, is an enthusiast who believes that he has discovered the longitude, and who, not being able to convince the Government of the accuracy of his scheme, has gone melancholy mad;—and near him is another disappointed votary of science—an astronomer who revels in such wondrous dreams relative to the orbs that circle in the eternal realms of space, that his intellect has become crushed beneath the mighty superstructure of his wild imaginings, and he has been dragged from his observatory to amuse himself with a roll of paper for a telescope in Bethlem. Staring in astonishment upon the astronomer, is a poor tailor whom losses through the dishonesty of his aristocratic customers have driven mad, and who still continues to ply in imagination the trade that ruined his worldly fortunes and wrecked his reason. On the stairs sits a poor creature, crazed by love, and now absorbed in melancholy pensiveness. Behind him appears another individual driven mad by fanaticism, and who believes himself to be the Pope; while, in a cell opposite, a maniac simulates the stern demeanour and the imposing air which he believes consistent with the regal state whereby his disordered fancy has invested him. In the midst of the strange scene is a mad musician, playing on his violin and with his book upon his head;—and passing through this den of horrors are two young females, whom curiosity has brought as visitors to the place, and to whose immodest minds the nudity of Tom Ferrers is a matter of interest and sly remark. But let us draw a veil over this distressing—this revolting picture; let us hasten to observe that the Rake must be supposed to die raving mad in Bethlem a few weeks after his arrival there—and that Sarah Young with her little daughter follows his remains to the tomb.

The last print of this series is one of the most extraordinary productions of Hogarth's pencil. It is thus described by Mr. Lamb:—

"The concluding scene in the 'Rake's Progress' is perhaps superior to the last scene of 'Timon.' If we seek for something of kindred excellence in poetry, it must be in the scenes of Lear's beginning madness, where the king and the fool, the Tom-o'-Bedlam, conspire to produce such a medley of mirth checked by misery, and misery rebuked by mirth; where the society of those 'strange bed-fellows' which misfortunes have brought Lear acquainted with, so finely sets forth the destitute state of the monarch, while the lunatic bans of the one, and the disjointed sayings and wild but pregnant allusions of the other, so wonderfully sympathise with that confusion, which they seem to assist in the production of, in the senses of that 'child-changed father.' In the scene at Bedlam which terminates the 'Rake's Progress,' we find the same assortment of the ludicrous with the terrible. There is desperate madness, the overturning of originally strong-thinking faculties, at which we shudder, as we contemplate the duration and pressure of affliction which it must have asked to destroy such a building;—and here is the gradual hurtless lapse into idiocy of faculties, which at their best of times never having been strong, we look upon the consummation of their decay with no more of pity than is consistent with a smile. The mad tailor, the poor driveller that has gone out of his wits (and truly he seems to have had no great journey to go to get past their confines) for the love of charming Betty Careless,—these half-laughable, scarce pitiable objects take off from the horror which the principal figure would of itself raise, at the same time that they assist the feeling of the scene by contributing to the general notion of its subject."

The following lines are inscribed under the original steel engraving:—

"Madness, thou chaos of the brain,
What art, that pleasure giv'st, and pain?
Tyranny of Fancy's reign!
Mechanic fancy, that can build
Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,
With rule disjointed, shapeless measure,
Fill'd with horror, fill'd with pleasure,
Shapes of horror, that would even
Cast doubts of mercy upon heaven.
Shapes of pleasure, that, but seen,
Would split the shaking sides of spleen."

Charles Lamb thus pursues the theme:—"Is it carrying the spirit of comparison to excess to remark that in the poor kneeling weeping female, who accompanies her seducer in his sad decay, there is something analogous to Kent, or Caius, as he delights rather to be called, in 'Lear,'—the noblest pattern of virtue which even Shakspere has conceived—who follows his royal master in banishment, that had pronounced *his* banishment, and, forgetful at once of his wrongs and dignities, taking on himself the disguise of a menial, retains his fidelity to the figure, his loyalty to the carcase, the shadow, the shell and empty husk of Lear?"

There is scarcely a parallel, we think, between the last scenes of "Timon" and the last scenes of the "Rake's Progress," any more than there is in the lives of the two ruined men. Timon truly says, in the first chill of his fortunes,—

"No villainous bounty yet hath passed my heart,
Unwisely not ignobly have I given."

The Rake is one compound of selfishness and sensuality, unadulterated by any generous vice which wears the garb of virtue. Timon, with a lofty misanthropy, rejects the world and his false friends: he looks to death with the calmness of one who has sounded the depths of the vanity of life:—

"Say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover."

"He dies," says a critic, "weary of the world and broken-hearted, although the world solicits his return to it. The Rake dies (under the protection of society, for his intellects have perished) without a lofty thought to console his parting hour—a monument of deep and dire retribution for crime and follies that even in their completion were but another name for misery."

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE I.

THE ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

The scene in the annexed plate is supposed to occur at the Bell Inn, Wood Street, Cheapside. On the threshold of the tavern stands a notorious character of Hogarth's time,—a certain Colonel Charteris, whose name is familiar to every one at all well acquainted with the *Newgate Calendar*. He is depicted as a stout, well-built, and rather handsome person, in his fiftieth year. He is immensely rich, and possesses the reputation of being the most profligate man about town, as well as the most successful of that most detestable class who make the seduction of young females a studied and systematic avocation. We may therefore easily suppose that he is now on the look-out for suitable prey at one of the most likely places in London to fall in with it; and we may farther surmise that he is by no means unacquainted with the stout, elderly, and handsomely dressed dame who has just sailed in a stately manner into the courtyard of the inn. At a merely superficial glance, the casual observer would see nothing more in her than a respectable-looking, matronly kind of a lady; but a closer scrutiny would convince him that a very equivocal character at the least is concealed beneath that good-humoured benevolent exterior, and that the female who may at first be taken for a widow in easy circumstances, is in reality one of those abominable wretches whose breath is a moral pestilence—whose mere touch is the contamination of moral leprosy

In fact, to the inexperienced eye, nothing can be more respectable than the appearance of that elderly dame—with her black silk hood thrown back from her full, round face, which retains evidences of having once been strikingly handsome. To judge by the care bestowed upon her toilette—the excellence of the materials of which it is composed—the massive gold watch suspended to her waist-band—and the air of apparent dignity with which she walks, she may indeed be taken for an honest matron possessing a decent competency. A second glance, however, shows that at least there is a spice of the old coquette about her; for to rouge and cosmetics is she indebted for the brilliancy of that complexion which, according to the custom of the times, she enhances by means of divers black patches, artistically arranged; and she carries her fan as if in readiness to be suddenly used so as to conceal the blush which the rude stare of a gallant gentleman may call up. Then, if the elderly dame is subjected to a closer scrutiny still, the observer must perceive that there is even more than the coquette about her, and that the good-humoured, benevolent air which strikes him first of all, is with her a disguise long studied and easily assumed—the result of an art entirely plastic. And, urging his analysis of her exterior still farther, he will not be long ere his eyes penetrate completely through the halo of respectability which she manages to throw around herself; and he will recoil in loathing and disgust from the old procuress, the full iniquity of whose character thus ultimately forces itself upon his conviction.

Such is the detestable wretch whom Colonel Charteris is accustomed to employ for the frightful purpose of ensnaring young, beautiful, and inexperienced women. And now behold her prepared to execute his instructions in the present instance,—wreathing her countenance into the most insidious smiles, to inspire confidence in the heart of that fair young creature who has just alighted from the York waggon which has driven into the yard of the Bell Inn.

Kate—for such we know her christian name to be—is represented as about sixteen or seventeen—that interesting age when the female heart begins to expand with the forecasting sentiments of coming womanhood, and is so susceptible to the exterior influence of circumstances, examples, or precepts! The purity of her soul is mirrored in the deep blue, melting eyes;—candour sits enthroned on her fair and open brow, like a diadem which Innocence bestows upon her elect. The diffidence of her manners and the modesty of her demeanour denote how successfully her native bashfulness still struggles against the half-consciousness of beauty that steals dream-like into her thoughts; and her extreme artlessness not only curbs those nascent sensations of pleasure and of pride which are excited by the reflection of her charming countenance in the mirror, but even induces her to believe that it is wrong to think often or much of herself. And beautiful she indeed is,—not with a loveliness that bursts suddenly and at once, in splendid effulgence upon the sight, to dazzle and amaze; but with a witching, unobtrusive combination of fairness, and sweetness, and softness, that dawns gradually, like a holy vision, on the soul of the observer. And then it is, when the look of admiration begins to study her attentively, that the perfection of each feature and each charm is developed in slow detail. Her nose is straight and well proportioned;—her delicately pencilled brows are gracefully arched;—her exquisitely chiselled mouth has a soft and pensive expression; but when she smiles, the parting roses of the lips display two rows of teeth perfectly regular, and white as ivory. Her complexion is remark-

ably clear, though on the cheeks is the carnation tint of youth's healthy bloom. Her figure is slight and admirably symmetrical, with a graceful development of bust, and outlines soft and flowing, in spite of a garb so modest, plain, and unadorned, as to be absolutely disadvantageous to the contour of her shape. In a word, simplicity, modesty, and beauty all combine to present to the eye a very incarnation of that ideal perfection which poets labour to depict as the crowning attribute of their heroines.

The arrival of the York waggon produces no small degree of bustle in the court-yard of the Bell Inn. Hampers, trunks, bales of good, and packages of all sizes and descriptions, are speedily strown about upon the ground; while the ostlers unharness the huge Flemish cattle from the ponderous vehicle;—and, at the same time the old procuress accosts the innocent maiden we have just described.

"My dear child," she says, assuming a tone of benevolent interest, "you must pardon my freedom in addressing you; but the truth is, I am expecting a young person from the country to-day—and, though I have never seen her, yet she has been represented to me as such a pretty, modest, well-behaved creature, that I am more than half inclined to believe it must be your very self."

"I scarcely think so, madam," returns Kate, blushing deeply at the compliments paid her, though already prepossessed in favour of the kind-looking lady. "But here is my father, madam—and he——"

"Is that venerable and respectable clergyman your father, my dear?" exclaims the procuress, as if quite delighted with the intelligence. "Well—this is most extraordinary! It is a parson's daughter whom I am expecting! She is to come and live with me as a companion. But if she has not arrived, I am sure I should be most happy to receive you in her stead. Now do introduce me to your respected parent!" and she affectionately pats the lovely face of the intended victim.

In obedience to the request made by the procuress, Kate turns towards her father, who, seated on his half-starved horse, is conning the superscription of a letter which he has taken from his pocket, and which is addressed to the Bishop of his diocese. The old gentleman is an entire stranger in London; but, before he quitted York, the same good friend who gave him the recommendatory document to the Prelate, advised him to settle himself in a cheap lodging near the residence of that high ecclesiastical functionary, so as to be able to appear at his levees regularly until he should receive a positive answer relative to the hoped-for preferment:—for in those times it is as necessary to dance attendance on a Bishop as to cool one's heels in the ante-chamber of a Minister, when favours are expected. Thus while his daughter is engaged in conversation with the procuress, the Parson is busily employed in decyphering the Bishop's address, with a view to make the necessary inquiries to learn the way to that quarter of the town in which the Prelate resides.

But, just at the moment when his daughter is about to turn round to introduce him to the "kind old lady," an unpleasant though laughable incident occurs. For the superscription of the letter being illegibly scrawled, the clergyman is so intent on decyphering the hieroglyphics of his friend at York, that he does not observe the voracity with which his half famished steed has commenced an onslaught on the straw forming the package of a pile of crockery just removed from the waggon. The straw being tightly jammed between the vessels offers some resistance to the predatory intent of the horse; and the animal accordingly tugs away with such hearty good will, that the pile of crockery, after oscillating for a few moments, falls with a terrific smash upon the ground, the broken fragments flying about in all directions.

The Parson is startled from his study—an ejaculation of dismay bursts from the lips of Kate—and the waggoner rushes forward, levelling a volley of abuse at the clergyman, and threatening to fetch a constable unless he immediately pays for the damage done. The countenance of the reverend gentleman becomes ludicrously blank, and tears trickle down the cheeks of his daughter—for the sum demanded is more than their slender means can possibly meet. But how great is the old Parson's amazement, and how sincere is the gratitude depicted on Kate's tearful countenance, when the kind dame, with an air of calm dignity, rebukes the waggoner for his insolence, and immediately pays the full amount of the man's claim.

Alas! alas! sweet—interesting—beauteous Kate! is not the fall of that earthenware a type of thy destiny? Yes—for already dost thou tremble, though unconsciously, on the verge of destruction—even as when that fragile pile oscillated for a few moments ere the final catastrophe! Gold has made amends for that loss: but all the treasures of the universe will not suffice to build up the ruined monument of woman's fame!

The apparently generous deed on the part of the respectable-looking elderly lady naturally confirms the good opinion which the innocent Kate has already entertained of her, and serves as an immediate passport to the confidence of the maiden's father.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.—PLATE II.—THE JEW, THE MISTRESS, AND THE LOVER.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE II.

THE JEW, THE MISTRESS, AND THE LOVER.

That the poor clergyman's daughter should fall into the snares set to entrap her by the infamous procuress was only to be expected. We may suppose some time to have elapsed—perhaps a couple of years or so—and during that period she has passed from the arms of one keeper to another. But she is not as yet quite hardened in the ways of crime. Her present protector is a Jew, who is so infatuated with her that he yields to all her caprices, becomes the submissive butt of her ill-humours, remains tied to her apron strings so long as he is wanted, and suffers himself to be sent away when his company grows tiresome or inconvenient. Kate is thus entirely her own mistress,—having unlimited command of money, and able to visit all the places of public entertainment, concerts, masquerades, &c. Such a mode of life cannot possibly have any other tendency than to demoralize her completely:—she soon forms the acquaintance of other females in as equivocal a position as herself; and in their society she obtains a complete initiation into the ways and habits of "kept ladies." When she talks of her unwillingness to prove unfaithful to the Jew so long as she remains connected with him, they laugh at her: and her scruples, which are still of a salutary nature, disappear in the presence of ridicule. Thus Kate plunges headlong into the dissipation and profligacy of a London life; and she soon becomes as expert in managing an intrigue as any one of those who have so lately been accustomed to jeer at what they term her false morality.

Tender—submissive—docile—and obedient as the Jew is in respect to his mistress, he is entirely the lord and master in his own household. And this is invariably the case:—the mistress obtains larger considerations and can fearlessly exact ampler sacrifices alike of temper and purse, than the legitimate wife;—the faithless paramour can reckon upon more assiduities and a more constant devotion than the faithful wife can possibly hope to enjoy! Merciful heavens! wherefore is man thus insanely unjust—thus systematically cruel? Will the time never come when the rights and privileges of the pure and virtuous woman shall be conceded as well as recognised—practically insured as well as theoretically admitted? Is the day far distant when so much of a moral reformation may take place that the good wife shall receive honour, respect, devotion, and regard at the hands of her husband,—and that her voice, low, mournful, and scarcely complaining though it be, shall reach an audience ready and willing to take up her cause? Or will husbands in the superior grades lounge away all their leisure time at their clubs,—those in the middle sphere seek the hotel and the tavern parlour,—and those in the lower class besot themselves in the tap-room?

The Jew allows his wife a handsome sum to keep house, but rigidly exacts an account of the expenditure; while his mistress receives a handsomer income still, and would laugh in his face had he dared to question her relative to the outlay of a single guinea. He cannot endure the least token of ill-humour on the part of his wife;—but he is cringing and servile in his endeavours to smooth down the ruffled temper of his mistress. He would fear the imputation of uxoriousness if he passed much of his time with his wife; but he can while away whole hours in the society of Kate. If the former speaks at all sharply to him in the presence of others, he flies into a passion simply to avoid the appearance of being henpecked;—but the latter may utter the most opprobrious and insulting phrases, without receiving anything more than a meek remonstrance or fawning apology in return.

And yet, who is it that supports all the cares of his family,—is the mother of his children,—loves those children—rears them tenderly and morally—and ever consults their welfare and that of their father? Who is it that passes long vigils by his bed-side when illness assails him,—lavishes upon him the kindest attentions, and in all her ministrations is sincere, and loving, and faithful? Who has taken vows of constancy and devotion at the altar of God, and keeps them as religiously as if her life must cease at the moment of their forfeiture? Who watches with interest the most touching, and a silent anxiety the most heartfelt, the career of her husband,—rejoicing when she beholds a smile upon his countenance, sorrowing when she marks a cloud gather on his brow? Oh! all these are the duties—the pains—the pleasures—the characteristics of his wife—that wife whom he neglects!

But for whom is she so neglected? For a young woman that has never loved him—that never can or will love him—that never thinks of loving him;—a pensioned mistress, who would abandon him the moment he failed to minister to her extravagancies, and who would not sacrifice the pleasure of a masquerade to pass an hour by his bed-side were he sick;—a frail creature who deceives him constantly, and treats his rivals to the luxuries which he lavishly provides for her use; a worthless woman that does not even take the trouble to assume an air of affection nor put on the painted face of love as a return for the bounties which he heaps upon her.

And yet, for this being does the Jew neglect an admirable lady whose very shoes that harlot is not worthy to dust! Nor think, reader, that this is an isolated case in those times, or can be taken in that sense were the date changed to the present day. No: if it were thus isolated, we should not have dwelt upon it;—we should have been too glad to pass it over as the detestable exception to a rule demanding our admiration. But 'tis because the case illustrates the rule itself,—because the good wife is always neglected for the profligate mistress,—because virtue pines by the domestic hearth while vice is joyous in the meretricious boudoir,—'tis for these reasons that we have endeavoured, as emphatically as lay within our humble means, to place the above comments upon record!

Yes—two or three years have passed away since the loss of her innocence. The recollection of her parents and friends troubles her sorely at first—until deeper and more frequent plunges into the vortex of dissipation stifle the whisperings of conscience and drown unpleasant thoughts. Nevertheless, there are moments when reflection will intrude in spite of all the defences with which she hedges her mind around,—moments when reminiscences of the past, pourtraying the days of innocence and happiness that are fled for ever, rush to her soul like an overwhelming torrent, and wring deep, suffocating sobs from her bosom and the burning drops of anguish from her eyes. Then again—oh! again, back—back into the abyss of profligacy and dissipation does she plunge,—seeking consolation in the arms of gay gallants, and maddening excitement in the rich juices of Champagne!

Such is now the existence of Kate;—and it is not a happy one. Yet she seeks not to emancipate herself from its chains,—for luxury, voluptuousness, and illicit enjoyment have their galling shackles, which assuredly are not made of roses! And the Jew remains as infatuated, as liberal, and as submissive as ever. He is positively blind to her faults: he wilfully closes his eyes to her flagrant infidelities. If he chances to enter her bed-room when she has secreted a lover, she purposely picks a quarrel with him, overturns the breakfast table, and assails him with insulting expressions, in order to afford her confidential maid an opportunity of whisking away the gallant in the confusion. Then, as for her extravagance—it is unbounded! In her fits of passion she destroys the most valuable china-ware, mirrors, or other costly articles;—and the only condition on which a reconciliation can be effected, is a promise on the part of the Jew to supply the place of the broken things by purchases of a still more expensive kind. Her mulatto page is attired in the richest oriental costumes: her very monkey—a frequent appendage to luxurious establishments in those times—is suffered to play with the lace frills or collars for which her protector has given twenty or thirty guineas the day before! In fact, the progress of the frail woman is characterised by shameless debauchery—wanton extravagance—and a profligacy which knows no bounds and no remorse.

Alas! how will it all end? We shall soon see.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.—PLATE III.—THE HARLOT'S DOWNFALL

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE III.

THE HARLOT'S DOWNFALL.

The wanderer amidst the crowded streets of this modern Babylon, cannot be otherwise than struck by the multitudes of unfortunate women who walk the pavement of every thoroughfare. The moment the veil of evening is spread abroad, the daughters of vice emerge from their sickly tenements, and, while they breathe the fresh air of heaven, ply their loathsome trade with an assiduity that speaks in painful eloquence of a hunger to be assuaged, or of a griping landlady to be satisfied at home. Beneath the flaunting garbs and gay apparel of these wretched beings, are hearts ready to break with maddened feelings,—bosoms so wrung with anguish that it is no wonder if so many of these social outcasts plunge into the deep, deep waters of the Thames, to seek that only pearl—*oblivion*—which lies in the river's dark and silent depths. The superficial and inexperienced observer may believe that the laugh is sincere which rings so musically and merrily from the group of Cyprians whom he passes at the corner of the street; —but, Oh! to the ear of the man of the world—to the keen sense of him who looks beneath the mere surface of appearances—that laugh sounds with a horrible effect,—making every chord of the philanthropic heart thrill painfully—as if at a shriek expressive of ineffable agony! For that merriment comes not from the genuine gladness of the soul: 'tis a forced—an artificial gaiety, assumed to make themselves believe that they are in a cheerful mood!

A cheerful mood! Merciful heaven—how can *their* poor hearts be cheerful? Though steeped to the very lips in demoralization, they have their feelings as well as the most virtuous females on the face of the earth,—feelings which are *not* blunted, but actually rendered more poignant by their degraded—lost—forlorn condition. And when they have time for reflection,—when memories of the past sweep across their mind, and they ponder on what they are and what they once have been,—Oh! it is then—it is *then* that thought is maddening, and each fond reminiscence of the past smites the brain with an anguish as acute and as intolerable, as lively and as keen as if molten lead were poured upon it drop by drop!

Such, at least, was the case with our heroine Kate, —once so fair, so bright, so beautiful, so innocent,— now so fallen, so degraded, so care-worn, and so guilty! Hers is the usual fate—the same history of frail women, with but little variation in the shape of episode: month after month—year after year, beheld her descending lower and lower in the social sphere; —until, from the condition of the kept mistress enjoying every luxury, she comes to be the common street-walker, wanting every necessary. And now behold her in a miserable room, in the low and disreputable quarter of Drury Lane,—awaking heavily after a night passed in dissipation, the proofs of which are to be seen in the broken bowl and the pewter measures standing on the table. Attended upon by an old hag, who has herself passed through all the various stages of frailty, degradation, and vice, the wretched girl no longer partakes of her morning meal from a richly-spread table:—the silver tea-kettle has been succeeded by a tin mug, in which the old woman has borrowed some boiling water from a neighbour;—and the porcelain tea-pot has found a substitute in one of the commonest brown earthenware. A closer inspection of the poor apartment will show us that the elegant apparatus of the toilette has been superseded by the veriest makeshifts to which poverty is compelled to have recourse. A splendid lamp no longer lights her to her couch at night: a candle stuck in a bottle is the substitute;—and in place of the fine mirror wherein she was wont to survey her beauteous features, a fragment of looking-glass now reflects her pale and wasted countenance!

Those eyes that were once cast down in bewitching maiden modesty, have become bold and insolently leering in expression;—that voice, once sweetly musical and clear as a silver bell, has acquired a certain hoarseness and masculine character of intonation; and from that tongue which years and years ago, in the happy days of childhood, lisped prayers as she knelt at her father's feet, now glide oaths, or obscene jests, or disgusting abuse, according to the circumstances of the moment. She has her "flash man," too,—a notorious but handsome robber, named James Dalton, as may be seen from the inscription on the wig-box placed on the tester of the bed. Furthermore we may observe that like most of the wretched creatures in her position, she has recourse to gin to drown the whisperings of conscience;—but, Oh! when the period of reaction comes, and the artificial gaiety passes away, what a load settles upon her heart —what a weight oppresses her racking brain! And from those eyes that leer so impudently, at times pour burning—scalding tears; and from those lips so often wreathed to utter curses or filthy jests, come the cries of poignant agony, or the stifled moans of a pent-up grief, that seems as if it could find no issue, and must suffocate her outright.

But it is not for herself alone that she thus sorrows at times:—it is not only for her individual sufferings that she weeps such bitter tears, or expe-

riences such intervals of black despair. There is another—the offspring of one of her amours—for whom she sorrows, and for whom she weeps. A little boy—innocent, blooming, and full of spirits—is a source of intense anxiety to the wretched mother. And to her credit be it said that though she often feels the pinchings of hunger and the stings of want, yet the poor but worthy people to whose care the child is entrusted, are paid for his nurture with as much liberality and regularity as her precarious means will permit. And, Oh! the innocent, unconscious boy fattens and thrives on the food purchased by the wages of his mother's iniquity:—horrible thought!—yet none can blame nor reproach that poor child! Sometimes Kate has the little boy to pass the day with her,—it is the unhappy woman's usual Sabbath recreation;—and then the child wonders to see her weep so much—and he throws his little arms around her neck, and sobs also, as he lisps forth the endearing words—"Mamma, mamma! don't cry like this!"

On the morning particularly referred to in this Plate, Kate is destined to experience the commencement of a new phase in the career of an unfortunate woman; for just as she is about to send forth her hideous attendant to pawn a watch which has been entrusted to her care by one of the revellers who passed the early portion of the night in her chamber,—the door opens, and Sir John Gonson, a magistrate, enters the room, followed by a posse of constables. The watch falls from Kate's hands; and with a piercing scream, she throws herself back in the bed—covering her face with the clothes, as if she can thereby shut out the fate that is in store for her. Sir John Gonson, who has long waged a crusade against women of the town, is inexorable:—prayers, entreaties, promises of amendment are all thrown away upon him;—and the miserable young woman is compelled at last to rise and assume her flaunting garb—not now to seek the crowded thoroughfare and ply her loathsome trade, but to visit as a captive the oakum-rooms of Bridewell!

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.—PLATE IV.—THE HARLOT IN BRIDEWELL.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE IV.

THE HARLOT IN BRIDEWELL.

In the times of which we are writing, the Bridewell Hospital, situate in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, was used not only for the City of London, but also for the entire County of Middlesex. On the site which the prison occupied a palaee once stood; and there resided Cardinal Wolsey—that proud, ostentatious, and unprincipled prelatc, who, in his magnifieenee, outshone even his royal master Henry the Eighth. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, the pious Bishop Ridley, who subsequently suffered at the stake in Smithfield, deseribed Bridewell as a "wide, large, empty house that would serve wonderfully well to lodge Christ in, if he might find such good friends in the Court to procure in his cause." King Edward endowed the establishment as a hospital "for the correetion and punishment of idle vagrant pcople, and for setting them to work that they might, in an honest way, take pains to get their own livelihood."

Those philanthropists who have paid attention to the subjeet of Prison Discipline, and who have been horrified at the state of the metropolitan gaols in the present age, would ncvertheless eonsider them to be perfeet outposts of paradise when compared with their internal condition at the time of which we are writing. At that epoeh Bridewell was a eomplete sink of iniquity,—a den that eould have no other tendeney than to plunge the immoral, if possible, into a more profound abyss of demoralisation, and steep the wicked still more deeply in wickedness. In the long, low, and dark wards, persons of all ages, both sexes, and every degree of turpitude, were mingled together without the slightest attempt at classification; and thus the novice in vice was exposed to the contaminating influence of wretches completely hardened in sin. The atmosphere, rendered physieally pestilential by the fœtid breaths of loathsome beggars, habitual drunkards, and filthy vagrants, was morally polluted by the disgusting obscenities of conversation, ribald songs, shoeking blasphemies, and horrible imprecations. Each ward was under the eare of a keeper, whose sole emoluments were derived from the produee of the prisoners' work, and by the sale of spirits, tobaceo, and tea;—and thus to those who toiled hard in the picking of oakum or the beating of hemp, and who became good customers for the articles which he dispensed at exorbitant prices, the superintendent was civil and obliging enough: but to those who had no money to lay out with him, or who were unable, through weakness, to perform their allotted task in the preseribed time, he was eruel and merciless to a degree. Armed with his cane, the official paraded the ward, distributing blows amongst the prisoners who enjoyed not his favour, and in this manner assailing even the females with a ruffianism that rendered him a eomplete monster in their eyes.

The keeper, or superintendent, of the day-ward in which Kate is plaeed to work, is notoriously the most surly and brutal of all the offieials; and his appearance is as repulsive as his disposition is inhuman. His wife is a worthy and befitting partner for such a wreteh: the loss of an eye has inereased to hideousness her naturally plain countenanee, and gives to it an expression so sinister that none save her husband can look on her without being shocked. This forbidding woman presides over the females' sleeping-room attached to the ward now especially alluded to; and in her department she exhibits as much greedy avarice and shows as much selfish partiality as does her husband in the plaee where his authority is paramount. To those who can afford to pay for the accommodation, she allows sheets and pillow-cases, and permits them to take their meals in her own room: but to those unfortunate women who are destitute of pecuniary resourees, the utmost harshness is manifested. They are eompelled to sleep on straw mattrasses, with only a eoarse rug or horse-cloth to cover them; and even this wretched bedding is of the filthiest description and swarms with vermin. Kate is happily one of those who are enabled to purehase the good-will of the keeper's wife; for immediately after her committal to prison, two or three of her male friends eall and supply her with ready money. Her gay attire nevertheless excites the cupidity of the superintendent's wife to such a pitch that poor Kate has not been many days in Bridewell ere the ruffian assails her in a brutal manner with his cane, while his horrible one-eyed partner picks the unfortunate young woman's pocket of a fine cambric handkerehief, and even cuts off pieces from the lace-lappets of her flaunting dress. The keeper's cruelty is only thus exercised in order to afford his wife the opportunity of plundering the prisoner; and though Kate understands the manœuvre and perceives the loss she sustains, yet she dares not remonstrate, but is actually compelled to purchase future forbearance by means of as handsome a fee as her purse permits her to offer.

These few observations may serve to give the reader an idea of the demoralizing character of Bridewell. The "saints" of those times, as well as the "saints" of the present day, imagine that to imprison the wandering mendicant or the unfortunate woman is to adopt the first step towards their reformation; for with many persons in the upper classes it is a favourite belief that society requires

the constant and unceasing persecution of the poor. "The lower orders are steeped to the very lips in immorality," exclaim the saints: "give them more churches and more prisons!" And yet the world of fashion and the sphere of aristocracy, though enjoying the close contact of the Bishops and the highest dignitaries of the Church, themselves present shocking instances of depravity: but the titled adultress, who has sinned through sheer lust, can afford in consequence of her rank and fortune to look with withering scorn upon the humble prostitute who has erred to save herself from starving! And yet we never hear it asserted that the upper classes require more churches, or that they should be allowed an occasional taste of a prison. No: it is ever the poor and wretched, the famished and the toiling who are denounced as immoral, or represented as standing in need of spiritual succour;—and for them also are the Bridewells and the Houses of Correction built! Sir John Gonson, the magistrate of the age of which we are writing, pursues the unfortunate women of the town with the bitterest rancour—sending them to Bridewell on the slightest pretence, and perhaps believing that a sojourn there would really improve their morals. Monstrous idea! For the contamination of a gaol hangs about one like a leprosy,—produces an infection which never can be shaken off,—confirms incipient vice in a career of sin,—and renders even the most hardened criminals all the more bitter against society. Let not, then, the power to imprison be exercised without due consideration:—there are many Sir John Gonsons amongst the magistracy at the present day;—and it is so easy to say, "Be off to the treadmill for three months;" but so very difficult to prove that the man or the woman thus inconsiderately sent thither will emerge from the prison portals a worthier and more useful member of society.

To return to Kate, we may suppose that a few days after her committal to Bridewell, she is somewhat surprised to behold her late servant brought in as a prisoner. The vile hag has self-appropriated and pawned the watch which fell from the hands of her mistress when Sir John Gonson and his myrmidons entered the room in Drury Lane to arrest her; and the owner of the watch having returned to claim it, institutes certain inquiries which lead to the apprehension of the hideous woman, who is accordingly committed to the same prison whither Kate has preceded her. And now that very servant, who has been kindly and considerately treated by her mistress, reviles the fallen girl—makes her the subject of coarse jests—and taunts her with the reverses and vicissitudes which she has so sadly experienced!

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.—PLATE V.—THE DEATH.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE V.

THE DEATH.

We may suppose that a temporary residence at Bridewell does not produce any very moral effect upon a female whose soul has become hardened to vice, and who, on her release, has actually no means of obtaining her bread except by a recurrence to her former mode of life. She sinks lower and lower in the abyss of infamy and poverty, until disease prostrates her on a wretched bed in a miserable garret. That disease, which threatens to eat into her very bones and render her loathsome in the last days of her life, menaces her also with death. Her child is sent for from the house where he has been placed as a boarder; and he runs up to the side of the bed on which she lies, and calls her by the endearing name of "Mamma." Then her form is agitated from head to foot by a strong—painful—poignant spasm,—and, turning upon her child a look of such forlorn affection as the eyes of a dying mother in such a case can alone express, she exclaims, "My God! my God! is it come to this? Am I to perish so young—and leave that dear boy——"

She can say no more; the words that she has already uttered, choke her;—and, as a tide of overpowering reminiscences sweep across her brain, mingled with the most agonizing fears for the future in regard to her child, she falls back senseless on the pillow.

When she awakes to consciousness again, a nurse is seated by the bedside. The attendance of this woman has been obtained by the landlady of the house from a charitable institution; and the services of a medical man have likewise been secured for the hapless Kate.

"My child—my boy!—where is my boy?" she demands, casting anxious glances around.

"I am here, mamma," says the child, who runs up to the bed. "You are better, dear mamma, are you not?" he inquires, throwing his arms around his mother's neck, and kissing the face that is now so pale—Oh! so ashy pale!

"Yes, dear—I am a little better," replies Kate, pressing him to her bosom, while the tears stream from her eyes; for, though she gives *him* that assurance, and endeavours to persuade *herself* to believe it, yet at the same moment a voice—a secret voice appears to speak within her soul, and tell her that she must die!

"Do not take on in this way," says the old nurse, who has hitherto been a comparatively unconcerned spectatress of the scene, but who now fancies that it is necessary to interpose her authority, if only to deserve the wages which she receives from the charitable institution for attending on such forlorn and desolate creatures as Kate.

"Take on in this way!" almost screams the unhappy young woman, starting suddenly in her bed, while her whole countenance is appallingly expressive of a mother's despair: "look at that child whom I am leaving behind me!" she cries, pointing to the shuddering object of parental anguish that borders on savage fury,—while the boy draws back in horrified bewilderment, too much terror-struck even to weep:—"who will take care of him when I am gone?" she demands, her eyes fixed with unnatural fierceness upon the nurse, while her finger still indicates the child: "who will even give him a meal? Hideous—frightful is the legacy that I bequeath to him,—the heritage of a mother's shame—a parent's infamy,—aye—and an outcast's woe! Who will befriend such an one as he, I ask?—who will even toss him a crust to appease his hunger, or let him drink a drop of cold water from their cup? 'Tis sufficient that he is the harlot's child, to stamp his doom! As if he were another Cain—or a polluted thing—a leper—or a savage animal—will he be hunted down. Constables will look upon him as one who cannot by any accident be good: magistrates will send him off to prison, if he do but beg to save himself from starving! And as he grows up, he will become familiar with vice—for misery and crime go hand in hand together. And where shall he end his days? My God! I see it all: 'tis all sketched out before me—as plain as if it was happening now! And then you seek to comfort me,—*me*, who have entailed so many terrible things on the head of this innocent child. Oh! it is a mockery—a vile, hideous mockery to speak words of consolation to such as I!"

The voice of the wretched woman grows loud—shriekingly loud and tensely piercing, as she gives utterance to these syllables so painfully indicative of a breaking heart; and, wearied—exhausted with the effort she has made thus to afford vent to her agonizing feelings, she falls back senseless on her pillow.

Days and days pass; and Kate continues to live on in a wild delirium, with few—very few intervals of consciousness. And these are so short, that scarcely does she recover a gleam of intelligence, and, under its influence, press her boy to her bosom, when she breaks forth into wild ravings such as those we have recorded above; and the exhaustion that speedily supervenes, is invariably followed by long, long hours of delirium.

At length—one forenoon—she awakes at a later hour than usual; and, instead of starting up to rave,

as is her wont, she seems tranquil and calm. Turning her glazing eyes towards the bedside, she beholds her son—immediately recognizes him—and, bidding him in a faint voice draw nearer still, throws her arms around his neck. She sheds no tears now;—but on her countenance there is a deep—a sombre gloom, as if her soul has received warning of approaching dissolution. And so pale—so exceedingly pale is she—that once blooming, lovely creature!—that it seems as if a corpse were in the bed—a corpse endowed with the power of movement. Her lips are white also—and the brilliancy of her teeth, instead of now appearing as a beauty and a charm, only adds to the ghastly expression of her countenance.

"My dear boy," she says, in a voice so low, so plaintive, and so full of sorrow, that its accents shock even a child of that tender age,—"I feel that I am soon to leave you—I am about to die!"

The child can only sob, as his tears fall quickly: his powers of utterance are choked with grief;—but he winds his little arms about his mother's neck, and endeavours to comfort her.

At this moment the door opens, and the surgeon who has attended upon Kate during her illness, enters the room. He is a stout, burly man, with a large flowing wig, and a countenance denoting good living; and in his hand he carries a gold-headed cane. Approaching the bed, he asks the dying woman a few questions, in a tone that exhibits his perfect indifference to her condition; while his very manner betrays the thought that is uppermost in his mind;—for as his eyes wander round the humble and scantily furnished apartment, and dwell on every evidence of poverty which that room presents to view, it is plain to the old nurse, and even to Kate herself, that he is marvelling whether he shall ever be paid for his trouble. And no wonder; when his looks linger upon the coals thrown into one corner—the candles hanging up against a post—the few articles of linen hung upon a line to dry—and the scanty piece of meat which the nurse has put down to roast at the fire in preparation for her own dinner: then, from the contemplation of those objects, the medical man turns once more to the pale and ghastly countenance that reposes upon the pillow. The old nurse draws the little boy roughly away, and makes him sit down by the side of the fire to keep the meat turning; and, as the child is hungry in spite of the sorrow which his mother's words have infused into his soul, he applies himself readily to this task. The doctor now orders the patient to rise from her couch, and sit up for a little time, well wrapped in a blanket; but scarcely is this command obeyed, when the door opens, and two persons enter the room. One is the old attendant on Kate at her lodgings in Drury Lane, and who has only that very morning been discharged from Bridewell: and the other is a quack doctor whom the woman has brought with her.

"Ah! my dear mistress," exclaims the harridan, in a tone of coarse familiarity, as she approaches the dying woman: "I heard just now from a mutual friend whom I met, that you was very ill—but I did not think that it went so very, very bad with you. Heavens! how pale you are, to be sure! But here is a gentleman—well reputed amongst gay ladies like you—who will soon put you to rights again. The friend I mentioned just now, lent me some money; and I am not the woman to desert my mistress in a strait such as this. Come, cheer up, Miss Kate—and jolly days will await you yet!"

The vile hag is half intoxicated; or she would perceive that Katherine is dying—for such is really the case. But rendering herself particularly officious, she thrusts aside the old nurse, and with her own arms supports her late mistress in the chair where the surgeon has ordered her to be placed. A dispute instantaneously springs up between the medical practitioner and the quack doctor, who are previously known to each other, and are at daggers drawn. The one insists in the efficacy of his potion—the other is eloquent in favour of his pills; and thus, at that supreme hour when a mortal being is about to surrender up an immortal soul to the hands of the Omnipotent, the chamber of death is made the scene of a most scandalous altercation.

Meanwhile, poor Kate appears to be in a state of profound lethargy; but when, amidst the buzzing, humming sounds of voices which fall confusedly upon her ears, the terrible word "death," seems to rise with appalling significancy and distinctness above the rest, she starts convulsively—she opens her glazing eyes—and her whole countenance becomes distorted with fearful workings.

"Death!—and must I indeed die? Oh, yes! yes! I feel it! Oh! God forgive me——and bless my boy——my poor boy——Oh! Heavenly Father——mercy——pardon——pardon——"

And the last word is almost choked entirely by the fearful sound which proclaims that hope is gone. The old hag utters a wild cry, intending to convey an adjuration to the medical men to desist from their quarrelling and hasten to the succour of the dying creature; but they hear her not—so occupied are they in their inhuman dispute. More heartless still is the conduct of the old nurse, who, having seen enough to convince her that the last moments of her patient are nigh at hand, is already ransacking the only box in the apartment, to see what effects she can appropriate to herself. As for the little boy—he is terrified by all he beholds passing around him; and supposing, in his artless innocence, that because his mother calls him not to her, she wishes him to remain where he is, he continues crouching by the fire and attending to the meat. Amidst this confusion, the unfortunate Kate breathes her last in the arms of the half-intoxicated, though now terrified wretch who supports her

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.—PLATE VI.—THE FUNERAL.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE VI.

THE FUNERAL.

A FEW days afterwards the funeral takes place. The body has been removed to the house of the undertaker who is charged with the ceremony, a subscription having been made by several females of the same class as the deceased, in order to defray the expenses. This custom of clubbing together their small means for the purpose of affording decent burial to a departed member of the frail sisterhood, is common amongst loose women in these times—the dread of a parish funeral inspiring a procedure in which all the immediate friends of the defunct take part, so that the maintenance of the system may ensure similar good offices for themselves when their turn shall arrive. On the present occasion, the subscription has been unusually liberal; and the undertaker is enabled to distribute gloves to the mourners, and to serve up refreshments of various kinds.

Mourners indeed!—in name only are they such;—for little reck they for the departed young woman—and small is the warning they take from her example. On one side appears an old procuress, howling hideously, as if the deceased were her own daughter, and every now and then applying herself to the bottle of Nantz brandy that stands on the floor, near the low chair in which she is seated: but this outrageous display of grief is the veriest affectation that a rank hypocrisy ever attempted. Less solicitous to conceal her indifference, or veil her apathy, is the young woman next to whom the parson has placed himself; for the designing creature uses all her arts to ensnare the reverend gentleman, and place him among the list of her admirers, advanced in years though he be. With attentive ear he drinks in the licentious discourse she addresses to him; and his eyes dwell greedily on the voluptuous charms which her low corsage displays; so that, completely oblivious of the solemnity of the scene, and unaware of the fact that he is spilling his wine over his white handkerchief, he whispers an assignation, which the artful creature readily agrees to observe. In another part of the room, the undertaker may be seen, drawing on the glove of a well-formed, but bold and impudent-looking woman, on whose countenance he fixes his eyes with lustful expression, while she returns his licentious looks only that he may be the more effectually thrown off his guard as she picks his pocket. Of all the company present, not one manifests any sincerity of feeling towards the departed—unless, indeed, it be a young girl, who is as yet but a novice in the ways of immorality, and whose features are suddenly clouded with a real sadness as she raises the coffin-lid and bends her gaze upon the pale, cold, rigid countenance of the corpse. But this mournfulness, even on the part of the female alluded to, is short-lived and evanescent;—for the ardent spirits circulate rapidly, and the harridan who serves them, compels that young creature to drown her better feelings and compunctious thoughts in the soul-destroying gin!

On a stool beneath the coffin sits the little boy, dressed in mourning garments; but the child is too young to comprehend, in all its dread and solemn sense, the present ceremony—and no one undertakes to explain it to him. In fact, from mistaken kindness he has been kept in the dark concerning it as much as possible; although the very women who have evinced such strange forbearance in that respect, will not hesitate to allow him to be taken off to the workhouse at the termination of the funeral. And now behold the poor boy—the zest for play, so natural to his age, exercising a paramount influence over him; and even at the foot of his mother's bier, he is winding up his top—wondering, perhaps, at the same time, what all that is going on can possibly mean, and whether his parent will ever come back to embrace him again!

But let us draw a veil over this painful scene—let us pause here—nor follow the coffin to the grave, in company with those frail women and that licentious clergyman. Suffice it to say that after the interment, the little boy is sent to the parish workhouse—none of the friends of his deceased mother being able to endure the expense of his maintenance.

Having brought the "Harlot's Progress" to its sad conclusion, we may now observe that it was this series of pictures which established the great artist's fame.

A commentator says, "In 1733, Hogarth's genius became conspicuously known. The third scene of his 'Harlot's Progress' introduced him to the notice of the great. At a Board of Treasury, which was held a day or two after the appearance of that print, a copy of it was shown by one of the Lords, as containing, among other excellences, a striking likeness of Sir John Gonson. It gave universal satisfaction; from the Treasury each Lord repaired to the print-shop for a copy of it, and Hogarth rose completely into fame. This anecdote was related to Mr. Huggins by Christopher Tilson, Esq., one of the four chief clerks in the Treasury, and at that period Under-Secretary of State; who died August 25, 1742, after having enjoyed the former of these offices fifty-eight years. I should add, however, that Sir John Gonson is not here introduced to be made ridiculous, but is only to be considered as the image of an active magistrate identified. That Sir John Gonson took a very

active part against the ladies of pleasure, is recorded by more than one of their votaries. In 'A View of the Town, 1735,' by Mr. T. Gilbert, a fellow of Peter House, Cambridge, and an intimate companion of Loveling, I meet with these lines :—

> 'Though laws severe to punish guilt were made,
> What honest man is of these laws afraid?
> All felons against judges will exclaim,
> As harlots startle at a Gonson's name.'

"The magistrate entering with his myrmidons was designed as the representative of this gentleman, and thus, between the poet and the painter, the fame of our harlot-hunting justice is preserved. But as a slave anciently rode in the same chariot with the conqueror, the memory of a celebrated street-robber and highwayman will descend with that of the magistrate to posterity; James Dalton's wig-box being placed on the tester of the harlot's bed.

"This desperado, as I learn from the *Grub Street Journal*, was executed on the 12th of May, 1730.

"The familiarity of the subject, and the propriety of its execution, made the 'Harlot's Progress' tasted by all ranks of people. Above twelve hundred names were entered in our artist's subscription book. It was made into a pantomime by Theophilus Cibber; and again represented on the stage, under the title of 'The Jew Decoyed, or a Harlot's Progress,' in a ballad opera. Fan-mounts were likewise engraved, containing miniature representations of all the six plates. These were usually printed off with red ink, three compartments on one side and three on the other. It was customary in Hogarth's family to give these fans to the maids.

"The ingenious Abbe Du Bos has often complained, that no history-painter of his time went through a series of actions, and thus, like an historian, painted the successive fortune of an hero, from the cradle to the grave. What Du Bos wished to see done, Hogarth performed. He launches out his young adventurer, a simple girl upon the town, and conducts her through all the vicissitudes of wretchedness to a premature death. This was painting to the understanding and to the heart; none had ever before made the pencil subservient to the purposes of morality and instruction. A book like this is fitted to every soil and every observer; and he that runs may read. Nor was the success of Hogarth confined to his persons. One of his excellences consisted in what may be termed the furniture of his pieces; for, as in sublime and historical representations, the fewer trivial circumstances are permitted to divide the spectator's attention from the principal figures, the greater is their force; so in scenes copied from familiar life, a proper variety of little domestic images contributes to throw a degree of verisimilitude on the whole.

"It may also be observed, that Hogarth, both in the third and last plate of the 'Harlot's Progress,' has appropriated a name to his heroine which belonged to a well-known wanton then upon the town. The *Grub Street Journal* for August 6, 1730, giving an account of several prostitutes who were taken up, informs us that 'the fourth was KATE HACKABOUT (whose brother was lately hanged at Tyburn), a woman noted in and about the hundreds of Drury, &c.'"

THE MIDNIGHT CONVERSATION.

THE MIDNIGHT CONVERSATION.

This scene represents an orgie of Hogarth's time, and furnishes a striking example of the debauchery which prevailed amongst persons whose station in life should have led them to adopt a better course. A writer on the works of the great artist, thus describes the details of the picture:—"The company are supposed to have assembled at a tavern to discuss literary and political questions in a friendly and sociable manner. But they also discuss punch and pipes; and if we peep through the key-hole at about four in the morning, we shall see them tossing off tumblers of pot-house nectar, and puffing away at the tap-room weed as earnestly and heartily as possible. It is indeed a veritable bacchanalian scene! The flasks are strown about in all directions, and the huge punch-bowl never appears to be empty. It is re-filled as if by magic; and what makes the entertainment more delectable still, is that the worthy landlord himself honours his guests with his company in his night-cap. Parson Henley, of Clare Market, presides and ladles out the punch: the clerical rubicundity of his countenance denotes his love of the bottle. Some young rake who is present, is so much charmed with him that, taking off his wig, he places it on his head, declaring that he wishes it was a mitre for his sake. Then there is Kettleby, a well-known lawyer of that time, with his diabolical squint and sardonic smile, both looking all the more hideous in his thorough intoxication. It so happens, too, that a client of Kettleby's is present; and the poor devil, in his inane ebriety, can do nothing but talk of his case to his professional adviser. It is curious to see how satirically the lawyer eyes him! There is likewise an officer, who, after boasting a great deal of his powers of suction is supposed to have tumbled down dead drunk, his wig coming off and disclosing a scald head covered with patches. The editor of a newspaper is also one of the jovial company; and he almost burns himself to death, by setting a light to his ruffles instead of his pipe. The mirth of the whole scene is heightened by the pertinacity of an apothecary who will get upon his legs to address the company, although he can scarcely stand. There are several other worthies present, but the principal characters have now been enumerated."

Under this print, as it was originally published, were the following verses:—

"Think not to find one meant resemblance here,
We lash the Vices, but the Persons spare.
Prints should be priz'd, as Authors should be read,
Who sharply smile prevailing Folly dead.
So Rabilaes laught, and so Cervantes thought,
So Nature dictated what Art has taught."

A commentator says:—"Notwithstanding the denial of these doggrel lines, most of the figures are supposed to be real portraits. The divine and the lawyer, in particular, are well known to be so." Another commentator says:—"These, I had ventured, on popular report, to say at one time were Parson Ford, and the first Lord Northington, when young. But I am now enabled to identify their persons, on the authority of the late Sir John Hawkins. The divine is the portrait of Orator Henley; and the lawyer of Kettleby, a vociferous bar orator, remarkable, though an utter barrister, for wearing a full-bottom'd wig, which he is here drawn with, as also for a horrible squint."

In that once popular satire, "The Causidicade," are the following lines on this lawyer:—

"Up Kettleby starts with a *horrible stare!*
'Behold, my good Lord, your old friend at the bar,
Or rather old foe, for foes we have been,
As treason fell out, and poor traitors fell in.
Strong opposites e'er, and not once of a side,
Attorneys will always great Counsel divide.
You *for* perseeutions, I always *against*,
How oft with a joke 'gainst your law have I fene'd?
How oft in your pleadings I've pick'd out a hole,
Thro' which from your ounees my culprit I've stole;
I've puzzled against you now eight years or nine,
You, my Lord, for your King, I a devil for mine."

At a later period in Hogarth's life, another copy of this plate was published, with the following verses engraved under it, entitled, "A Poem addressed to the Ingenious Mr. Hogarth:"—

"Sacred to thee, permit this lay
Thy labour, Hogarth, to display!
Patron and theme in one to be!
'Tis great, but not too great for thee;
For thee, the Poet's constant friend,
Whose vein of humour knows no end.
This verse, which, honest to thy fame,
Has added to thy praise thy name!
Who can be dull when to his eyes
Such various scenes of humour rise?
Now we behold in what unite
The Priest, the Beau, the Cit, the Bite;
Where Law and Physick join the sword,
And Justice deigns to crown the board:

A good authority says, "The scene in the Modern Midnight Conversation, is said to have been a room in St. John's Coffee-house, Shire Lane."

This picture added greatly to Hogarth's reputation; and its details make us wonder at Mr. Walpole's critical observation that "when, after his apprenticeship, he entered into the academy at St. Martin's Lane, and studied drawing from the life, he never attained to great excellence. It was character, the

passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy. In colouring he proved no greater a master: his force lay in expression, not in tints and chiaro scuro."

While alluding to the days of his apprenticeship, it may not be uninteresting to quote the annexed particulars from another source:—"To a man who by indefatigable industry and uncommon strength of genius has been the artificer of his own fame and fortune, it can be no reproach to have it said that at one period he was not rich. It has been asserted, and we believe with good foundation, that the skill and assiduity of Hogarth were, even in his servitude, a singular assistance to his own family, and to that of his master. It happened, however, that when he was first out of his time, he certainly was poor. The ambition of Indigence is ever productive of distress. So it fared with Hogarth, who, while he was furnishing himself with materials for subsequent perfection, felt all the contempt which penury could produce. Being one day distressed to raise so trifling a sum as twenty shillings, in order to be revenged of his landlady, who strove to compel him to payment, he drew her as ugly as possible, and in that single portrait gave marks of the dawn of superior genius. This story I had once supposed to be founded on certainty; but since, on other authority, have been assured that, had such an accident ever happened to him, he would not have failed to talk of it afterwards, as he was always fond of contrasting the necessities of his youth with the affluence of his maturer age. He has been heard to say of himself, 'I remember the time when I have gone moping into the City, with scarce a shilling in my pocket; but as soon as I had received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out again with all the confidence of a man who had ten thousand pounds in his pocket.'"

Comedians London
George Inn
The Devil to Pay
in HEAVEN
JUPITER
DIANA
FLORA MRS
JUNO MRS
NIGHT MRS
Two DEVILS
CHILD
WAT REX

THE COMPANY OF STROLLERS.

We may suppose that a peasant, while returning home from his day's labour finds his attention directed towards a point whence shouts of laughter and the merry voices of children emanate in discordant chorus; and a natural feeling of curiosity prompts him to repair to the spot. As he draws near a large barn standing in a corner of a field, he observes a crowd collected in front of a sort of stage rudely constructed by covering a waggon over with planks, and placed against the entrance to the building. On this stage a clown, or merry-andrew, is performing a variety of antics, to the huge delight of the assembled persons, especially the juveniles. A placard, posted on the side of the barn, announces that "A Celebrated Dramatic Company from London will that day, and in that place, perform the laughable farce of *The Devil to Pay in Heaven*, with Tumbling and Rope-dancing, &c."

The peasant strolls round the barn, still impelled by curiosity. All the persons whom the presence of the itinerant troop in that neighbourhood have collected, are gathered in front of the wooden building; and at the back there is not a soul besides the peasant himself, who pauses there for a few minutes to listen to the voices that are chattering inside. As he made the half-circuit of the barn, he had observed that the roof was broken in several parts; and his eyes happening to catch sight of a ladder leaning against a neighbouring cart-house, he resolves to obtain a glimpse, if possible, of the company inside the barn. The ladder is soon rendered available for this object; and, mounting to the roof of the wooden building, the prying peasant beholds a scene which, though his eyes embrace it all in a few moments, will occupy a far longer space to detail.

The barn has been divided into two compartments, by means of old curtains hung over the cross-beams. That portion into which the huge doors in front immediately open is temporarily and rudely fitted up as a theatre, with a stage and numerous seats: the other division, which is by far the smaller, is used as a general dressing-room. From the point of observation to which the peasant has ascended, he embraces a view of both compartments; but the entire interest at present lies in the latter, where the strollers are preparing their toilette for the grand display—both sexes unreservedly attiring themselves in the presence of each other. On one side *Juno*, the Queen of Heaven, decked out in all the tawdriness and tinsel of theatrical splendour, is seated in a chair rehearsing her part; while the *Goddess of Night*, represented by a negress in a robe bespangled with stars, is on her knees, busily occupied in darning a hole in her Olympic Majesty's stocking, the leg being conveniently stretched out for the purpose on an inverted wheel-barrow. In the centre of the scene stands a fine but coarse woman, almost in a state of nudity, and who has desisted from the duties of the toilette for a few minutes to declaim some speech which, in the character of *Diana*, she is resolved shall be delivered with thrilling effect. At the feet of this actress kneels *Flora*, a good-looking girl, who is busily engaged in applying a tallow-candle, as a substitute for pomatum, to her hair, preparatory to powdering it with flour from a common dredging-box. On the other side of the place, is a buxom wench, with red cheeks, and who has been chosen to represent the rosy *Aurora*, or *Goddess of Morning*, the star above her brow being emblematical of her character in the farce. This lady is intent upon ridding *Syren*—another personage in the promised play—of the disagreeable companionship of a flea; while *Syren* herself is proffering a glass of spirits to a female friend, whom the exigencies of the farce and the paucity of male performers in the troop have compelled to take the character of the hero, but who is weeping bitterly at the idea of her charms being thereby completely thrown into the shade.

Behind *Diana*, *Jupiter*—the King of Mount Olympus—having just laid aside his pipe, is pointing with *Cupid's* bow to his stockings, which are hanging over a paste-board thunder-cloud to dry, and which the little God of Love is reaching down for him. At a short distance two urchins, dressed up as *Devils*, are quarrelling for a draught of beer which *Diana* has left in a pewter-pot; and near that group, a female tumbler, or mountebank, is engaged with the *Ghost* of the farce in the agreeable occupation of extracting blood from a cat's tail, in order to use the sanguinaceous fluid in some scene of the performance. Lastly, a girl, dressed up to represent *Jupiter's Eagle*, is employed in feeding a squalling baby with hot pap, which is contained in a pannikin that the girl has placed for convenience' sake on a piece of paper laid on a royal crown!

The "dressing-room" of these poor strollers is crowded on all sides, above and below, with the accessories of their art. *Jupiter's* chariot, drawn by a paste-board eagle, and surrounded by clouds of the same material, is perched up aloft in such a manner that its wheels will run along two parallel beams; and scenes, flags, musical instruments, paint-pots, crowns, mitres, periwigs, feathers, conjuring-implements, weapons, wooden flowers,—in a word, an in-

finite variety of theatrical "properties," are mingled in a confusion which seems inextricable. A hen and chickens—the tenants of the barn previous to the arrival of the strollers — are roosting on wooden waves, which, when in use, revolve upon an axis that may be natural, but is certainly of uniform monotony: a monkey, dressed up to play some part of the comedy, is diverting itself with a helmet and feathers; —and two kittens on the floor are playing with a regal orb and a Welsh bard's harp.

In strange, yet significant contrast with the trumpery splendour heaped together, are the miserable bed and the domestic articles which show that the strollers have passed the previous night in that sorry lodging, and will continue to dwell there during the few days to which, according to the play-bill lying upon the wretched pallet, their visit to the place is "positively limited." Alas—poor creatures! though now about to enact the parts of gods and goddesses, their divinity will not avail to procure them a loaf unless they have the money to pay for it!

We have before said that all the details of the scene which we have now described, are embraced by the peasant at a rapid glance; and little do the strollers suspect that the prying eyes of a stranger are so intently fixed upon them.

A commentator thus remarks upon the Plate:— "Dr. Trusler, in his explanation of this scene, is of opinion, that some incestuous commerce among the Performers is intimated by the names of Œdipus and Jocasta appearing above the heads of two figures among the Theatrical lumber at the top of the barn. But surely there is no cause for so gross a supposition. Painted prodigies of this description were necessary to the performance of Lee's Œdipus. See Act II, where the following stage direction occurs: 'The cloud draws, that veiled the heads of the figures in the sky, and shews them crowned, with the names of Œdipus and Jocasta written above, in great characters of gold.' The magazine of dragons, clouds, scenes, flags, &c., or the woman half naked, was sufficient to attract the notice of the rustic peeping through the thatch. Neither is the position of the figures at all favourable to the Doctor's conceit. Incest was also too shocking an idea to have intruded itself among the comic circumstances that form the present representation. When this Plate was re-touched a second time, a variety of little changes were made in it. In the two earliest impressions the Actress who personates *Flora* is greasing her hair with a tallow candle, and preparing to powder herself, after her cap, feathers, &c., were put on. This solecism in the regular course of dress is removed in the third copy, the cap and ornaments being there omitted. The coiffure of the female who holds the cat is also lowered; and whereas at first we could read in the play-bill depending from the truckle-bed, that the part of *Jupiter* was to be performed by Mr. Bilk-village, an additional shade in the modern copy renders this part of the inscription illegible. Several holes likewise in the thatch of the barn are filled up; and the whole Plate has lost somewhat of its clearness."

Rolling for Husbands with Lottery Fortunes in Here
Whol Ride
THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS CITY BY THE SOUTH SEA IN 1720

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

AN ALLEGORY.

The South Sea Company was originated by the celebrated Harley, Earl of Oxford, in the year 1711. Its main object, as far as he was concerned, was the restoration of the public credit, then depreciated by the dismissal of the Whig Ministry. It was also designed to provide for the discharge of the Army and Navy debentures and other parts of the floating debt, which amounted to nearly ten millions sterling. A company of merchants at that time, without a name, took this debt upon themselves, and the Government agreed to secure them for a certain period, the interest of six per cent. To provide for this interest, amounting to six hundred thousand pounds per annum, the duties upon wines, vinegar, India goods, wrought silks, tobacco, whale fins, and some other articles were declared to be permanent. The monopoly of the trade to the South Sea was granted, and the Company, being incorporated by Act of Parliament, assumed the title by which it has ever since been known.

It gave rise to the most extravagant expectations, and equally extravagant practices. It was called "The Earl of Oxford's Master Piece." Everybody who could afford to become a shareholder was to become instantaneously rich. The most visionary ideas were formed by the Company of the immense riches of the eastern coast of South America. Everybody had heard of the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru. Every one believed them to be inexhaustible, and that it was only necessary to send the manufactures of England to the coast, to be repaid a hundred fold in gold and silver ingots by the natives.

In a short time after its formation the Directors were voting dividends of fifty per cent. A hundred pounds of the original stock were selling for eleven hundred pounds. Threadneedle Street was daily crowded with the coaches of dukes and bishops. Divines, and philosophers had turned gamblers. The entire community had become one mass of excited and infuriated speculators. Everybody was in a rage to become rich. The demand produced a supply. The most brilliant and tempting plans and promises for the quick and certain acquisition of princely fortunes were dangled before the public eye. Companies and projects of every description were formed. A thousand kindred bubbles were daily blown into existence. There was the Periwig Company, the Spanish Jack-ass Company, the Quicksilver Fixation Company, a Company to make Deal Boards out of Sawdust, another for the Encouragement of the Breed of Horses in England, and improving of Glebe and Church Lands, and Repairing and Rebuilding Parsonage and Vicarage Houses—and as if to put the public credulity to the utmost extremity of endurance, there was "*a Company for Carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is!*"

Let not the reader be incredulous. This last mentioned company, or rather the prospectus of it, was a great fact. The man of genius who essayed this daring inroad upon public gullibility, merely stated in his prospectus, that the required capital was half a million, in five thousand shares of one hundred pounds each, deposit, two pounds per share. Each subscriber paying his deposit would be entitled to one hundred pounds per annum. per share. How this enormous profit was to be obtained he did not condescend at the particular time, nor indeed at any time, to inform them. He, however, promised that in a month "full particulars" would be announced, and a further and final call made for the remaining ninety-eight pounds of the subscription. Next morning, at nine o'clock, this great man opened an office in Cornhill. Crowds of people beset his door, and when he shut up at three o'clock, he found that no less than one thousand shares had been subscribed for, and the deposits of two pounds per share paid. Thus in five hours time he became the winner of two thousand pounds. He was philosopher enough to be content with this venture. The same evening he set off for the continent, and was never again heard of.

This gross and short-lived delusion affords a fair specimen of the mingled ignorance and avariciousness of the age. The South Sea Scheme was an imposture of much tougher vitality. The mania to which it gave rise lasted for months, and when it suddenly collapsed, tens of thousands of hitherto comfortable and well-to-do persons found themselves and their families consigned to a social and financial perdition.

The gross imposture, the disgusting greed, the transparent bait, and the open inevitable ruin which made up the South Sea Scheme, are vividly and yet grotesquely and humourously delineated by Hogarth.

It was in 1721 that this etching of "The South Sea an Allegory" appeared. It was then entitled, "An Emblematic Print on the South Sea." W. Hogarth, inv. and sc. Sold by Mrs. Chilcot, in Westminster Hall, and B. Caldwell, Printseller in Newgate Street. "Persons riding on wooden horses. The devil cutting fortune into collops. A man broken on the wheel, &c. A very poor performance."

There is a huge roundabout surmounted by a goat, with "who'll ride" for a legend, and a crowd of people of all ranks, professions, ages and characters, revolv-

ing on their wooden hobbies. In the foreground a wretch is being broken on the wheel, perhaps a reminiscence of Count Horn, in Paris. L. H., a ruffian, is scourging a poor fellow who is turning his great toes up in agony. These are designed to represent Honour and Honesty punished by Selfishness and Villainy. In the background widows and spinsters are crowding up a staircase to a "raffle for husbands." In the right-hand corner a Jewish High Priest, a Catholic Priest, and a Dissenting Minister, are gambling with frenzied avidity. Near to them a poor miserable starveling lies a-dying, and to the left there looms a huge pillar with this inscription on the base: "This monument was erected in memory of the destruction of the City by South Sea, 1720." It is to be observed that the figure of the Demon hacking at Fortune, and the lame swash-buckler, half baboon, half imp, that keeps guard over the flagellated man are copied pretty literally from Callot—an eminent French artist, distinguished, and, indeed, martyrized for his devotion to heraldry.

"The South Sea Scheme" had done its evil work, before Hogarth held the mirror up to nature to show the age its own ugly and deformed features. The English "South Sea Scheme" though originating in a partly patriotic motive, developed itself into a swindle "pure and simple." Almost everybody in the country caught this cholera-morbus of cupidity. Poets, philosophers, divines, fashionable ladies, astute statesmen, and hoary-headed aristocratic sensualists, were infected with the disease. Pope dabbled in S. S. S. (South Sea Stock); Lady Mary Wortley Montague was accused of cheating Ruremonde, the French wit, out of five hundred pounds worth of stock. Ladies laid aside "Ombre" and "Bassette" to haunt Change Alley. Gay, the Poet, stood to win enormous sums. He at one time imagined himself, as Pope did, "to be the lord of thousands;" and characteristically refused to follow a friend's advice to "realize at least enough to secure himself a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day for life." Gay persisted in holding, and lost all. Mr. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was deeply implicated in S. S. S. transactions; as were also numerous peers and members of Parliament. Craggs, the Post-Master-General, the friend of all the wits, and for whose tomb Pope wrote so touching an epitaph, tarnished his reputation indelibly by unscrupulous jobbery. He died of the small-pox, just in time to avoid disgrace; but his poor old father was sold up, and was borne to the grave shortly afterwards, broken-hearted. Lord Stanhope ruptured a blood vessel in replying to a furious speech of the Duke of Wharton (who lived a profligate and died a monk) against S. S., and did not long survive. Samuel Chandler, the eminent Non-conformist Divine, was ruined, and had to keep a book-stall for bread. Hudson, known as "Tom of ten thousand" went stark mad, and moved about "Change" just as the "Woman in Black" and the "Woman in White" (the son of the one, and the brother of the other were hanged for forgery) used to haunt the avenues of the Bank of England. The "South Sea Company" bribed the Government, bribed the two houses of Parliament, and bribed the Court ladies, both of fair and light fame. Erengard Melusina Schuylenberg, Princess Von Eberstein, Duchess of Munster in 1715, and Duchess of Kendal in 1729—Hogarth engraved the high Dutch hussey's arms—the Countess of Platen, and her two nieces, and Lady Sunderland, with Craggs and Aislabie got the major part of the fictitious stock of 574,000*l.* created by the Company. The stock rose to thirteen hundred and fifty pounds premium!

Then Stars and Garters did appear,
Among the meaner rabble,
To buy and sell, to see, to hear,
The Jews and Gentiles' squabble.

The greatest ladies thither came,
And plied in chariots daily,
Or pawned their jewels for a sum,
To venture in the Alley.

There was an S. S. literature—an S. S. anthology. Swift compared Change Alley to a Gulf in the South Sea, where multitudes of unfortunates were engaged in fishing.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down,
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold, and drown.

Now buried in the depth below,
Now mounting up to heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wit's end like drunken men.

Meantime secure on Garraways'* cliffs,
A savage race by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the foundered skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

Such is a brief sketch of the memorable national madness which furnished the great moralist and satirist with a theme for his "Emblematical Print of the South Sea."

*A famous Coffee house of the last century, and a favourite resort of merchants, speculators, wits, &c., &c.

ARMS OF THE UNDERTAKERS.

ARMS OF THE UNDERTAKERS.

In this print, which is by no means one of Hogarth's most famous productions, we see the matchless humour and wonderful fidelity to the personages and actualities of his age, by which the great satirist is distinguished. In the works of Hogarth we look into an all-embracing mirror, and we see pass before us the England of a hundred years ago. The peer in his drawing-room, the lady of fashion in her apartment, foreign singers surrounding her, and the chamber filled with gewgaws in the mode of the day; the church with its quaint florid architecture and singing congregation; the parson with his great wig, and the beadle with his cane; all these are represented before us and we are sure of the truth of the portrait. We see how the Lord Mayor drives in state; how the prodigal drinks and sports at the bagnio; how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell; how the thief divides his booty, and drinks his punch at the night cellar, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet. We may depend upon the perfect accuracy of these strange and varied portraits of a bygone generation. We see one of Walpole's members of parliament, chaired after his election, and the lieges celebrating the event, and drinking confusion to the Pretender; we see the grenadiers and trainbands of the city marching out to meet the enemy; and have before us, with sword and firelock, and white Hanoverian horse embroidered on the cap, the very figures of the men who ran away from Johnny Cope, and behaved like butchers and assassins at Culloden. The Yorkshire waggon rolls into the inn yard; the country parson, in his jackboots and his bands and short cassock, comes trotting into town, and we fancy it Fielding's Parson Adams, with his sermons in his pocket. The Salisbury fly sets forth from the old Angel; you see the passengers entering the great heavy vehicle, up the wooden steps, their hats tied down with handkerchiefs over their faces, and under their arms, sword, hanger, and case bottle; the landlady, apoplectic with the liquors in her own bar, is tugging at the bell; the hunchback postillion (he may have ridden the leaders to Humphrey Clinker) is begging a gratuity; the miser is grumbling at the bill; Jack, of the Centurion, lies on the top of the clumsy vehicle, with a soldier by his side; it may be Smollet's Jack Hatchway, it has a likeness to Lesmahagow. You see the suburban fair and the strolling company of actors; the pretty milkmaid singing under the windows of the enraged French musician—there was then no Mr. Bass to put this nuisance down. It is such a girl as Steel charmingly describes in the "Guardian" a few years before this date, singing under Mr. Ironside's window in Shire Lane, her pleasant carol of "A May Morning." You see noblemen and blacklegs bawling and betting in the *Cock Pit;* you see Garrick as he was arrayed in "King Richard;" Macheath and Polly in the dresses which they wore when they charmed our ancestors; and when noblemen in blue ribbons sat on the stage and heard their delightful singing. You see the ragged French soldiery, in their white coats and cockades at Calais gate; they are of the regiment, very likely, which friend Roderick Random joined before he was rescued by his preserver, Monsieur Strap, and with whom he fought on the famous day of Dettingen. You see the judges on the bench; the audience laughing in the pit; the student in the Oxford Theatre; the citizen in his country walk! You see Broughton, the boxer; Sarah Malcolm, the murderess; Simon Lovat, the Jacobite, Hanoverian and Jacobite again, all by turns; John Wilkes, the politician, leering at you with that squint of his which has become historical, and with that face which, ugly as it was, he said he could make as captivating to women as the face of the handsomest beau in town.

It is time, however, that we should advert more specifically to the print which has suggested this digression, namely, the "Arms of the Company of Undertakers."

The company of undertakers beareth sable, an urinal proper, between *twelve quack-heads*, and *twelve cane-heads*, Or, *consultant.* On a *chief* (which betokeneth a senator, or honourable personage, borrowed from the Greek, and is a word signifying a *head;* and as a head is the *chief* part in a man, so the *chief* in the escutcheon should be a reward of such only whose high merits have procured them *chief place*, *esteem*, or *love*, amongst men)—on a *chief nebulæ*—(bearing arms in *clouds* doth import some excellence), *ermine*, one complete doctor issuant cheekie, sustaining in his right hand a baton of the second. On his dexter and sinister sides, two *demi-doctors*, issuant of the second, and two *cane-heads* issuant of the third; the first having one eye couchant towards the dexter side of the escutcheon, the second *faced* per pale proper, and gules guardant, with this motto—*et plurima mortis imago* (the general image of death.)

This *heraldic* illustration of the undertakers' arms was originally published in the year 1736.

Most of the figures introduced were portraits, although at this distance of time we have only been able to ascertain the three principal figures, whom Hogarth has placed in the chief, or most honourable part of the escutcheon.

The central masculine figure in the centre of the trio (who are sagaciously consulting on the contents of an urinal), is said to have been designed for Mrs. Mapp, a celebrated bone-setter, who wandered about the country and was known as *Crazy Sally*. In most cases her success as a bone setter was due rather to the strength of her arms, and the boldness of her undertakings, than to any knowledge of anatomy and surgery. The figure on the right of Mapp, is the Chevalier Taylor, a noted oculist of that day, whom Dr. Johnson has pronounced to be the most impudent of the empirie tribe. That he was one of the most vain of his species is evident from his Memoirs, published in 1761, in which he styles himself "Opthalmia Pontifical, Imperial and Royal, to his late Majesty—to the Pontifical Court—to the person of her Imperial Majesty—to the Kings of Poland, Denmark, Sweden, &c., to the several Electors of the Holy Empire—Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Rome," and much besides.

The third figure, to the left of Mapp, is the celebrated Dr. Joshua Ward, surnamed Spot Ward, from the circumstance of one of his cheeks being marked with claret. He was one of the younger sons of a respectable Yorkshire family, in which county he was born, some time in the seventeenth century. His education was slender, but he had undoubtedly no mean natural parts. The first account of him we have, is, that he was associated with his brother as a drysalter in Thames Street, and after they had been in business for some time a fire broke out in an adjoining house, which communicated itself to their warehouses, and destroyed all their property. Mr. Ward, on this occasion, escaped over the tops of the houses in his shirt. In 1717, he was returned member for Marlborough, but by a vote of the House of Commons was declared not duly elected. It is imagined that he was in some measure connected with his brother John (stigmatised by Pope in his Dunciad) in secreting and protecting illegally the property of some of the South Sea Directors. Soon after he quitted England, and resided for some years abroad. During his exile he acquired that knowledge of medicine and chemistry which afterwards was the means of raising him to a state of affluence. About 1733 he began to practice physic, and combatted for some time the united efforts of wit, learning, argument, ridicule, malice, jealousy, by all of which he was opposed, in every shape that can be suggested. At length, by some lucky cures, he got the better of his opponents, and was suffered to practice undisturbed. From this time his reputation was established; he was exempted by a vote of the House of Commons from being visited by the censors of the College of Physicians, and was even called in to attend George the Second, whose hand he cured, and, as a reward, received a commission in the army for his nephew, who became General Gansel. It was his custom to give advice and medicine to the poor *gratis* at his own house, and even pecuniary aid; and thus he acquired considerable popularity. Indeed, in these particulars his conduct was entitled to every degree of praise. With a stern outside, and rough deportment, he was not wanting in benevolence. He died at an advanced age in 1761.

Of the other figures in the lower part of the escutcheon, one is said to have been intended for Dr. Pierce Dodd, who was physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and died in 1754; and another for Dr. Bamber, a celebrated midwife, physician, and anatomist; but they cannot be identified among the sapient group, all whose countenances are marked with all the pomp and gravity so frequently found in former days among the professors of medicine. The *Company* of *Undertakers*, is one of Hogarth's broad, bold etchings, and it is probable that the originals of the gold-headed canes represented are to this day reverently preserved in the Museum of the College of Physicians. The doctor in harlequin's attire, has been conjectured—but only conjectured—to be a quiz on Sir Hans Sloane, whose collection has been the foundation of the British Museum.

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

Whatever the pulpit may be in the present day, how eloquent soever the preacher, how patient soever his listeners, in the days of Hogarth the church—especeially the country church—was one which greatly disposed the audience to somnolency.

The building was heavy—even when enlivened through the churchwarden-whitewash, the dim, religious light was not at all cheerful. Gloomy hatchments hung upon the walls, and gloomier tombs in the aisles had not an invigorating effect upon the congregation. Then there were the damp floors, the unmistakable scent of death arising from the buried dead beneath of several generations—albeit those buried in churches were of the respectable dead—lofty panes, a drawled service, a wearisome litany, drowsy responses, and every night-cap influence brought to bear on an unimaginative and unimpressive congregation.

The preacher was frigidly orthodox; the clerk formally and officiously monotonous; the organist, where there was one, could drone out at most "Bangor," or the "Old Hundred"; the pulpit itself had a drowsy influence—high, of blackened wainscot, with a sounding-board that absorbed half the sermon. One would have liked to comfort Gabriel, if he was there, with a pipe, and Michael with a pot. And oh, the sermon! If the doom of Eutychus had befallen all the congregation for falling asleep in presence of the reverend preacher, an intelligent coroner's jury ought to have brought in a verdict of manslaughter against that sermon, or against the parson's wig, for there was sleep in every hair of it. The cushion was sleepy, the hour-glass sleepy—so sleepy that it never turned in its bed, the clerk was sleepy, caps and hats were sleepy, and even the communion plate. Parishioners, who had toiled for a whole week, who had partaken of fat pork, dumplings, and draughts of best beer for breakfast or dinner, had more within them of indigestion than of the love of a sermon. There was nothing in church, from roof to floor, or from floor to vault, to keep them awake. The gospel did not rouse them, the epistle did not quicken them, and the whole congregation slept and snored, except the parson, who almost contrived to send the sermon itself asleep within its black boards.

This print was first published in October, 1736, at the price of one shilling, under the title of "A print representing a sleepy congregation in a country church," by W. Hogarth. It was afterwards retouched and, it is said, "improved" by the author, in 1762. It is found in three different states. In the opinion of some intelligent critics, however, neither in this nor in the "March to Finchley" are the subsequent alterations any decided improvements on the original print. In the first, *Dieu et mon Droit* is wanting under the king's arms. The angel, with one wing and two pair of thighs, that supports this motto, is smoking a pipe; and the lion has not his present magnificent developments.

In the second edition, the words *Dieu et mon Droit* are added, the angel's pipe is obliterated, the lion rendered more distinct, and the lines of the triangle under the angel are doubled. The other distinctions are chiefly such as reiterated engravings would naturally produce by adding strength to the fainter parts of the composition. Changes of this slender kind are numberless in all the repaired prints of our artist. There is also a pirated copy of the "Sleeping Congregation." It is not ill-executed, but in size it is somewhat shorter than its predecessor, and has no price annexed. In the original picture in the Walpole collection, the clerk's head is admirably rendered; but he is there dozing, not as now, leering at the young woman on his left hand.

The scene of the "Sleeping Congregation" is laid in a country church, erected, it would seem, at a time when our ancestors paid but little regard to the lighter orders of architecture. The sombre appearance of the edifice is of itself sufficient to invite the occupiers of its pews to gentle slumber, independently of any gentle opiate which the officiating minister may supply. In the selection of the text, Hogarth has been guilty of a slight spice of apparent profanity. But it is only apparent. The seeming irreverence does not extend beyond a gentle pun on a single word; and with such eminent divines as South, Sterne, and Sidney Smith, and many others that might be named—all of them occasional, and some of them frequent punsters on the words of holy writ—the great artist, considering his motive, and the appropriateness of the words, will not be blamed even by the most fastidious. The text from which the drowsy divine is preaching is admirably suited to his rustic audience. It is from Matthew xi, verse 28—"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The preacher is as good as his word: the congregation, fatigued by the labours of the week, are gradually dozed into a right snoring slumber—all, with the exception of two wakeful old dames and the clerk, are obviously taking their rest. As it was formerly the custom to place an hour-glass by the preacher's side by way of admonition, our pulpit orator is accordingly equipped with that memento of departing hours; and on the side of the pulpit the

following appropriate text is inscribed : "I am afraid lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain." (Gal. iv, verse 2.) The drawling manner of the parson is delineated in his countenance.

The clerk beneath is a worthy associate of such a pastor. His physiognomy is expressive of all that self-consequence which frequently marks these sapient officers of the Church.

It is evident, however, that a warmer subject than the eloquence of the parson occupies the worthy clerk's attention. For see, he is wantonly gazing, or rather leering, at the buxom damsel, with a liberal display of charms, in the adjoining pew. This attractive lady has fallen asleep while studying the office of matrimony, and is probably dreaming of all the joys incident to wedded life.

The fellows snoring below appear to be well-practised performers in a nasal harmony, and, together with the delicious notes breathed slowly and solemnly from the nasal organs of the men in the gallery above, they unite in forming a delightful concert, in which, however, the thorough bass unmistakably predominates. The windows of the church, though apparently designed to match, do not correspond. Over them are the royal arms, the motto of which, as we have said, is supposed to be supported by a flying angel, but which, however, bears a closer resemblance to one of Neptune's Tritons than to a celestial messenger. The triangle, surrounded by a glory, is the manufacture of some rural mechanic, who thereby designed to convey an idea of the most transcendent doctrine of our religion. The old women in their peaked hats, the slumberers in the gallery, the cherubims who support the royal arms, the heraldic lion in the same emblazonment; the very hats and hatchments, have a sleep-impressing, sleep-provoking look.

Like everything that Hogarth drew, the "Sleeping Congregation" has a deeper and sterner meaning than the untutored eye sees on the surface. In addition to the obvious literal or ocular meaning, there is a profound symbolical significance in this graphic delineation of clerical soporiferousness, and laical indifference. The preacher (said to have been a noted clergyman, known as Dr. Desaguliers,) was a type of a large portion of the ecclesiastical mind in Hogarth's time. So slept the Church, and, consequently, was neglected and sneered at, and the parson drowsed on in his wig and cassock, while in Moorfields, and Tottenham Court Road, or far away on the wild moors of Devon, and in the almost unknown regions of the Anglo-Phœnecian Stannaries, among the Cornish miners, earnest and eloquent men, who disdained cassocks, and "wore their own hair loose and unpowdered," were crying out how Eutycus slept, and how he fell from the third loft, and was taken up dead. But since Hogarth's time, the Church has become "The Sleeper Awakened."

JUDITH
an
ORATORIO
or
SACRED DRAMA
by
the world
the Assyrian
the world shall Bow to
the Assyrian Throne

THE CHORUS.

THE CHORUS.

"In this Plate," says the commentator Trussler, "is exhibited, a number of singers, with their respective parts before them, joining in that chorus in Handel's Oratorio of 'Judith,' which begins with 'The world shall bow to the Assyrian throne,' in which, any one that has ever been present at a vocal performance, may readily discover, by the distortion of the mouth, the bass from the tenor, and the tenor from the treble. In no group of faces is there a greater contrast, a more uncommon variety, or a more ridiculous appearance to be found, than in that which is composed of a number of choral singers, whose difficulty of sounding particular notes obliges some to writhe their features, and whose insufferable affectation is the cause of that distortion in others. Nay, not only their faces, but likewise their whole bodies are engaged in this laborious task, dividing the time with their heads, their shoulders, and their feet. In such universal agitation is the director of the band (in the Plate) in beating the time, that he has even been under the necessity of tying on his spectacles, with a string, round his head; and it would have been well had he fastened on his wig also, having shaken that off at the commencement of the performance through eagerness of attention to the business he is upon."

One of the best commentators on the productions of Hogarth, was Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. "The curtain," says this writer, "was drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre. From time to time he continued to give those works that should be immortal, if the nature of his art will allow it. Many of his plates he engraved himself, and often expunged faces etched by his assistants when they had not done justice to his ideas. Not content with shining in a path untrodden before, he was ambitious of distinguishing himself as a Painter of History. But not only his colouring and drawing rendered him unequal to the task; the genius that had entered so feelingly into the calamities and crimes of familiar life, deserted him in a walk that called for dignity and grace. The burlesque turn of his mind mixed itself with the most serious subjects. In his *Danae*, the old nurse tries a coin of the golden shower with her teeth, to see if it is true gold. In the *Pool of Bethesda*, a servant to a rich ulcerated lady beats back a poor man that sought the same celestial remedy. Both circumstances are justly thought, but rather too ludicrous. It is a much more capital fault that Danae herself is a mere nymph of Drury. He seems to have conceived no higher degree of beauty."

It will be here expedient to extract a passage from Hogarth's unvarnished history of his own productions:—

"As I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make the painting of small conversation-pieces a sort of a manufactory to be carried on by the help of back-ground and drapery painters, it was not sufficiently profitable to pay the expences my family required. I therefore turned my thoughts to a still more novel trade, the painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country or any age. The reasons which induced me to adopt this mode of designing were, that I thought both writers and painters had, in the historical style, totally overlooked that intermediate species of subjects, which may be placed between the sublime and grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas, similar to representations on the stage; and farther hope that they will be tried by the stage, and men and women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit *a dumb show*. Before I had done anything of much consequence in this walk, I entertained some hopes of succeeding in what the puffers in books call *the great style of History painting;* so that without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and, with a smile at my own temerity, commenced History-painter, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, painted two Scripture stories, *the Pool of Bethesda* and the *Good Samaritan*, with figures seven feet high. These I presented to the Charity; and thought they might serve as a specimen, to show that if there were an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting them more easily attainable than is generally imagined. But as religion, the great promoter of this style in other countries, rejected it in England, I was unwilling to sink into a *portrait manufacturer;* and, still ambitious of being singular, dropped all expectations of advantage from that source, and returned to the pursuit of my former dealings with the public at large. This I found was most likely to answer my purpose, provided I could strike the passions, and by small sums from many, by the sale of prints which I could engrave from my own pictures, thus secure my property to myself."

It is needless to observe that Hogarth's pictures are full of details which require the most minute examination, and which, therefore rivet the attention more deeply, and for a longer time than any other

pictures in existenee. We do not even exeept Wilkie's works of art from this opinion, admirable though they be. The faees of the group now before us, in the company of singers, furnish every variety of expression of whieh the countenanee is susceptible, when the lips are pouring forth a strain of song. The mouth of each individual is a study in itself. Those of the juvenile choristers in front display an earnestness in their voeation which eontrasts strongly with the affectation of their young companion, who is throwing back his head in a languishing manner, as if he were almost overcome by the enthusiasm of the oecasion. The stout man in the centre, with the full wig and the speetacles, is aetually stern in his business-like treatment of his part; while the younger singer, on his right hand, is watching, with upturned eountenance, the manual aetion of the leader. In another part of the picture we behold a singer who is reading his musie through a good-sized eye-glass, while his wide-open mouth gives to his entire profile a most ludierous effect. In a word, the group is composed of individuals whose countenanees are full of character; and the whole constitutes a picture of remarkable interest.

The BENCH.

THE BENCH.

This Plate exhibits the interior of the Court of Common Pleas, with portraits of the four judges then belonging to that tribunal. The first, the Hon. William Noel, is represented as amusing himself, in the course of a trial, with other business; the second, Sir John Willes (Lord Chief Justice), in all the pride of self-importance, is examining a former deposition, wholly inattentive to the case now before him; the third, Sir Edward Clive, is absorbed in thoughts quite foreign to the subject; and the fourth, the Hon. Mr. Justice (afterwards Earl) Bathurst, is sound asleep. The artist's intention was to ridicule the want of capacity amongst some of the judges of his time. In one of his engraved impressions of the Plate, the following lines appear, etched at the bottom: —"The unfinished group of heads, in the upper part of this print, was added by the author in October, 1764; and was intended as a farther illustration of what is here said concerning *Character*, *Caracatura*, and *Outré*. He worked upon it a day before his death, which happened the 26th of that month."

The annexed explanation, just alluded to, also appears on the same impression, and will no doubt prove interesting to the reader, as a specimen of the great artist's literary style:—

"*Of the different meaning of the words* Character, Caracatura, *and* Outré, *in Painting and Drawing.*

"There are hardly any two things more essentially different than *Character*, and *Caracatura;* nevertheless they are usually confounded and mistaken for each other; on which account this explanation is attempted. It has ever been allowed, that where a *character* is strongly marked in the living face, it may be considered as an index of the mind, to express which with any degree of justness in painting, requires the utmost efforts of a great master. Now that which has of late years got the name of *Caracatura* is, or ought to be, totally divested of every stroke that hath a tendency to good drawing; it may be said to be a species of lines that are produced rather by the hand of chance than of skill; for the early scrawlings of a child, which do but barely hint an idea of a human face, will always be found to be like some person or other, and will often form such a comical resemblance as, in all probability, the most eminent *Caracaturers* of these times will not be able to equal with design, because their ideas of objects are so much more perfect than children's, that they will unavoidably introduce some kind of drawing; for all the humorous effects of the fashionable manner of *caracaturing*, chiefly depend on the surprise we are under, at finding ourselves caught with any sort of similitude in objects absolutely remote in their kind. Let it be observed, the more remote in their nature, the greater is the excellence of these pieces; as a proof of this, I remember a famous *Caracatura* of a certain Italian singer, that struck at first sight, which consisted only of a straight perpendicular stroke, with a dot over it. As to the French word *Outré*, it is different from the foregoing, and signifies nothing more than the exaggerated outlines of a figure, all the parts of which may be, in other respects, a perfect and true picture of nature. A giant or a dwarf may be called a common man *outré*. So any part, as a nose or a leg, made bigger or less than it ought to be, is that part *outré*, which is all that is to be understood by this word, so injudiciously used to the prejudice of *Character*."

A writer in the "Monthly Review," a magazine of considerable influence in its day, thus comments upon Hogarth's dissertation:—

"I must beg leave to differ from the author, as to what he says of the meaning of these words being commonly mistaken. I have conversed a good deal with painters, with connoisseurs, and with people entirely ignorant of painting; and yet never remember to have heard them misapplied before: nor, indeed, do I recollect any three terms of art, in the meaning of which mankind are more generally agreed. With submission to so great an artist, I must beg leave to say, that his definition of *Caracatura* is entirely wrong. It is by no means true that it must be void of good drawing. There are many instances of Caracaturas well drawn. Good drawing does not always consist in what is called proportion, or in accurate outlines; for, where the painter intended to exaggerate, proportion would be bad drawing. To give the public a proper idea of Caracatura, the artist mentions the first attempts of children; which is, indeed, a very childish example, and by no means to the purpose. He might as well, with Hamlet, have desired us to look up to the clouds for a whale or an ouzle. Of the same nature is his perpendicular stroke with a dot on the top. A playful imagination will discover similitudes in anything. But all this is entirely foreign to the thing in question. The true meaning of any word, without regarding its derivation, is that in which the most sensible part of mankind have thought fit to receive and use it. If we were asked by an Englishman, what we understand by the word *Character* in painting, we should answer, that in painting, drawing, or designing, it is understood in its common acceptation; and, for illustration we should refer the inquirer to Lord Clarendon and Shakspere, and also to many of Mr. Hogarth's excellent performances,

which are truly characteristic. *Caracatura* means the distinguishing figure of a person or thing ludicrously exaggerated, yet so as to preserve the similitude of the original. This we apprehend to be a true definition of the word, regardless of any circumstances that may arise from good or bad drawing. And as to the word *Outré*, it never meant anything more than simply exaggerated. We cannot have a more striking instance of the difference between *Character* and *Caracatura* than in Mr. Garrick and Mr. Woodward: the first is always *Character*, and the other *Caracatura*. If we refer the idea of these two actors to drawing or painting, we can never mistake the meaning of the words. *Character*, therefore, is true resemblance; *Caracatura* is exaggerated, ridiculous resemblance; and *Outré* is exaggeration with or without resemblance. *Character* has nothing in it of *Caracatura*, or *Outre*. *Caracatura* comprehends *Character* and *Outré*. *Outré* is mere exaggeration, without any regard to either of the other two. As to the print before us, it may be characteristic of a bench of judges, and therefore may be considered as an example of Character; but if, as we have been told, the principal figure was intended to give the idea of an owl, it is then certainly neither Character nor Caracatura. After all, it must be allowed, that Mr. Hogarth is a man of inimitable genius; and as real genius is always above harbouring any little resentment against any person, on account of a mere difference in opinion, so I doubt not that this excellent artist will readily pardon the freedom of the few animadversions here submitted to his correction."

ALMA MATER.

ALMA MATER.

It seems probable that when the artist engraved this print he had only a general reference to an university lecture; the words *datur vacuum* were an after thought.

The scene is laid at Oxford, and the person reading, universally admitted to be a Mr. Fisher, of Jesus College, registrar of the university, with whose consent this portrait was taken, and who lived until the 18th of March, 1761. That he should wish to have such a face handed down to posterity, in such company, is rather extraordinary, for all the band, except one man, have been steeped in the stream of stupidity. This gentleman has the profile of penetration; a projecting forehead, Roman nose, thin lips, and a long, pointed chin. *His eye is fixed on vacancy:* it is evidently directed to the moon-faced idiot that crowns the pyramid, at whose round head, contrasted by a cornered cap, he with difficulty suppresses a laugh. Three fellows on the right hand of this fat, contented

"First-born transmitter of a foolish face,"

have most degraded characters, and are much fitter for the stable than the college. If they ever read, it must be in "Bracken's Farriery," or the "Country Gentleman's Recreation." Two square-capped students a little beneath the top, one of whom is holding converse with an adjoining profile, and the other lifting up his eyebrows, and staring without sight, have the same misfortune that attended our first James—their tongues are rather too large. A figure on the left hand corner has shut his eyes to think; and having, in his attempt to separate a syllogism, placed the fore-finger of his right hand upon his forehead, has fallen asleep. The professor, a little above the book, endeavours by a projection of his under lip to assume importance; such characters are not uncommon: they are more solicitous to look wise, than to be so. Of Mr. Fisher it is not necessary to say much—he sat for his portrait, for the express purpose of having it inserted in the Lecture. We want no other testimony of his talents. To the whole tribe, we bid a long and last adieu.

"Ye dull deluders, truth's destructive foes,
Cold sons of fiction, clad in stupid prose;
Ye treacherous leaders, who, yourselves in doubt,
Light up false fires, and send us far about;
Still may the spider round your pages spin,
Subtle and slow, her emblematic gin!
Buried in dust, and lost in silence dwell,
Most potent, grave, and reverend friends—farewell!"

The Oxford Lecture, whose soporific effects our artist has so vividly delineated, is very different from the Oxford lecture of the present day. In the days of Hogarth, this renowned university, though it turned out some of the greatest scholars and foremost minds of the age, seems to have done so for no other reason than that it could not quench the original and heaven-derived fire with which so many of its alumni were endowed. In those days, and for a considerable time after, Oxford lectures were, for the most part, leaden farces, Oxford science a solemn sham, and Oxford degress, to a great extent, gross impostures. As our illustration of the sort of qualifications required, and examinations passed through in order to obtain an Oxford degree in those days, we quote the following from the Life and Memoirs of the first Lord Eldon. That well-known character may be almost called a contemporary of Hogarth.

Lord Eldon, then John Scott, relates that when taking his degree of Master of Arts, he was examined in History and Hebrew. The following, he averred, was not only the pith and substance, but also the sum total of the inquisition of the youthful candidate's proficiency in these important branches of erudition.

"Mr. Scott," queried the learned Don, "have the goodness to inform the Board who founded University College?"

"King Alfred the Great," was the prompt response of the student.

"Quite correct," was the encouraging rejoinder.

"Now, Mr. Scott, perhaps you will have the kindness to tell us what is the Hebrew word for skull?"

"Golgotha," was the instantaneous answer.

"Very good, Mr. Scott, I have the pleasure to inform you that you are competent for your degree." And so that little act of the solemn farce came to an end.

The Oxford Lecture satirized by Hogarth, might be compared to a child's cradle—sometimes empty—sometimes full of noisy imbecility, and often lulling to sleep. The Lecturer himself, might be compared to a person burning candles in the broad daylight—showing what everybody could see without the aid of his pretentious taper—proving what no human being ever called in question, and making the most pompous display of the most trite and trifling truths. Thus he might sometimes condescend to praise Locke and Milton, and also admit that Shakspere was a sort of genius; or he might condescend at a later age than Hogarth's, to admit that Adam Smith was a writer of merit—that a man's abilities depend a good deal upon what nature has made him, and a good deal, also

upon how he has been taught. He who has seen a barn-door fowl flying may form some conception of the eloquence of several of these lecturers of *Alma Mater*. With his neck and hinder parts brought into a line, with loud screams, and with all the agony of feathered fatness—the ponderous little glutton flaps himself up into the air, and soaring four feet above the level of our earth, falls dull and breathless on his native dunghill.

Hogarth's pictorial satire of the dullness and emptiness of Oxford instructions, gave profound offence to some of the sons of that august and venerable mother. Mr. Ireland, in his edition of the artist, relates that he was once told by a fellow of a college, that he would never purchase Hogarth's works, because in this print he ridiculed one of the Universities. Mr. Ireland endeavoured to defend the artist, by suggesting that this print was not intended as a picture of what Oxford now is, but of what it was in days long past. The reply was too memorable to be passed over, "Sir, the *Theatre*, the *Bench*, the *College of Physicians*, and the *Foot Guards* are fair objects of satire; but those venerable characters who have devoted their whole lives to feeding the lamp of learning with hallowed oil, are too sacred to be the sport of an uneducated painter."

As a specimen of some of the trite teachings imparted by those lectures, we subjoin the following.

"Man is an animal sensible of pleasure or pain," "Thinking is an operation of the mind," "Motion is the successive application of a body to different points of space," "Reputation the opinion uttered by words," "Curiosity is the desire to know something of that concerning which we are ignorant." Then the ingenious youths were gravely assured that "Man was a limited creature," "That the objects of knowledge are infinite," "That the kinds of good are infinite," "That past events cannot be altered," "That an uncertain evil is rather to be ventured, than a certain one produced," &c, &c.

The disputations of these solemn, grave, and reverend diffusers of dullness were usually built on an indefinable chimera, and solved by a paradox. Instead of exercising their power of reason, they exerted their powers of sophistry; divided and subdivided every subject with such casuistical minuteness that those who were not convinced were almost invariably confounded. Yet with all this notorious and self-evident intellectual imbecility, their claims to knowledge, of the most varied and recondite kind, were well nigh unbounded. To these might be applied, with hardly any exaggeration, the lines in Hudibras:—

> "They knew the site of Paradise,
> Could tell in what degree it lies;
> And as they were disposed could prove it,
> Below the moon—or else above it."

Thus it came to pass that the "Shades of Science" became the retreats of ignorance, and the schools of urbanity, for a great part, mere haunts of youthful dissipation.

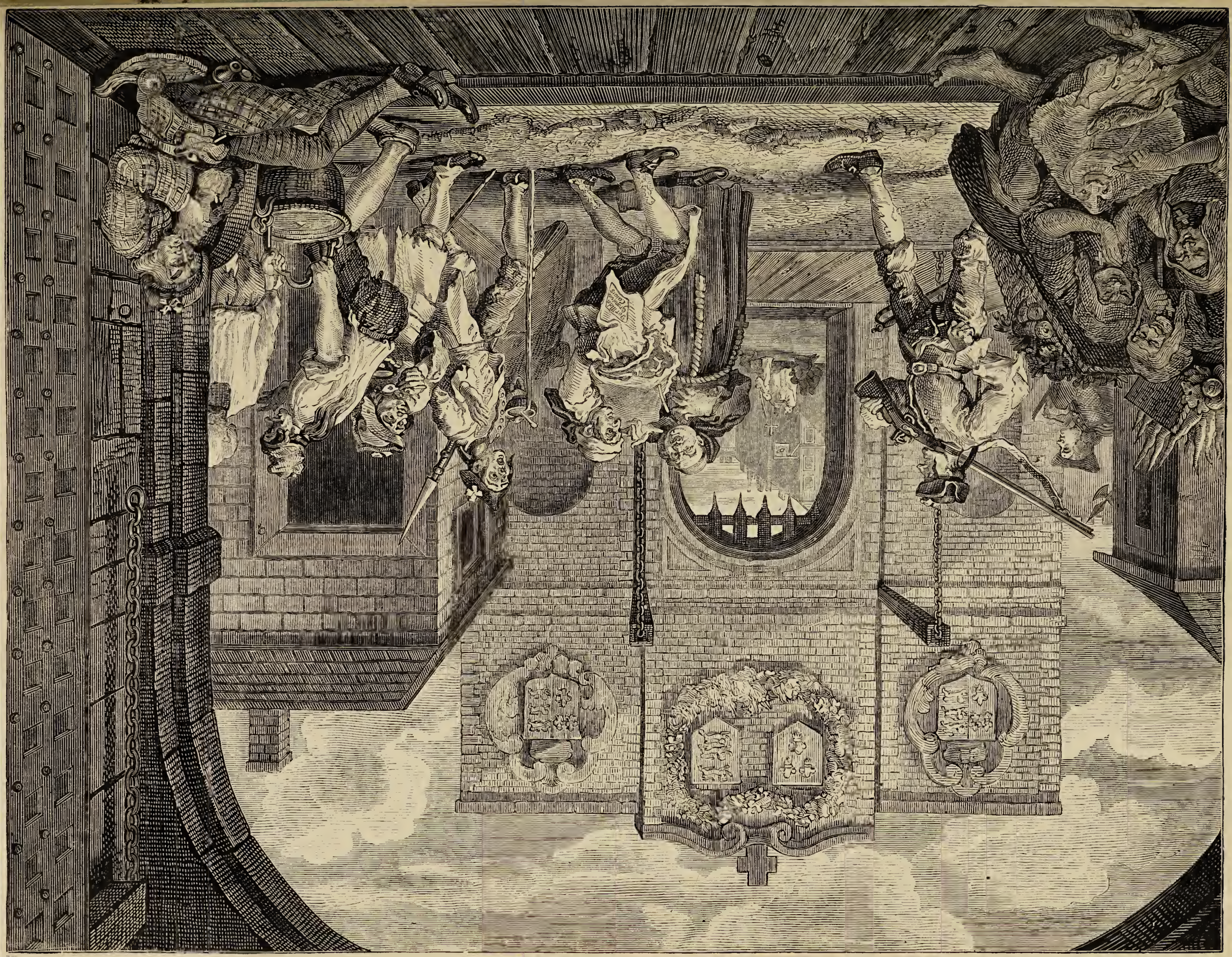
The students compensated themselves, or, more accurately speaking, aggraved the mischief produced by tutorial incapacity, by resorting to frivolous books and forbidden amusements. Referring to a sample student, a writer of the last century thus describes him.

"At breakfast I found him studying the marvellous and eventful history of Baron Munchausen, a work whose periods are equally free from the long winded obscurity of Tacitus, and the asthmatic terseness of Sallust. While his hair was dressing, he enlarged his imagination and improved his morals by studying Doctor What's his Name's 'Abridgement of Chesterfield's Principles of Politeness.' To furnish himself with biographical information, and add to his stock of useful anecdotes, he studied the 'Lives of the Highwaymen;' in which he found many opportunities of exercising his genius and judgment in drawing parallels between the virtues and exploits of these modern worthies, and those dignified and almost deified heroes, whose deeds are recorded in Plutarch and Nepos.

"With poetical studies he is furnished by the English operas, which, added to the prologues, epilogues, and odes of the day, afford him lighter entertainment than he could find in Homer or Virgil. He has not stored his memory with many epigrams, but of puns he has a plentiful stock, and in conundra is a wholesale dealer."

This ironical description, though it may have been deemed at the time a slightly exaggerated representation of Oxford instruction, is now conceded to give a fair account of the average level of student intruction at this famous seat of learning. Since then, however, a complete revolution has been effected at Oxford, and at this moment, that most opulent of Universities, as a seminary of learning, stands confessed, at the head of all the Universities in Europe.

There are some impressions of *Alma Mater*, in which *Datur Vacuum* is not printed, that leaf being entirely blank; published January 20th, 1736-7; the other, March 3rd, 1736. Hogarth at first marked these words in with a pen and ink.



THE GATES OF CALAIS;

OR, THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

In order to the better understanding of this picture, the following rather amusing adventure which happened to the artist ought to be related.

Shortly after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, Hogarth went over to France; and during his residence in that country, he expressed the most marked disapprobation of everything he saw. Regardless of the advice of a friend, who entreated him to be more cautious in his public remarks, he treated this gentleman, who offered these prudential considcrations, as a pusillanimous wretch, unworthy of residence in a free country; and made his monitor the butt of his ridicule for several evenings afterwards. At length this unreasonable pleasantry was completely extinguished by an adventure which befell the artist at Calais. While he was drawing the gate of that city, he was apprehended as a spy, and carried before the commandant, who told him, that if the treaty of peace had not actually been signed, he should have been obliged, immediately, to have hung him upon the ramparts. He was then committed a prisoner to his landlord, M. Grandsire, on his promising Hogarth should not go out of the house, till he was about to embark for England. Two guards were appointed to convey him on shipboard; nor did they quit him, till he was three miles from shore. They then spun him round like a top on the deck, and told him he was at liberty to proceed on his voyage, without further attendance or molestation.

The Gate of Calais. Engraved by C. Mosley and W. Hogarth. "His own head sketching the view. He was arrested when he was making the drawing, but set at liberty when his purpose was known." Mr. Walpole also observes, that in this piece, though it has great merit, "the caricatura is carried to excess." Mr. Pine, the engraver, sat for the portrait of the friar, a circumstance which he afterwards repented; for, thereby obtaining the nickname of Friar Pine, and being much persecuted and laughed at, he strove to prevail on Hogarth to give his ghostly father another face. Indeed, when he sat to our artist, he did not know to what purpose his similitude would afterwards be applied. The original picture is in the possession of the Earl of Charlemont. Soon after it was finished, it fell down by accident, and a nail ran through the cross on the top of the gate. Hogarth strove in vain to mend it with the same colour, so as to conceal the blemish. He, therefore, introduced a starved crow, looking down on the roast beef, and thus completely covered the defect.

The figure of the half-starved French sentinel was copied at the top of more than one of the printed advertisements for recruits, where it is opposed to the representation of a well-fed British soldier. Thus the genius of Hogarth powerfully militated in the cause of his country.

It was printed for R. Sayer, at the Golden Buck, in Fleet-street, ; and J. Smith, at Hogarth's Head, in Cheapside.

At the end of a pamphlet, of the year 1755, was announced, as speedily to be published under the auspices of our artist, "A Poetical Description of Mr. Hogarth's celebrated print, The Roast Beef of Old England, or the French Surprised at the Gate of Calais."

Hogarth by this picture contributed to the improvement of the condition of the French soldier.

The old government of France, though extremely attentive to its military establishment, is well-known to have paid but little (comparative) regard to the comforts and support of its soldiery, whose lean appearance frequently bespoke the meagre diet with which they supplied the demands of nature. Of this circumstance Hogarth has made ample use, in order to exhibit a whimsical caricature of the French military.

The time in this scene is taken from the landing of a noble SIRLOIN of beef at the Gate of Calais; and which we may suppose to be destined for the Englishmen in that city. The meagre cook, bending beneath his heavy load, presents a striking contrast to the sleek rotundity of the fat friar. The amazement of the French soldiers on beholding such massy fare is strongly marked. One of them, nearest the cook, is so strongly rivetted at the sight, that, with gaping mouth and uplifted hand, he is spilling his *soup maigre*, and seems in the act of dropping his firelock. The sentinel, opposite, is in an attitude of equal surprise, and is so delineated as not inaptly to represent a criminal hanging in chains. His shirt is torn at the elbow, and his breeches are fastened together with a skewer. Behind this lank figure, Hogarth has introduced himself, in the act of making a sketch at the very moment of his arrest, which is marked by the hand upon his shoulder, and the head of a sergeant's halbert which makes its appearance, though the soldier is concealed from our sight. Three old barefooted vendors are introduced, in the left hand corner, admiring a skate, to which their own flat faces bear a striking resemblance.

On the right of this plate, two men are carrying a kettle (most probably full of soup maigre), one of whom expresses his astonishment at the solidity of

English food: and behind this fellow is an Irishman, a prisoner of war, whom Hogarth seems thus particularly to have marked out by his diminutive stature, and vulgarity of countenance. He has, however, paid no mean compliment to the bravery of the natives of Erin, by representing the Irishman's hat pierced with a bullet shot, which we may suppose to have struck him in the heat of action. In the foreground, a Scotchman (also a prisoner of war), is introduced; this poor fellow, whose forehead is deeply searred, is sitting on the ground, lamenting his hapless situation; and beside him lies his scanty pittance, consisting of bread and onions.

In the background, through the gateway, we have a distant view of the carrying of the host to the house of some sick person; the populace are devoutly on their knees in the street, and in the act of adoring the consecrated wafer.

Over the gate are delineated the arms of France.

A copy of this print was likewise engraved at the top of a cantata, entitled, "The Roast Beef of Old England." As it is probable that the latter was published under the sanction of our artist, we shall, without scruple, transcribe a specimen of it.

RECITATIVE.

'Twas at the Gates of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad Despair and Famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandsire's cook,
As home he steered his carcase, that way took,
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir-loin,
On whom he often wished in vain to dine.
Good Father Dominick by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd;
And while the solid fat his finger press'd,
He lick'd his chops, and thus the knight address'd:

AIR.

A Lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.

O rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
If I was doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir-loin, ofttimes decreed
The theme of English ballad,
E'en kings on thee have deigned to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate;
Then how much more thy taste exceeds
Soup meagre, frogs, and salad.

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
Who such a sight before had never seen,
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
And in small streams along the pavement stole:
He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
And then in plaintive voice declared his grief.

AIR.

A, *sacre Dieu!* vat do I see yonder,
Dat looks so tempting, red and white?
Begar, I see it is de Roast Beef from Londre,
O, grant to me one letel bite.

But to my cry you give no heeding,
And cruel Fate dis boon denies,
In kind compassion to my pleading,
Return, and let me feast my eyes. &c., &c.

THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE.

THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE.

A POWERFUL contrast to the "Sleeping Congregation" is presented in the "Laughing Audience." In this print we have a representation of one of the Theatres Royal. It exhibits at the bottom one end of the orchestra, and behind a corner of the pit, and above part of the side boxes. Here we behold two beaux, arrayed in all the fantastic garb of the *haut ton;* one of them holding amorous parley with an orange girl, while the other presents his snuff-box to a lady. The whole of the occupants of the pit, with the sole exception of one stern critic, appear convulsed with laughter. But the two beaux, or fops, have too much politeness to pay any attention to the comedy in course of performance. The dress of the fops afford no bad chronicle of the disregard entertained by our forefathers for those antiquated things called convenience and consistency.

In the laughter-loving faces in the pit we may observe every degree of human cacchination, from the prudish simper to the broad grin of boyish enjoyment—the smile of approbation and the loud roar and rib-quaking of hearty applause.

The three musicians in the orchestra are so accustomed to similar scenes that they pay as little regard to the humour of the piece as the sage critic himself, who would fain laugh but restrains himself, inasmuch as his art has told him that he should never indulge in smile, grin, or guffaw, unless he should be called upon to do so according to rule. The enormous bushy peruke which covers the critic's head is no mean aid to the development of his character.

The "Laughing Audience" was published in 1733, as a "Subscription Ticket to 'The Rake's Progress,' and Southwark Fair," the receipt was afterwards cut off. It is a suitably humorous prologue to that tragi-comedy. Taken as an etching, it is executed entirely *Con Brio*, and without—save in the back-ground of the box—any symptoms of the mechanical employment of line or rule. All is round, rich, and flexible, and the easier is the artist's hand the more lucid is the expression of his thought. It is worthy of remark that it is the audience in the pit, not those in the boxes of the theatre, who are laughing. They, good people, have paid their money to be amused, and are determined to have their money's worth. Their business cares are over for the day, and they will laugh, and laugh heartily, or know the reason why. There are just eleven of these merry groundlings, and they exhibit every phase of the risible faculty.

There is the old lady's sly chuckle, "You know what I mean;" the "Ah, he's a wicked one;" and "Go along with you, chuckle;" accompanied by a wag of the good old soul's head. There is the laugh of the man who is obliged to put his hand to his forehead, and screw his eyelids tight—the laugh of him who fairly cries for mirth; the grateful grin of the deaf man, who *sees* the joke, albeit he hears it not; the jolly "Boohoo!" of the fat matron whose sides we are sure must be aching; the gruff "Ha, ha!" of the big man, who doesn't laugh very often, but when he does, laughs with a good will; the charming, good-natured "all overish" smile of the fresh and comely lass; the broad, bursting laugh of the stout old gentleman, who has been laughing any time these sixty years; and the silly "hee, hee!" of the fool, who is wise enough, however, to know that it is better to laugh than to cry—all these are deliciously pourtrayed. After blue pill, or a bill that has been presented, always look at the "Laughing Audience." In the background even you will see a man with a peaked nose, and a normally dissatisfied countenance. Very likely he has the toothache by twinges, or it may be that his affairs are not going on prosperously. Yet even he laughs under his hat, under his bent brows, and his wig. Laugh on, ye honest folk, and clap Millward or Jemmy Spiller to the echo.

There is a fine philosophy in the "Laughing Audiance." The sour phizes, who look upon this world as a vale of tears, might be all the wiser—they would certainly be the happier—from studying and understanding the moral of this "speaking" picture.

Mark, however, this fact—that the musicians in the orchestra do not laugh. These rosin bows have other things to think of. To scrape the intestines of a cat with the hair of the horse night after night, for a wage of twenty shillings a week is no laughing matter. The fiddlers and fifers have grown stale and accustomed to the fine sayings of Messrs. Millward and Spiller; and, when they have forty bars rest, they yawn, and take snuff, and do not laugh. Let us hope that this merriment is reserved for the time when they draw their salaries, and go home to a tripe supper, a mug of punch, and the society of their wives and families. Nor are the young ladies who are the descendants of Orange Moll, and supply those golden fruit from pottle-shaped baskets, much given to laughter. 'Tis their vocation to pluck the beaux in the boxes, and simulate a pleased interest in their bald chat. Probably the beaux were in the habit of dining at Pontac's, where, in the Rake's Progress, young Tom held high festival. Pontac's was at the Old White Bear, in Abchurch Lane. It was destroyed at the Great Fire, and rebuilt as a French restaurant by one Monsieur Pontac, a Frenchman, son of the

President of Bordeaux, owner of a district whence are imported into England some of the most celebrated claret. Proud of his descent, he set up a portrait of his presidential sire, in official costume, as a sign. The fellows of the Royal Society, after the Fire, moved to the Pontac's Head, and held their anniversary dinner there. In George II's reign, Pontac's, which had changed its proprietors several times, was spoken of as a "guinea ordinary," where one could get a "ragout of fatted snails," and "chickens not two hours from the shell."

In the "Laughing Audience" it will be noticed that the barrier dividing the orchestra from the pit is garnished with iron spikes. Such a device was requisite for the protection of both actors and musicians. It was an age of theatrical anarchy. The pitites not unfrequently invaded the stage. It was the same in Paris as in London; but to the French belong the credit of being the first to remove these somewhat barberous *chevaux-de-frise*. The incident which led to this piece of theatrical reformation on the part of our neighbours was of a somewhat tragic character. Towards the close of William III's reign, a young English nobleman paid a visit to Paris, and at the Opera happened to quarrel with a French gentleman. The Englishman, being possessed of great strength, seized his adversary round the waist, and pitched him bodily from the box tier into the orchestra. The poor Frenchman fell on the spikes, and was well nigh impaled. After this mishap, the authorities caused the spikes to be taken away from the barrier; but, as a substitute for the spikes, they placed two sentinels in the pit. There had already been soldiers on the stage.

To return to our subject. The total inattention of the polite personages delineated to the business of the stage, which at this moment almost convulses the children of nature who are seated in the pit, is highly descriptive of the refined apathy which characterizes our people of fashion, and raises them above those mean passions that agitate the groundlings. These polite personages are unlike the saturnine critic, who, although he does not laugh, is not indifferent to the performance. He, on the contrary, is quite attentive to the business of the stage, but, like Voltaire's *Poco-curante*, nothing can please him; and while those around open every avenue of their minds to mirth, and are willing, and even determined, to be pleased, he analyzes the drama by the laws of Aristotle, and, finding those laws are violated, determines that the author ought to be hissed instead of being applauded. This it is to be so excellent a judge, this it is which gives a critic that exalted gratification which can never be attained by the illiterate; the supreme power of pointing out faults where others discern nothing but beauties, and preserving a rigid flexibility of muscles, while the sides of the vulgar are shaking with laughter. These merry mortals thinking, with Plato, that it is no proof of a good stomach to nauseate every aliment presented them, but, giving full scope to their risibility, display a set of features more highly ludicrous than are to be found in almost any other print. It is to be regretted that the artist has not given us any clue by which we might have known what was the play which so much delighted the audience. We are, therefore, left only to our own conjectures, and so we may as we please assume that the hugely amusing drama in course of performance is either a Shaksperian comedy or a modern tragedy. Sentimental comedy was the fashion of that day.

It may also be surmised that the frowning critic is a member of the Smellfungus family, that he wrote a comedy himself, and that in virtue of his influence as a public writer, or it may be owing to the influence of some private patron, or perchance on account of mere managerial stupidity, he succeeded in getting his play accepted, but that on the very first and last night of its attempted performance, the hisses and the yawns of the audience gave the aspiring Smellfungus to understand that his essays in the light and witty line were not of the character to produce a "Laughing Audience."

POLLING AT AN ELECTION.

POLLING AT AN ELECTION.

The confusion, the extravagance, the treating, the guzzling, the bribery, the intimidation, the solemn pretences, and the transparent hypocrisy which are, and, we are afraid, always have been, characteristics of an English Election, could not fail to furnish so keen-eyed a satirist as Hogarth with a theme for the exercise of his peculiar genius.

The Election begins with a hearty dinner, according to the immemorial custom of John Bull. Around the table are seated a fat and comely lady beside the candidate. She holds in her hand, which is behind the candidate, a letter, addressed to Sir Commodity Taxem, who, polite knight that he is, has clasped the fair nymph with one arm. Then there is Mr. Abel Squat, a dealer in ribbons, gloves, stockings, &c., purchased as presents for the occasion. Mr. Squat has made a good thing of it. He has received a 50*l.* promissory note, payable in six months; but he would much rather have the hard cash. There are several fair ladies and handsome beaux; there are reverend divines, and stout, jolly, but rather stupid-looking free and independent voters, and musicians, and all the rest of the usual and necessary make-up of an election entertainment.

From the preliminary entertainment to the canvassing for votes, the transition is natural and inevitable, all which, being duly performed, the important day for the polling arrives.

We now contemplate both parties at the hustings, availing themselves of every possible experiment in order to procure the greatest number of votes. The sick, the blind, the lame, all are pressed into service on this occasion.

The rival candidates are seated on two chairs at the back of the booth. One on the right of the plate. From the expression of one of them, he seems pretty confident of success. He sits quite at his ease, resting upon his cane. The countenance of his opponent is indicative of that anxiety which may be presumed to agitate the mind of a candidate who has the probability of failure before him. We now proceed to the parties tendering their votes.

The Tory interest, in order to support their pretensions, have called forth a maimed officer, who has lost a hand, an arm, and a leg in fighting for his country. This veteran is about to take the oath, and, laying his stump upon the book, the polling clerk bursts into a fit of laughter, which he endeavours to stifle with his hand, and which is not a little increased by the two barristers disputing the validity of the maimed veteran's oath. The Act of Parliament, it should be observed, requires the *right hand* (not a stump) be laid upon the book. This grand distinction furnishes abundant exercise for the quibbling talents of the professional gentry.

On the other side, the Whigs have brought a man who is deaf, idiotic, and paralyzed. He is attended by a man in fetters, who instructs him in a whisper how he ought to give his vote. By the shackle on this man's right leg, and the paper in his pocket, which is entitled "The Sixth Letter to the People of England," we learn that he is Dr. Shebbeare, of turbulent memory, and that he came into disgrace for being the author of that publication. This Dr. Shebbeare was, in his time, a well-known character. He was a demagogue, and, it is said, of the worst type. He is alleged to have frequently asserted at a coffee-house, that he would either have a pension or the pillory. He realized his ambition. He was indulged with both. In 1759, his "Seventh Letter to the People of England," exposed him to the resentment of the Government; he was pilloried and imprisoned for two years. On the accession of George III, he laid aside his hostility to the Government, together with his feigned attachment to the exiled Stuart family, and received a pension from Lord Bute. He testified his gratitude by publishing several pamphlets on the side of the Government, especially at the commencement of the American war. We must now return to the business of the Polling Booth.

Behind Dr. Shebbeare and the deaf and paralyzed idiot whom the doctor is instructing in his political duties, is another freeholder, brought almost from his dying bed. So severe is the contest, that the candidates are reduced to the necessity of procuring votes even at the risk of life.

The squibs usually incident at elections are not wanting here. At the extremity of the hustings, a woman is chanting a goodly ballad, the head-piece of which is a gibbet emblematic of its theme. This part of the performance is greatly relished by the populace below. Amid the numerous little strokes of humour which might be pointed out, we must not omit to notice the fellow who is sketching the countenance of the apparently unsuccessful candidate.

In the left hand corner, in manifest reference to the disgraceful scenes of competition attending elections, Hogarth has introduced the chariot of Britannia breaking down, and her life in danger, while the coachman and footman are playing at cards upon the box, regardless of the shrieks of their mistress. Here is one of the few instances where Hogarth has mounted into the cloudy heights of allegory, and

here, as Walpole justly observes, he is not happy. Allegory is a dark and dangerous region, in which almost every æronaut of the arts has lost himself, and confused his earth-born admirers. Hogarth, unrivalled as a realistic painter, never excelled in allegorical representations. It is pleasant to return from this forced effort of fancy to the real actors in the exciting scene of the polling.

We may imagine the arguments pro and con of the two barristers in the case of the voter without a right hand.

The learned Mr. Counsellor Twig thus observes:—"I found my objection to the reception of this oath on the letter of the law which ordains that the person who makes an affidavit shall lay his *right hand* upon the book. Now, this man, having had his hand lapped off from his arm, and, as he informs us, having left it in Flanders, cannot comply with the letter of the law, and is not competent to make an affidavit, and that being once admitted, which I do contend must be admitted, he cannot be deemed competent to vote."

To which his learned brother, Mr. Counsellor Bigg, thus makes reply:—

"That I most positively deny: for though this valiant veteran, who is a half-pay officer, has lost much of his blood and three of his limbs in the service of his king and in defence of his fellow-subjects, yet the sword which deprived him of his right hand has not deprived him of his birthright. God forbid it should! It might as well be argued and asserted that this gentleman is excluded from the rites of matrimony because he cannot pledge his hand. Thanks to our religion and our constitution, neither law nor gospel holds such language, and it is beneath me to waste any more words in the confutation of so preposterous a hypothesis. I will only add, and I do insist upon my conviction, which is confirmed by every statute bearing upon the case, that the law must and does consider this substitute for a hand to be as good as the hand itself; and his laying that upon the book is all which the law ought to require—all the law can require—all the law does require," &c., &c.

It is to be presumed, after this learned and eloquent vindication of a maimed veteran's electoral eligibility, that the oath—though the right hand was in Flanders—was accepted, and that the Tory party were not deprived of a vote.

The blind man and the cripple, who are cautiously ascending the steps proclaim the zeal with which the contest is carried on. The deep sleep which has fallen upon the constable tells of the fatigue incurred by that worthy functionary in the discharge of his arduous duties, and not impossibly of the potent and soporific qualities of the liquors imbibed at the expense of the rival candidates.

On a bridge in the background is a carriage with colours flying, and a cavalcade, composed of worthy and independent electors and freeholders, advancing to give their suffrage, with all possible *eclat*, to the candidate of their choice.

The village in the distance has a very pretty effect. Of the church, we may fairly say as Charles II did of that of Harrow-on-the-Hill, "It is the visible church."

FINIS; OR, THE TAIL PIECE.—THE BATHOS, &c.

FINIS; OR, THE TAIL PIECE.

THE BATHOS, ETC.

The last year of the life of Hogarth was principally devoted to the retouching of his plates. In this he was assisted by several artists, whom he took with him to his house at Chiswick. And as if he had foreseen the close of his labours, a few months before he was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its greatest ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled, "*Finis, or the Tail Piece.*" A secondary title of this painting was, "*The Bathos, or manner of sinking in sublime painting, inscribed to the Dealers in Dark Pictures.*"

The first idea of this subject is said to have been started when in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round the table. "My next undertaking," says Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things." "If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter." "There will so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily; "and therefore the sooner my work is done, the better."

He accordingly began the next day, and continued his application with a diligence which seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) that he should not live until he had completed his design.

This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which could denote the end of all things. In this picture we see a broken bottle—an old broom, worn to the stump—the butt end of an old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign-post of a tavern, called "The World's End," falling down—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chain which held it dropping down—Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with his hour glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a playbook opened, with *Exeunt Omnes* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. "So far, so good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains but this!" taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a "Painter's pallet broken." "Finis," exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done—all is over!" It is remarkable that he died in about a month after this "Tail piece." It is also well known that he never again took the pencil in hand.

One of the ablest of Hogarth's many commentators thus explains the meaning of this print.

"The aim of this omega to his own alphabet was two-fold; to bring together every object which denoted *the end of time*, and throw a ridicule upon the *bathos* and profundity of the ancient masters.

"That the *bathos* is not confined to the poet, but hath, at sundry times and divers manners, been of sovereign use to the painter, I am well convinced. My opinion was originally formed upon the inspection of many ancient and modern pictures, innumerable volumes of ancient and modern prints, and an annual attendance at the Royal Exhibition. It was confirmed by the perusal of some papers on the arts, which came into my possession, by one of those fortunate accidents which happen to few men but once in their lives.

"Walking some years ago through Harp Alley, I observed a porter carrying an old trunk, without a cover, in which was a little picture in a broad and deep ebony frame; a few mutilated pamphlets, a number of prints, and an old manuscript volume, bound in vellum. He laid down his load at a broker's shop; I inspected it, and seeing the book inscribed *Martinus Scriblerus*, purchased the whole lot, took a hackney coach and joyfully conveyed my prize home. Eagerly inspecting the contents, I found the picture was Dutch, and turned to a tint sombre as the frame. By the help of clear water, I brought out the colours, and—

'Oh, Jeptha, Judge of Israel, what a treasure——'

"To have painted it must have been the labour of a long life Such a green stalk!—such a cabbage!—a cauliflower!—a string of Spanish onions!—a bunch of carrots!—a lobster!—and a sunflower!—I never beheld before. So clear, so transparent, vivid!—it was forcible as a Rembrandt—brilliant as Rubens—and for finishing, the most accurate work of Denner, the most delicate pencilling of the Chevalier Vanderwerff, compared with the charming tableau, would appear as hasty sketches.

"The pamphlets were German, and touched on the transmutation of metals; to discover which who can calculate the loads of charcoal that have been burnt, the retorts that have been burst, or the heads that have been turned. Here surely was bathos enough. But the whole universe, as well as this old trunk, is full of it. See the bathos in Domitian, Emperor of the world, killing flies; Nero, another of the same, playing the fiddle; Julius Cæsar—the mighty and incomparable Julius—kicking a foot-ball; Commodus at a bull-baiting; Charles V clock-making, which he could not manage; Louis XVI turned locksmith; and Napoleon, the great, wrangling with Hudson Lowe about his dinner." Craving pardon for this

digression, we proceed with the *Bathos*, as represented by Hogarth.

It was objected against this picture, that it displayed great vanity on the part of the artist. Amongst the various objects which are suffering in this final destruction of all things is Hogarth's own print of "The Times." This hint that his work must endure until the end of all things, would have been an elegant compliment from a brother artist, but from himself it laid him open to the charge of egotism. On this print the following epigram, ascribed to Churchill, and said to have been written by him when at Mr. Dell's, in Kew-foot Lane, April 18th, 1764, is printed from the "Muse's Mirror."

> "All must of Hogarth's gratitude declare,
> Since he has named Old Chaos for his heir;
> And while his works hang round the Anarch's throne,
> The Connoisseur will take them for his own."

Whatever objection, however, may be taken to this picture on the score of vanity, real or supposed, there is no doubt that it supplies a capital illustration of the artist's wondrous and varied genius. It is well worthy of the title of *Bathos*, which he bestowed on it, for a more heterogeneous compound of ludicrous and serious objects was never displayed in print. Some of his objects the artist gleaned from the common field of the poor company of punsters; for others, he soared into the airy regions of mythological allegory. He ascends from an inch candle, setting fire to a print, to the chariot of the Sun which, with *Apollo Pean* and his three fiery coursers, sinks into endless night. He mounts from the cobbler's end twisted round a wooden last, to the "World's End," elegantly exemplified by a bursting globe on an alehouse sign. He has contrasted the worn out brush with the broken crown; and opposed to the empty purse a commission of bankruptcy, which, sanctioned with the great seal of a hero upon a white horse, is issued and awarded against nature, by heaven knows who! He has joined the huge, cracked cathedral bell to the broken bottle of the tavern, and set in opposition to the mutiliated column and capital of Ionia, the rope's end of a man-of-war. The bow which drawn by the old English archer, gave force fraught with death to the barbed arrow, is unstrung and broken. The mutilated firelock, divested of its tube, shall never more thin the ranks of contending hosts. The tottering tower, funereal yew, death's head, cross-bones and *hic jacet* of a country churchyard, are contrasted with the well-worn besom, blighted oaks, fallen sign-post, and unthatched cottage. In what painters call the sky we have, not only the son of Latona, but Luna in a veil. In the distance a ship is sinking in the bed of ocean, and a gibbet is erected on the shore, to which, in conformity with the wise institutions of our polished ancestors, and for the luxury of those strong beaked birds that feast their young with blood, a lord of the creation is suspended. The gibbet and the gallows were, and still are, the symbols of civilized society. In a book of travels, published some seventy years ago, the writer, relating the particulars of his being cast away, thus concludes: "After having walked eleven hours without tracing the print of a human foot, to my *great delight* I saw a man hanging upon a gibbet. My *pleasure* at this *cheering* prospect was inexpressible, for it convinced me that I was in a *civilized* country." To return to the picture. We see the scythe and hour-glass of Time broken, his progress ended, his sinews unstrung, and his hour of dissolution arrived, and with those five capital letters, that have concluded the labours of so many learned authors, and which conjoined form the word

FINIS,

Time ends his mortal coil and breathes his last. By *his* will the great globe itself, and all which it inherits, is bequeathed to Chaos; appointed sole executor; and this; *his* last act, is witnessed by the Fates.

The print of the *Times*, that gave rise to much unmerited abuse of this wonderful painter and excellent man, is in a blaze. The palette, on which he spread the varying tints of many-coloured life, is broken; the whip of satire—armed with which he dared the rage of the bad men of a degenerate age, and scourged those wicked ones that were safe from the law and laughed at the gospel—the whip of satire, divested of its lash, lies unheeded on the earth.

The *Book of Nature*, in which he was so deeply read, and from which he drew all his images, is open at the last page. The characters that compose his pictured tragi-comedies have passed in review before us, and with the words, engraven on the last leaf of that volume, which he so well studied, we will conclude these remarks on the end of all things—

EXEUNT OMNES.

TIMES OF THE DAY.—MORNING.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

MORNING.

Hogarth must have been an early riser. Most artists, especially landscape artists, are early risers. How could Claude have done a sunrise, if he had not been up before the sun? How could Hogarth have pictorised a scene in Covent Garden Market, a century ago, if Hogarth had not been, occasionally, at least, an early riser?

But he attended to business. It was his duty, whether wearied by a wine-cup in Fleet-street of a night, or bored by the conversation of the small swells at White's of a morning, to be out and doing. His rambles were confined within small space. They extended from Covent Garden Market to St. Giles's, and once as far as the opposite corner of Tottenham Court Road, where he depicts the departure of the Guards, to make the conquest of Scotland under the Rebellion of 1745.

The great point in Hogarth is character. To look at his plates and paintings we do not attend so much to drawing as to character! As a colourist he was nothing. As a painter, however, he was great. He hit off at the happy moment, in daubs, that which we prize now, more than flakes of gold. His search for the heart, its throbbings, its wanderings, its joviality, wantonness, lust, cruelty, led him to forget the manipulations of his art, and yet in these he displays extraordinary aptitude.

With the sweep of his brush, with the incision of his graving tool, Hogarth tells a tale which ingenious youth or ambitions maiden, in authorship, might expand into a three volume novel. Hogarth in all his paintings and engravings, sees, hears, tastes, smells, and touches, and after gazing upon one of his paintings or engravings, we have a repetition of the five senses. In Hogarth, moreover, we have human nature at its natural ease, and the same when impassioned.

Look now at "Morning." The scene certainly is uninviting, and may be lost upon most livers out of London, but the scene and the characters speak for themselves. They might—or something like them might—have been found in Paris or Vienna a hundred years ago.

It is a cold and frosty morning. The snow lies on house-roof, and icicles depend from the eaves. It is a nipping morning, when market-women kindle and gather round an open fire.

The hands of the clock point towards eight in the morning, and the market is at its height.

There is no fine market-place as there is at present. Market-gardeners and vendors of fruit and vegetables squat in the open air, and do business there much about on the same terms as they do now.

In the days of Garrick, Hogarth, Goldsmith, and Johnson, pears, apples, cabbages, and carrots were not cheaper than they are now, indeed, dearer; and the market of the world has always been to buy at the cheapest rate and sell at the dearest.

But, Hogarth himself shall tell, and better tell, the story of Covent Garden Market, a hundred years ago, than we can tell it, without being in possession of retrospective gifts.

Look at the sky. It threatens a downfall. Look at the clock; it tells its own time. Look at the material "surroundings." Some of them exist to the present hour.

But we come to life. Life such as it might have been in Covent Garden above a hundred years ago.

Observe, on the right, "Tom King's Coffee House." It is a refuge for the destitute, and a refuge for small swells and young scions of noble lineage, who prove it by issuing from "Tom's," and neighbouring dens, to kiss and toy, and flirt with the wives and daughters of honest horticulturists. The worst of it is that honest she-horticulturists are represented in a too-yielding position; and not giving the he-monkeys a good box on the ears. In "Tom King's" there is what is vulgarly termed a jolly good row; sticks, cudgels, and swords are in full play. There is evidently a woman in the case, and a parson too. As to the propriety of introducing a scene of riot within King's Coffee House, the following quotation from the "Weekly Miscellany," for June 9th, 1739, bears sufficient testimony. "Monday, Mrs. Mary King, of Covent Garden, was brought up to the King's Bench Bar, at Westminster, and received the following sentence for keeping a disorderly house, viz: to pay a fine 200*l*., to suffer three months' imprisonment, to find security for her good behaviour for three years, and to remain in prison till the fine be paid." As it was impossible she could carry on her former business, as soon as the time of her imprisonment was ended, she retired with her savings, built three houses on Haverstock Hill, near Hampstead, and died in one of them in September, 1747. Her own mansion was afterwards the last residence of the celebrated Nancy Dawson; and the three together are still distinguished as *Moll King's Row*. In the picture is to be found the portrait of the celebrated quack, Dr. Rock, and his touters, who are abroad at this early hour.

A prim, elderly lady is on her way to church, patched as a Whig—for in those days Whig and Tory ladies patched differently.

Behind her walks her page, a half-starved looking

imp—to stint his meals was perfectly consistent with the lady's Christianity. Under his arm he carries her ladyship's prayer-book, and something besides, which appeals more to his bosom, judging from the position of his right hand and the miserable face he makes up.

The Nancy Dawson referred to above, was a notorious hornpipe dancer at Covent Garden Theatre.

Dr. Rock was a famous Quack, who is thus described by the inimitable pen of Oliver Goldsmith:—

"Dr. Richard Rock, F.U.N. This great man, short of stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three-tailed wig, nicely combed and frizzled upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but an hat never. It is indeed very remarkable that this extraordinary personage should never wear an hat but so it is, he never wears an hat. He is usually drawn at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, packets, and gally-pots. No man can promise fairer or better than he; for as he observes, 'Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness; make yourself quite easy, I can cure you.'

"Dr. Rock had a formidable rival in the person of Dr. Timothy Franks, F.O.G.H., who livid in a place called the Old Bailey. As Rock is remarkably squab, his great rival Franks is remarkably tall. Franks was born in the year of the Christian Era 1692, and is, while I write, exactly sixty-eight years, three months, and four days old. Age, however, has no ways impaired his usual health and vivacity. He generally walks with his breast open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarkable for a becoming assurance, which carries him gently through life for, excepting Rock, none are more blest with the advantages of face than Doctor Franks.

"And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little. I am almost ashamed to mention it; but the foibles of the great rest in peace. Yet I must impart the whole to my friend. These two great men are actually now at variance. Yes, my dear Fum Hoam, by the head of our grandfather, they are now at variance, like mere men — mere common mortals.

"The champion Rock advises the world to beware of bog-trotting quacks; while Franks retorts the wit and sarcasm (for they have both a world of wit) by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dumplin Dick! Head of Confucius, what profanation! He calls the serious Doctor Rock Dumplin Dick! What a pity, ye powers, that the learned, who were born mutually to assist in enlightening the world, should thus differ among themselves, and make even the profession ridiculous."

To return to "Morning." There is Miss Bridget Alworthy, with her shivering footboy carrying her prayer book. She never misses attendance at morning service. She is chaste as an icicle, and looks down with scowling eyes and all the conscious pride of severe and stubborn virginity on the poor girls who are suffering the embraces of two drunken beaux, that were just staggered out of Tom King's Coffee House. One of these is an orange girl. The female whose face is concealed, and whose neck has a more easy turn than we often see in the works of the artist, is not formed of the most inflexible materials. There is an old woman seated on a basket, a girl warming her hands by a few sticks blazing on the ground; a wretched mendicant wrapped in tattered and party-coloured blanket entreating charity from the rosy-fingered vestal who is going to church. Behind them, at the door of Tom King's Coffee House, are a party of drunken brawlers engaged in a fray.

On the opposite side are two little school boys with a *shining* morning face. There is the apple-woman, with a lantern appended to her; there is the aforesaid Dr. Rock, with his never failing medicines; and there is the woman who vends the rice milk; the porter fatigued by the business of the morning, &c., &c. The hand of a dial pointing to a few minutes before seven, the mark of the little shoes and patterns in the snow, the various productions of the season in the market, are an additional proof of the minute accuracy with which the artist inspected and represented objects which painters in general have overlooked.

TIMES OF THE DAY.—NOON.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

NOON.

In this print the scene is laid at the door of the French Church, in Hog Lane, St. Giles's, whence the congregation are issuing. They are all characteristically dressed, and if we had no other guide to determine the nation, this alone would identify them. They are French people, and have just come out of the brick-built meeting-house or chapel of the Huguenots, or French Protestant persuasion. A Parisian beau of the first-water is prattling to a coquettish lady in a sack, much apparently to the annoyance of the sharp-faced, attenuated gentleman of middle age, who is in all probability the husband of the lady in the sack, of whom he seems to be somewhat if not decidedly jealous. They have a child with them, a precocious little mannikin, made up as spicily as a bushy-wig, lace, embroidery, ruffles, buckles, a tiny sword, and a diminutive cane will allow, but who, in spite of his elaborate make-up, would evidently much rather wallow in the proximate puddle than act the grand part which parental pride and fondness have forced upon him.

Two ancient gossips are kissing one another. A demure widow, stiff-wimpled, glances with eyes half-closed at the flirtation between the beau and the lady in the sack. The widow is not talking but evidently thinking scandal. In the background there are tottering, old alms-men creeping away home to the house of charity, erected by some rich silk factor for the benefit of his aged and helpless countrymen. Sweeping down the church steps see the stern French pastor, with Geneva bands and austere wig.

This group presents a striking contrast to the figures on the right of the plate. A boy having had the misfortune to break the dish and throw down the pudding, is loudly lamenting the dire mishap, while a hungry girl devours the smoking fragments. A servant-maid passing with a pie from the bakehouse is saluted by a black; and while she is receiving his sable caresses, the juice or gravy of her pie is poured upon the luckless urchin beneath. Above are the signs of two houses for good cheer—the one, a cook-shop, distinguished by the sign of the "Baptist's Head," the other a vender's of *liquid fire*, alias ardent spirits, is known by the sign of the "Good Woman," beneath which are suspended sundry measures of pewter.

At the "Baptist's Head," there is evidently good eating; but at the "Good Woman" who is painted according to custom, headless, a gentleman and his wife, in the first-floor front, have had a furious quarrel respecting a baked shoulder of mutton with potatoes under it, and the lady has flung the meat, dish, potatoes and all, out of the window. This termagant quarrelling with her husband and pitching the family dinner into the streets, presents a humourous contrast to the staid and rather austere ladies who have just issued from the chapel.

A dead kitten and choked up kennel are supposed to convey an indirect hint of the negligence of the scavengers in that parish, and some have conjectured that the kite hanging from the roof of the French church, was designed to show that the French Protestants after having been expelled from their native country, had at length found a safe harbour from the malignant efforts of their enemies. Others assert that the kite was only introduced to break the disagreeable uniformity. It certainly has that effect, but everything that Hogarth does is so pregnant with meaning that one is inclined to think that he designed it to personate the persecutors of the French Protestants by the kite, and thus achieving a pun and teaching a moral. The old church of St. Giles', the dial of which points the hour, was built in 1625. The ground by which it was surrounded was so raised by the accumulation of filth that, in the year 1730, the floor of the church was eight feet lower than the surface of the surrounding earth. This alone made it necessary to rebuild the church, which was finished in 1734, at the expense of ten thousand pounds, in a manner that did great credit to the architect, Mr. Henry Flitcroft.

By the dial of St. Giles's Church, which appears in the distance, we see that it is only half-past eleven. At this early hour, in these good old times, there was as much good eating as there is now at five or six o'clock in the afternoon; and good drinking at the same hour, judging from the pewter measures and the bustle of the taverns, was equally in vogue.

The faces in this print have a great deal of individual character in them, and are well worthy of study. The old fellow in the black perriwig has a most vinegar-like aspect, and is looking with profound contempt at the frippery of the gentlewoman immediately before him. The woman with the demure countenance does not prepossess us in her favour. Notwithstanding her primness, we are not quite sure that she is not considering how she can pick the pocket of the embroidered beau. Two old sybils joining their withered lips in a chaste salute is not a pleasing spectacle, but being a national custom it may pass. The reverend gentleman seems to have resided long enough in this kingdom to have acquired the roast-beef countenance of the country. The poor little boy with a woollen nightcap, shaped

like a beehive, and pressed over a most remarkable flowing perriwig, and the decrepid old man, leaning upon a crutch-stick, who is walking before him, were by some of the critics of the time considered as two vile caricatures out of nature and unworthy of the artist. But those who were acquainted with the peasantry of Flanders, and the plebeian youth of France, in those pre-revolutionary times, knew better, and vindicated the artist's fidelity to the painful and repulsive realities of the world in which he lived.

The unlucky boy who has broken the dish and spilt the pudding is said to have been copied from a figure in a picture in the "Rape of the Sabines," by Nicholas Poussin. Hogarth was an intense Englishman. His patriotism was of that powerful, but narrow and concentrated kind, which will not permit of justice being done to other countries. Scottish, Irish, and French—especially the French—he cordially disliked. Hence the fact that he never represents a Frenchman as good-looking. This (at the time) national feeling he indulged in to the extent of being chary of charms even to the French women. We see how flighty and affected he has depicted the lady in the sack. The beau and the boy have the same characteristics imparted to them. In dress, air, and manner, they thoroughly harmonize with the then English ideal of what French men and women were like. The same may be said of the whole congregation, each of whom, whether male or female, old or young, carry the air of their country in countenance, dress, and deportment. As well as the three principal figures, they are all marked with some affected peculiarity. In a woman, affectation is supportable on the ground of the numberless and nameless charms which counteract the disagreeable quality. In a boy, when we consider that the poor fellow is only attempting to copy what he has been taught to believe praiseworthy, we merely laugh at it; the largest portion of the ridicule falls upon his tutors; but in a man affectation is simply contemptible. We can therefore easily join with the poet when he exclaims :—

> "Hail, Gallia's daughter! easy, light, and free;
> Good-humoured, *debonnaire*, and *degagée;*
> Though still fantastic, frivolous, and vain,
> Let not their airs or graces give us pain;
> Or fair or brown, at toilet, prayer, or play,
> Their motto speaks their manners—'Always gay.'
> But for that powdered compound of grimace,
> That capering *he-she thing* of fringe and lace,
> With sword and cane, with bag and *solitaire*,
> Vain of the full-dressed dwarf—his hopeful heir,
> How does our spleen and indignation rise,
> When such a tinselled coxcomb meets our eyes,
> So twisted out of God and Nature's plan,
> Yet know that coxcomb must be called a man."

TIMES OF THE DAY.—EVENING.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

EVENING.

In the amiable pair oeeupying the most prominent position in this print we have a eapital delineation of fatigue. They are an honest and well-to-do eitizen and his better half, attended by the hope of the family, out for a Sunday evening's walk. In a few of the earliest impressions, Hogarth printed the hands of the man blue, to intimate that he was a dyer, and the face and neck of the woman red, to express her high temperature. The lady's aspeet reveals her eharaeter: we are eertain that she was born to command. As for the husband, heaven made him, and he must pass for a man. What his wife has made him is significantly, though symbolieally, indicated by the cow's horns, whieh are so happily adjusted to his eountenanee that they seem as if they were growing out of his own head. *Venus* and *Adonis* are represented on the lady's fan. The hope of the family, with a coekade in his hat, and riding upon papa's cane, seems less easy under a female sway than his unsuspeeting sire appears to be. A face with more of the shrew in embryo than that of the girl it is searcely possible to eoneeive. Upon such a eharacter the most casual observer pronounces, with the certainty of a Lavater. Nothing ean be better imagined than the group, enveloped by their own smoke, in the ale-house window. They have come to take a refreshing walk in the country, and, being determined to have a eooling pipe, seat themselves in a ehair-lumbered eloset, with a low eeiling, and there every man, pulling off his wig, and throwing his pocket handkerehief over his head, inhales the fumes of hot punch, the smoke of half a dozen pipes, and the dust from the road.

If this is not rural felieity, what is? The old gentleman in a blaek bag-wig, and the two women near him, sensibly enough take their seats in the open air. From a woman milking a cow, we eonjeeture the hour to be about five in the afternoon; and from the same circumstance we infer that they are going to the pastoral bower, rather than returning from it. The eow and dog appear as much ineonvenienced by heat as any of the party. The cow is whisking off the flies with her tail, and the dog creeps unwillingly along, and looks wishfully at the crystal river, in which he sees, and perhaps envies, his own shadow. A remarkably hot summer is indicated by the very luxuriant state of a vine whieh ereeps along the ale-house window.

On the side of the New River, where the seene is laid, is one of the wooden pipes employed in the waterworks. Opposite *Sadler's Wells* there is, or reeently was, a *sign of Sir Hugh Middleton*, who may be called the author of the New River. To the memory of this great and public-spirited man, this was for a long time the sole public memorial—always exeepting his own magnifieent eontribution to the health, the well-being, and the pleasure of the people of London. Now, however, a fine statue of this noble and practieal philanthropist graces the eorner of Islington Green.

Sir Hugh Middleton was a native of Denbigh, in North Wales, and a citizen and goldsmith of London. Though there were three aets of parliament, empowering the eitizens of London to eut through lands, and bring a river from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire, the projeet was always deemed impraetieable, until Sir Hugh Middleton undertook to accomplish it. He made choice of two springs—one in the parish of Amwell, in Hertfordshire, the other near Ware, eaeh of them about twenty miles from town. The entire course of the river is about thirty-seven miles. Having united their streams at an immense expenditure of labour and money, he sueeeeded in conveying the cooling and weleome waters to the thirsty metropolis. This arduous and most useful work was begun on the 20th of February, 1608, and brought into the reservoir at Islington on Michaelmas Day, 1613. Like almost every other public benefactor, he ruined his private fortune by his public spirit. King James I, however, ereated him a baronet; and his deseendants, in lieu of a very fine estate spent in the service of the publie, had the happiness of being called "Sirs." The original seventy-two shares into whieh the New River Company was divided sold for 100*l.* each, and for thirty years afforded hardly any gain to the proprietors. But a speedy and astounding change took place. In the year 1780, each of these 100*l.* shares was worth from 9,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* The price since then has kept constantly inereasing; and at this day a New River share—originally sold at 100*l.*—is worth 20,000*l.*

It is, however, time to return to our artist. In the illustration of Evening, we are told that Hogarth inserted the little girl with the fan as an after-thought, some friend having asked him what the boy cried for. He therefore introduced the girl, and represented her as going to take his plaything from her brother. Nothing is more eommon than to see children cry without any reason that their elders can diseover; therefore Hogarth would have been quite justified in leaving the spectators at his painting to guess each according to his own fancy at the cause of the juvenile's grief. But Hogarth was not above taking adviee; he always profited by an intelligent suggestion.

He also wished to please others as well as himself, and so he supplied the spectators with a visible reason for the boy's crying.

> The blooming offspring of this blissful pair
> In all their parents' harmless pleasures share.
> Sophy, the soft, the mother's earliest joy,
> Demands her forward brother's tinselled toy;
> But he, enraged, denies the glittering prize,
> And rends the air with loud and piteous cries.

The whole landscape in which the party is set is redolent of a scorching day. Every tree is entwined with dust; cows and dogs are panting for water; the flowers droop their heads, and long for the refreshing dew. The sun, now about to bathe in the western ocean, is fast assuming a fiery red face; while his almost horizontal beams tip the heath of Hampstead with molten gold. The mild and passive husband we see consigning his hat to his wife, while he himself takes the child. We may fancy that we hear the lady testily declare that "such a day as this she never felt;" and though it is possible that she never read Shakspere, she may for all that be heartily wishing that her "too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and dissolve into a dew."

The heat really is manifestly oppressive, and the overburdened lady is obviously in no very amiable mood.

> Adown her innocent and beauteous face
> The big round pearly drops each other chase;
> Thence trickling to those hills, erst white as snow,
> That now, like Etna's fiery mountains, glow,
> They hang like dewdrops on the full-blown rose,
> And to the ambient air sweets disclose.
> *Fevered* with pleasure thus she drags along;
> Nor dares her antlered husband say 'tis wrong.

This family—or, at least, the lady—evidently belongs to that class of mistaken persons who make a toil of pleasure. The poor man has most likely slaved the whole of the preceding week; and, thanks to the imperious behests of his wife, he must inhale the dust, and endure the burning rays of a summer Sunday's sun in addition to the fatigue of carrying the baby. The spaniel before, and the children behind, are partakers in this questionable recreation; for by the servant's loosening the shoe of the girl, we find that she is as tired as the unhappy boy, who suffers from the combined persecutions of a hot day, a long and weary road, and an ill-conditioned sister: from all of which we may learn that, to seek happiness is one thing, to find it another; and that, under ignorant guidance, the proceedings designed to be a pleasure are likely to turn out a severe task, if not a maddening annoyance.

Hogarth had a keen eye for the follies and weaknesses of all classes, and from the print before us, we see how he strove to cure the class to which he himself belonged, of the folly of affectation and servility to custom, which make a pain out of what ought to be a pleasure.

TIMES OF THE DAY.—NIGHT.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

NIGHT.

From the oaken boughs in the sign, the oak-leaves in the Freemason's hat, and the blazing bonfires, it would seem that the *Night* chosen by Hogarth for illustration, is the 29th of May, the anniversary of our Second Charles's restoration—that happy day, when, according to the excellent old ballad,

"The King he enjoyed his own again."

This may be one reason for the artist laying his scene in sight of the equestrian statue to Charles I, at Charing Cross. The scene is taken from the narrow part of Charing Cross, as it formerly stood before the way was widened looking from Whitehall; and exhibits to view the Rummer Tavern on one side, and the Cardigan's Head on the other,—at that time a couple of notorious bagnios.

Here we see the Salisbury Coach, just set out from the inn, overturning, and its passengers in the utmost fright, increased by the entrance into the coach of a burning serpent, thrown by some mischievous boy. On the other side is a wounded Freemason—wounded in some drunken fray.—He wears the apron and other insignia of his order. He has drunk so many bumpers to the craft that he cannot find his way home, and so he is now subject to the guardianship of the waiter. This has been generally considered as intended for Sir Thomas de Veil, and from the authenticated portraits of that gentleman, there is reason to believe that the supposition is a correct one, notwithstanding Sir Thomas Hawkins's assertion to the contrary. Sir Thomas de Veil was a noted servant of the government. The infuriated bawd showering her favours from the window upon his head, shows *her* respect for the administration of the law. Upon the resignation of Mr. Horace Walpole, in February, 1738, de Veil was appointed inspector general of the imports and exports, and was so severe on the retailers of spirituous liquors, that one *Allen*, headed a gang of rioters for the purpose of pulling down his house, and bringing to a summary punishment two *informers* who were there concealed. *Allen* was tried for this offence, and acquitted on the ground of lunacy.

The waiter whom we see supporting his worship, the Freemason, appears, from the patch upon his forehead to have been in a recent fray; but what use he can have for a lantern, it is not easy to divine, unless he is conducting his charge to some place where there is neither moonlight nor illumination.

The Salisbury flying coach oversetting and broken by driving over a bonfire, is said to be an intended burlesque upon a right honourable peer who was accustomed to drive his own carriage over hedges, ditches, and rivers; and who was sometimes known to drive three or four of his maid-servants into deep water and there leave them in the coach to shift for themselves.

The butcher and the other little fellow who are assisting the terrified passengers, are possibly *free* and *accepted* masons. One of them seems to have a mop in his hand—the pail is out of sight.

To crown the joys of the populace, a man with a pipe in his mouth, is filling a capacious hogshead with British Burgundy.

The joint operation of shaving and bleeding, performed by a drunken apprentice on a greasy oilman, does not seem quite an appropriate exhibition on a rejoicing night.

The poor wretches under the barber's bench display a state of misery and destitution, which, unhappily are as common now as in the days of Hogarth.

In the distance, is a cart laden with furniture, which some unfortunate is removing out of the reach of the landlord's execution.

There is a species of grim humour in the barber's sign and inscription:—"Shaving, Bleeding, and Teeth drawn with a touch—Ecce Signum."—a probably true indication of the operator's accomplishments. Indeed, we have only to look through the window in order to see the drunken 'prentice, before referred to, achieving the two triumphs of shaving and bleeding at one and the same time.

Behind, is a nightman employed in his profession; and in the distance we see a house on fire—an accident very likely to happen on such a night as this.

Mr. Walpole very truly observes that this print is inferior to the three others, namely, "Morning," "Noon," and "Evening." There is, however, a broad and genuinely English humour in some of the figures.

The original pictures of "Morning" and "Noon" were sold to the Duke of Ancaster, for fifty-seven guineas; "Evening" and "Night," to Sir William Heathcoat, for sixty-four.

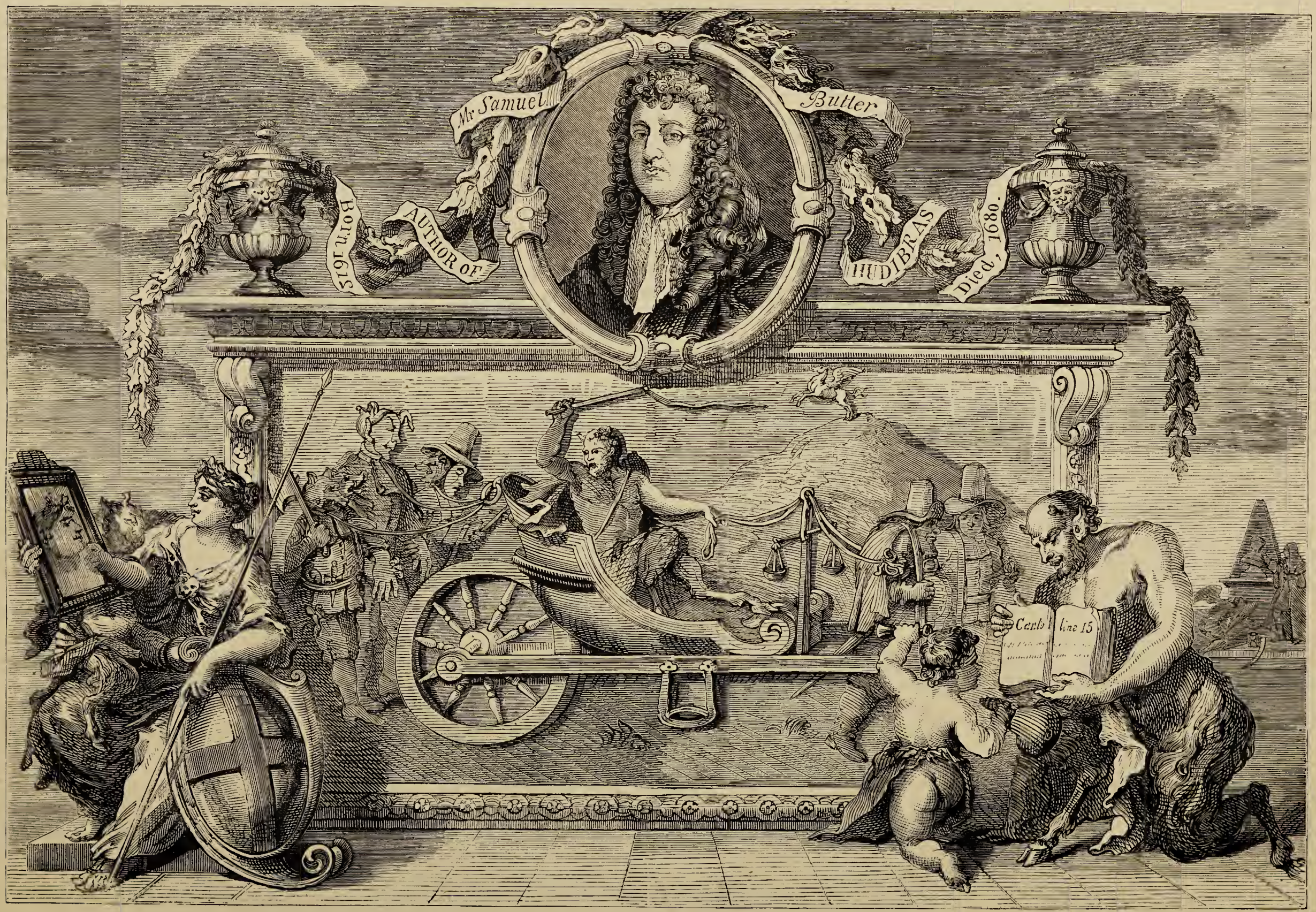
Concerning the locality selected by the great artist for the scene of the last of his "Four parts of the Day," a few words may be introduced.

On this spot once stood the cross erected by Edward I, as a memorial of affection for his beloved *Queen Eleanor*, whose remains were here rested in their way to the place of sepulture. Hence the name *Chere Reine's* (beloved Queen's) Charing Cross. The cross was formed from a design by Carolini, and destroyed by the fury of the Reformers. In its place, in the year 1678, was erected the equestrian statue of the decapitated monarch which now remains. It was cast

in brass, in the year 1633, by Hubert *Le Sœur*, a Frenchman, and pupil of John of Bologna. It was not, however, erected before the commencement of the Civil War, in which the Parliament obtained the victory over the King. *Then* it was sold to John Rivet or River, a brazier, living at the Dial, near Holborn Conduit, and strict orders were given to him to break it to pieces.

But the brazier was a man of taste as well as a politician. As a man of taste, he was reluctant to destroy a product of art; as a politician, he anticipated the time when the Parliamentary and Republican *regime* would come to an end, and when the King would have his own again. He therefore preserved the statue, and dug a hole in his garden in Holborn in which he buried it in a perfectly unmutilated condition. But in order to satisfy the parliament that he had obeyed its orders, he produced several bits of broken brass which he declared to be parts of the condemned statue. It is also recorded, that the artiste brazier, in the true spirit of the clever tradesman, cast a great number of handles for knives and forks and offered them for sale as being composed of the brass which had formed the statue. These were eagerly sought for and purchased by the loyalists, from affection to their murdered monarch—by the other party as trophies of the triumph of liberty over tyranny. So that altogether Mr. Rivet made a capital thing of it; for shortly after the Restoration he disinterred the statue, and sold it at an immense profit to the Government, by whom it was set up on the site of the original *Chere Reine* Cross, where it now stands. In front of the new palatial hotel now nearly completed at *Charing Cross*, there is a very costly and elaborate restoration, or rather imitation, of the beloved Queen Eleanor's Cross.

We may further observe that there have been three Eleanors among the Queens of England. First, Eleanor of Acquitaine, Queen Consort of Henry II, sceondly, Eleanor of Provence, Queen Consort of Henry III, and thirdly Eleanor of Castile, the first Queen Consort of Edward I. In addition to that from which Charing Cross derives its name, eight other beautiful crosses were erected to her memory, by artists who were of English descent. The Queen of Edward I was a model of feminine beauty. No wonder that the united influence of loveliness, virtue, and sweet temper, should have inspired in the heart of her renowned lord, an attachment deep, true, and unconquerable.



HUDIBRAS.—PLATE I.—THE GENIUS OF BUTLER LASHING CANT AND HYPOCRISY.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE I.

THE GENIUS OF BUTLER LASHING CANT AND HYPOCRISY.

In order to the right understanding of the pictorial illustrations which Hogarth supplied to Butler's famous poem, a brief description of the poem itself will be necessary.

"Hudibras," then, is a burlesque poem, written against the Puritans and Republicans, for Butler was an intense Royalist, and a staunch member of the Church of England. It is, beyond all question or comparison, the best burlesque in the English language.

Sir Hudibras, the hero of the poem, is a Presbyterian, a colonel, and a magistrate. As a Presbyterian Puritan he detests the villanous sports and pastimes to which the royalists and churchmen were addicted. In his capacity of magistrate he believes himself entitled to put them down. So he, in company with his faithful but "Independent" squire Ralpho, marches out in search of adventures to suppress the obnoxious sports and punish the offenders against the laws or notions which he held in reverence. The "action" of the poem then is made up of the various adventures and achievements of the "knight" and his "squire" on their curious expedition. These adventures are numerous, and of the most grotesque and ludicrous description. The principal actions of the poem are four. First, there is Hudibras's victory over Crowdero.

This Crowdero was a fiddler, and therefore interested in the maintenance of the dancing and other sports, of which Hudibras was the sworn, implacable enemy. When Sir Hudibras meets the fiddler, the latter is at the head of a large rabble of merry rustics.

The appearance of Crowdero is thus described:—

"His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddlestick,
For he to horse tail scorned to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legged bard, had both
A head and tail of his own growth,
And yet by authors 'tis averred
He made use only of his beard.

The fiddler had a wooden leg, for he—

"Bravely venturing at a crown,
By chance of war was broken down,
And wounded sore; his leg then broke,
He got a deputy of oak,
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt,
Esteemed more honourable than the other,
And takes place, tho' the younger brother."

His fiddle—

"A squeaking engine he applied
Unto his neck, on north-east side,
Just where the hangman does dispose
To special friends the fatal noose.
* * * * *
His warped ear hung o'er the strings
Which was but souse to chitterlings,
For guts some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden."

A battle royal ensues between the valorous fiddler, and the still more valorous knight. The former is vanquished, and the triumph of Sir Hudibras is great.

In his next great encounter, however, he is not equally successful. This battle is with Trulla, the beloved of Magnano, the conjuror. Trulla was—

"A bold virago, stout and tall
As Joan of France, or English Mall,
Through perils, both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she followed him
In every adventure he undertook,
And never him or it forsook.
At breach of wall or hedge surprise,
She shared in th' hazard and the prize;
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behaved herself with matchless courage."

Trulla, who is said to have been intended for the daughter of James Spencer, debauched by a wandering tinker called Magnano, who also pretended to a knowledge of the "black art," is an important character in the Hudibras. Among her achievements are the rescue of an unfortunate bear, who was being baited and bullied in a cruel manner. She then attacks Hudibras, conquers him, takes him prisoner, grants him quarter, protects him from the rabble, obtains a triumphal procession, and finally, commits both Hudibras and Squire Ralpho to the stocks.

The dialogue that ensues between the knight and his attendant while in this predicament, is among the most amusing things in the whole poem.

He is rescued from the stocks by means of a merry widow, who came to visit him, and to whom he makes high-flown professions of love, but on the rather disagreeable condition of submitting to a flagellation.

He is no sooner released from the stocks than he retires to rest. Soon after he rises to perform the penance prescribed by the widow, but certain scruples of conscience arise in his mind as to the propriety of submitting to the stipulated castigation. He consults Ralpho on the subject. The worthy "squire" is decidedly opposed to the flogging. He says:—

"Is't not enough, we're bruised and kicked
By sinful members of the wicked;
Our vessels that are sanctified
Profaned and curry'd back and side;

But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And heathen stripes by their example,
Which, were there nothing to forbid it,
Is impious because they did it."

Ralpho comes to the conclusion that, inasmuch as he and his master are saints, they are dispensed from the observance of the oath extorted from his master in extremity.

"But saints whom oaths or vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege;
Further, I mean, than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own;
For if the devil to serve his turn
Can tell truth; why the saints should scorn
When it serves theirs to swear and lie,
I think there's little reason why."

Sir Hudibras, however, is by no means satisfied with this sophistical defence of convenient perjury. But, still less is he satisfied with the prospective flagellation which he promised to inflict on himself. He is in a painful dilemma. What then is he to do? Whether 'tis better and nobler in the knight to flog, or to forswear himself, is the question which he is compelled to debate and determine one way or the other. In this perplexity he does what many another man before and since has done. He finds, or makes, a middle way of escape. He proposes a compromise. He agrees with Ralpho that self-inflicted torment is heathenish and sinful; but he is also convinced that false swearing is at least as sinful. He therefore suggests whipping by proxy, and appoints his faithful squire to be his substitute. But Ralpho "does not see it." So he declines the honour which his master proposes to thrust upon him.

Then ensues another argument between the redoubtable pair. Hudibras fails by fair words to convince Ralpho that the latter ought to take the flogging which the former had pledged to suffer in his proper person. The knight then resorts to threats, but the stalwart Ralpho defies the knight, and prepares to fight him. Hudibras is just as ready as his squire, but the dire combat is prevented from taking place by the approach of "the Skimmington," a ludicrous cavalcade or procession, in derision of a husband's suffering himself to be beaten by his wife. This mounted procession is thus described:

"First, he that led the cavalcate
Wore a low gelder's flagellate,
On which he blew as strong a levet
As well-fed lawyer on his brev'ate,
When over one another's heads
They charge three ranks at once like Sweads.
Next pans and kettles, of all keys,
From trebles down to double bass;
And after them, upon a nag
That might pass for a four-hand stag,
A cornet rode, and on his staff,
A smoke displayed did bravely wave;
Then bag-pipes, of the loudest drones,
With snuffling, broken-winded tones.
* * * * *
Next one upon a pair of panniers
* * * * *
Then, mounted on a horned horse
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
* * * * *
Next after, on a raw-boned steed
The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat displayed and rampant,
Near whom the Amazonian triumphant
Bestrid her beast * * *
Before the dame and round about
Marched whifflers and staffiers on foot,
With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages.

Alarmed at the sight of this grotesque and motley cavalcade, Hudibras and Ralpho agree upon a truce between themselves, and at the same time consent to oppose their united powers to the further progress of this loose and rather profane procession. First, however, Sir Hudibras resolves to try the effect of his eloquence upon the queer assemblage. But his speech only excites the scorn and laughter of the mob. Worse than this, the members of the "Skimmington" attack the knight and his companion with missiles. The worthy pair, finding that discretion is the better part of valour, treat the multitude of their foes to a running illustration of equine speed. In other words, they run away. Hudibras, however, consoles himself and his companion with a speech. He sets out for the widow, but is troubled with some doubts as to his reception. He resolves to consult a conjuror on the subject. We are thus introduced to Sidrophel, and a considerable part of the further "action" of the poem is taken up with the consultation and dispute between Hudibras and the conjuror. The parties fall out and fight, and Sidrophel and his man Whachum are both vanquished and soundly beaten. After encountering a vast variety of other wondrous and ludicrous adventures, the poem is brought to a close by Sir Hudibras's reception of a letter, in which, after being soundly rated for a coward, a hypocrite, a fool, and what not, he is scornfully rejected by the fair widow.

Such is a brief and meagre outline of a poem of which Voltaire declared that it contained more witty sayings than any book that he had ever read, and of which Dr. Johnson wrote, that "If inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure, no eye would ever leave half read the work of Butler, for what poet has ever brought so many remote images so happily together. It is scarcely possible to peruse a page without finding some association of images that was never found before. By the first paragraph, the reader is amazed, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more strained to astonishment; but astonishment is a toilsome pleasure, he is soon weary of wondering, and longs to be diverted."

In Hogarth's first illustration of this inimitable burlesque epic we see a medallion picture of Butler. Under the head the general design of the poem is represented, viz., Butler's genius in a car, and lashing round Mount Parnassus, in the persons of Hudibras and Ralpho, the reigning vices of his time, superstition, ignorance, cant, hypocrisy, and licentiousness.

HUDIBRAS.—PLATE II.—HUDIBRAS SALLYING FORTH.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE II.

HUDIBRAS SALLYING FORTH.

Horace Walpole, no mean judge, declared that Hogarth's "Hudibras" was the first of his works that marked him as a man above the common. Hogarth himself seems to have been of the same opinion; at all events, it is certain that he set a high value upon this particular product of his genius. He often lamented to his friends that he parted with his property in the prints of the large "Hudibras" without ever having an opportunity to improve them. They were purchased by Mr. Philip Overton, at the "Golden Buck," near St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street. They afterwards became the possession of Robert Sayer, Esq., and were, for some time, the property of his successors, Messrs. Laurie and Whittle. Allan Ramsay, the famous Scotch poet, of whose genius Hogarth was a great admirer, had the honour of the dedication of these prints. Ramsay subscribed for thirty sets of them. The number of subscribers altogether amounted to 192. The printed title to them was "Twelve excellent and most diverting prints, taken from the celebrated poem of 'Hudibras,' wrote by Mr. Samuel Butler, exposing the villany and hypocricy of the times. Invented and engraven on twelve copper plates by William Hogarth, and are humbly dedicated to William Ward, of Great Houghton, in Northamptonshire, and Mr. Allan Ramsay, of Edinburgh." They were first published in 1726.

Print second is Hudibras sallying forth. The knight is armed, and mounted on a somewhat sorry steed. The squire is mounted in a similar fashion. An ignorant rustic, with his haymaker's rake, seems as currying the fleshless horse of Ralpho. The old woman, who may be taken as the personification of the stolid fanaticsm of which the knight and squire are the self-appointed champions, points enviously, or, perhaps, meaningly, to the ale keg on the honest haymaker's shoulders. The dog, like his master, is a sad hypocrite. He pretends to rejoice at the expedition, but he is manifesty an ill-conditioned creature. He is only restrained from inserting his teeth in the horse's leg partly from fear, and partly from the conviction that there is nothing but skin and bone and gristle on which he can lay hold. Sir Hudibras himself is far from being a comely personage. He is quite as fat and unwieldy as Falstaff, without a spark of the wit, intelligence, and geniality which relieved the grossness of the immortal companion of Prince Hal, and wooer of the merry wives of Windsor. As for Squire Ralpho, there is a whole volume of meaning in his glum and starched countenance. One cannot help compassionating the poor starved horses, doomed to carry such masses of mingled ignorance, intole-rance, and sensuality. In the first impressions of this print the words "Hogarth inven et sculp" are omitted. The dog has two small spots on his hind-quarters. The light parts of the table are without lines. The tail of Ralpho's horse is lighter in its dark parts. The upper part of the rump is without lines. The shadows of the ground on Hudibras's horse's legs are much lighter. The chest and neck of the horse are without lines upon the light parts. The holster, in its light parts, are without lines. The saddle is without cross hatchings. The lower part of the road over which the dog is standing is without cross hatchings. We refer to these variations for the purpose of showing the painstaking and ever-growing and improving character of Hogarth's genius.

In order to show how truthfully the painter has interpreted the poet in the character of the knight, we transcribe Butler's delineation of Sir Hudibras:—

> "A knight he was whose very sight would
> Entitle him mirror of knighthood.
> That never bowed his stubborn knee
> To anything but chivalrie.
> * * * * *
> Chief of domestic knights and errant,
> Either for chartel or for warrant;
> Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
> That as well bind or as swaddle."

His brain and understanding, however, were by no means commensurate with the bigness of his person or the pompousness of his manner.

> "This made some take him for a tool
> That knaves do work with, called a fool."

But Sir Hudibras, though a fool, was a great logician.

> "He was in logic a great critic,
> Profoundly skilled in analytie;
> He could distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
> On either which he could dispute,
> Confute, change hands, and still confute.
> He'd undertake to prove by force
> Of argument a man's no horse;
> He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
> And that a lord may be an owl;
> A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
> And rooks committee-men or trustees."

He was, moreover, a mighty rhetorician.

> "For rhetoric he could not ope
> His mouth but out there flew a trope;
> And when he happened to break off
> I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
> He'd hard words ready to show why,
> And tell what rules he did it by."

His style was rather rich and varied, than harmonious or smooth.

"But when he pleased to show't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Bablyonish dialect,
Which learned pedants most affect
It was a parti-coloured dress—
O' patched and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd, promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one:
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.

He had divers other accomplishments as well.

In mathematics he was greater than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater.

"For he by geometric scale
Could take the size of pots of ale."

He was, moreover, a subtle casuist, and a most learned divine.

"He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve them in a trice,
As if divinity had catch'd
The itch on purpose to be scratched;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of faith are cured again,
Although by careful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind."

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE III.

FIRST ADVENTURE.

In the Second Print of these Hudibrastic illustrations we have seen the "Knight and his Squire Sallying Forth." In the same Number we gave a description of the personal appearance and manifold attainments of Sir Hudibras. His Squire Ralpho is quite as deserving of notice as his master. Here it may be observed, that Butler designed Sir Hudibras for a personification of the Presbyterianism of the period, and Ralpho for the Independents, to which persuasions, both as Churchman and Kingsman, the poet was invetcrately opposed.

"A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
That in the adventure went his half;
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so, if not plain Ralph."

His original profession was that of a tailor; but having, in a sudden and preternatural manner, become extremely learned in all sorts of dark and difficult matters, he abandoned his trade and became a preacher and propagandist of his own theological, political, and other opinions:—

"His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind;
And he another way came by't,
Some call it gifts, and some new light.
* * * * *
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle."

Ralpho was also a bit of a mystic, as well as a fanatic:—

"For mystic learning wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep sighted in intelliges,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of terra incognita,
Th' intelligible could say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learned as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renowned."

Thus attended, the valiant Sir Hudibras sallies forth and proceeds in quest of adventures which are to immortalize his name.

They are not far gone on their journey when they descry the mongrel and not over-reputable rabble led by Crowdero. We may here explain, that this is a nickname given to the Fiddler, taken from the instrument he used. Crowde was a slangish name for fiddle, and is said to be from the Welsh word *crwth*. It has been conjectured that the original Crowdero was one Jackson, a milliner or ladies' tailor, who lived in the New Exchange, Strand. He had lost a leg in the service of the Roundheads, and was reduced to the necessity of fiddling from one ale-house to another for his bread.

After Crowdero himself, one of the most notable personages in the motley procession is Orsin, the Bear ward or keeper:—

"——— brave Orsin, famous for
Wise conduct and success in war;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now marshal to the champion bear."

Orsin was a capital general,

"And knew when to engage his bear pell-mell,
And when to bring him off as well;
So lawyers, lest the bear, defendant,
And plaintiff, dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
To let them breathe awhile, and then
Cry whoop! and set them on again."

After Orsin, his charge, the Bear himself deserves to be introduced:—

"The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle *de la guerre*,
Of rough, impenetrable fur,
And in his nose, like Indian King,
He wore for ornament a ring."

Bruin was a Russian or Muscovite—or, according to some authorities—for, like other illustrious characters, the genealogists differed about his country and pedigree—a Don Cossack. Others, again, would have it that he was indebted to the Cossacks for nothing but his education. One thing, however, was quite certain—namely, that

"Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he served and fed on vermin;
And when these failed, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws."

After Orsin and Bruin—or, indeed, before them, if precedence were regulated by prominence—a worthy Butcher merits our attention. Hogarth has made the Butcher one of the most conspicuous personages in the Crowdero rabble. We know him from the professional apron, the striped waistcoat, the protuberant paunch, the uncommonly stout pair of legs by which his frame of portentous portliness is sus-

tained, and a wonderful blending of fleshiness, ferocity, and fear, which are in their way inimitable.

The Butcher is in the "Hudibras" called Talgol. Sir Roger L'Estrange tells us that he was a butcher in Newgate Market, who afterwards obtained a Captain's commission for his *rebellious* bravery at Naseby. This, of course, in Butler's estimation, was enough to condemn him, and to justify himself in making him ridiculous:—

"Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
And vanquished oftener than he fought
Inured to labour, sweat, and toil,
And like a champion shone with oil.
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless had made.
He many a boar and huge dun cow
Did, like another Guy,* o'erthrow;
But Guy, with him in fight compared,
Had like the boar or dun cow fared."

Talgol, the Butcher, had a dog which he backed in many a fight against the bear.

The next most remarkable character is Magnano, the Tinker, the beloved of Trulla, already referred to in the preceding Number. Cerdon, the upright and inspired Cobbler, is another important personage:—

"Feared he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote;
But preaching was his chiefest talent,
Or argument, in which being valiant,
He used to lay about, and stickle,
Like ram or bull at conventicle;
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from skulls."

Such are the principal personages in the profane multitude attacked by Sir Hudibras and his Squire Ralpho. The Knight, with his horse-pistol, is evidently more than a match for Crowdero and his friends, who have nothing more formidable than bludgeons to defend themselves, and their ancient privileges of drinking, dancing, bear-baiting, and vagabondising. Against the barbarous and cruel sport of bear-baiting the Puritans were the fierce and determined enemies. For their conduct in this matter, however, they have not received the credit to which, in our opinion, they are well entitled. True, it is generally conceded that the abolition of the savage pastime was in itself a good thing; but it is, at the same time, maintained that the good deed proceeded from an evil motive. Lord Macaulay, for example, has said that the Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. This evidently was the opinion of Butler, for he makes Ralpho argue against the sport, not on the ground of its cruel character and demoralizing tendency, but because

"It is an anti-Christian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name: the word, bear-baiting,
Is carnal, and of man's creating;
For certainly there's no such word
In all the Scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a sin," &c., &c.

* Guy, of Warwick.

The furious battle that ensued, the encounter of Sir Hudibras and Crowdero, is very minutely and humorously described by the poet. The balance of fortune varied frequently; for, though the knight and squire had the great advantage of fire and iron arms, their antagonists were bold of heart and stout of arm and cudgel. The butcher greatly distinguished himself; so, also, did Orsin and Cerdon; but, most of all, Magnano, who showed himself a splendid strategist; for, finding it otherwise impossible to vanquish Ralpho, he seized a bunch of thistles, cropped them from the root, and clapped them under the tail of the squire's horse. This was a liberty which

"The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince;

and ended by throwing Ralpho and his baggage from his back. Hudibras has a hard fight with Talgol, the Butcher, who approved himself a stout and valiant fighter. Victory at length, however, declares for the Knight and his Squire. True, the means by which it was achieved were none of the fairest. But never mind, a victory is a victory, however gained; and in this, as in all cases of a similar kind, it is

"Woe unto the vanquished."

Sir Hudibras made a very cruel use of his victory. The rabble were mercilessly routed. Poor Crowdero, the Fiddler, was placed in the stocks. Orsin, the Bear ward, is separated from his beloved Bruin, and not the least amusing portion of the poem is that in which he laments his loss, and implores his lost companion to return to him.

The poet, for this occasion only, has invented an accommodating Echo which replies to Orsin, and extracts some curious sounds from his final syllables.

"Quoth he, O whither, wicked *Bruin*
Art thou fled to my——Echo, ruin

"I thought th'hadst scorned to budge a step,
For fear——(quoth Echo) *marry Guep.*
To run from those th'hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? (Quoth Echo), *Mum!*
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me, too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou hadst no thought of me,
Nor what I have endured for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail,
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honour's cause (quoth she) a *pudding!*

But Orsin, and Bruin, and Crowdero, and Talgol, the Butcher, and the rest of the dispersed and ill-used rustics, are destined to enjoy a speedy vengeance over their ruthless enemy. This champion exists, able and willing to repay Sir Hudibras in his own coin. Trulla, the fair and frail, the beloved of the tinker and conjuror, Magnano, is present at this first fight, but takes no distinguished part in the fray. Her time for action has not yet come: when it does, woe to the now exultant and merciless Sir Hudibras.

HUDIBRAS.—PLATE IV.—HUDIBRAS CATECHISED.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE IV.

HUDIBRAS CATECHISED.

In this print we have Sir Hudibras cudgelled and catechised by the contrivance of the fair "widow" and the astrologer. He had been boasting of his courage to the widow, and in order to gain her good opinion he indulged in a long account of deeds of a most daring and heroic character, all of which he had achieved by his own prowess. She did not believe a word of his story. On the contrary, she knew quite well that he was only romancing, and, having but a very poor opinion of his courage, she resolved to frighten him. He is locked up in a room. A thundering knocking is heard at the gate; the Knight ensconces himself under a table; the gate is opened; the door of the room is forced, and there enter four persons, one masked as a pig, another as a horned demon or imp, a third as a boar, and the fourth, who is the master of the ceremonies, with a mask bearing some resemblance to the face of a bull-dog.

"Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they scorned to trade or barter
By giving or by taking quarter;
That stoutly on his quarters laid
Until his scouts came to his aid."

"Scouts," in this place, is a figurative expression for senses, for the valiant Sir Hudibras fainted away and became insensible, through fear of the ugly apparitions which burst into his room. He is not, however, left long in this condition. His tormentors know how to revive him, but, as mere cudgelling would not do, they twinged him by the ears and nose, and told him at the same time,—

"And if that would not do the deed,
They'd to burning with hot iron proceed."

So there was nothing left for Sir Hudibras but to come out of his fainting fit.

"No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd in a trice his cloven hoof,
And thus attacked him with reproof."

"Mortal," says the demon, "thou art betrayed to us." And he forthwith begins to upbraid him for breaches of faith, horrid perjuries, breaking a poor widow's heart by pretending to be desperately in love with her, whereas the only thing belonging to her that he cared for were her lands, her silver plate, and her rich jointures.

The bewildered Knight, being constrained thereto, quite candidly confesses to the catechising fiend that—

"It was the enchantment of her riches
That made him apply t' your crony witches."

That is, to the old friends and companions of the demons by whom he was being chastised, for Hudibras, in spite of his piety and alleged horror of diablerie, had recourse to some professors of the black art for the purpose of enabling him to make a favourable impression on the experienced heart of the jolly and well-dowered widow. The demon, as if shocked at this exposition of the Knight's sordid disposition, indignantly exclaims,—

"Did'st thou not love her, then?—speak true.
No more, quoth Hudibras, than I love you."

The elf proceeds with his catechism:—

"How would'st thou've used her and her money?"

Sir Hudibras replies:—

"First turned her up to alimony."

That is to say, turned her to grass to provide for herself, while—

"He would lay her dowry out in law
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put on purpose in the deed,
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover."

The infernal inquisitor is not yet done with his victim. The questioning demon is determined to sound the very bottom of the Knight's baseness. He asks:—

"What makes thee pick and choose her out?"

The candid Sir Hudibras replies:—

"That which make gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose."

The fact was, that Sir Hudibras thought the widow was a fool. He now confesses it, without having the least suspicion that the widow herself is close by and listener to the whole of his confessions, as well as a spectatress of his punishment and humiliation.

Among the many lying stories designed to set off his own valour which he told the widow, was one relating to a brilliant victory which he had gained over bears, and witches, and warlocks, and other dreadful beings. The demon takes him to task for this:—

"Why did'st thou forge those shameful lies,
Of bears and witches in disguise?"

The answer is copious as well as ingenious. He says:—

"That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers;
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believed by a very few,
Besides the danger and offence
The fatal enemy of sense."

The interrogating demon continues:—

"Why dost thou choose that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?"

"Because," answers the Knight,—

"It is the thrivingest calling,
The only saint's bell that rings all in;
In which all churches are concerned,
And is the easiest to be learned."

The catechism is too long to be quoted in its entirety; we, therefore, give only a few more questions and answers, as samples of the poet's trenchant satire.

The elf proceeds:—

"What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?"

Answer:—

"A livelihood."

"What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?"

Answer:—

"A good living."

"What makes rebelling against kings
A good old cause?"

The reply is:—

"Administerings."

That is, having the control of rich church livings, confiscated estates, and forfeited property of every description.

"What makes all doctrines plain and clear?"

The answer is easy and obvious:—

"About two hundred pounds a-year."

"And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again?"—"Two hundred more."

"What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?"—"Food and clothes."

"What makes a church a den of thieves?"
"A dean and chapter, and white sleeves."

"And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?"—"Our own."

At length, the tormenting fiends are satisfied, and the interrogating demon tells Sir Hudibras that—

"It is enough, quoth he, for once,
And has reprieved thy forfeit bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Though he gave his name to our Old Nick,
But was below the least of these,
That pass in the world for Holiness."

The demons depart, and the torch borne by the ugly-snouted goblin being gone, the Knight is left in darkness to await with what amount of composure is at his command, any further assaults which the powers of evil may choose to make upon him.

He has not had to wait long. A solemn voice proceeds from some invisible source. The voice rails at and rates him in good set terms. He is told that he ought to be ashamed of himself for his mean and hypocritical proceedings. He is advised to take warning from his present unfortunate and degrading position, or else that worse treatment is certainly in reserve for him.

Hudibras, who had all along believed himself to have been at the mercy of a pack of mocking fiends, concludes that the admonishing and upbraiding voice belongs to the sentinel, which he assumes the departed demons to have left in charge over him. He, therefore, deems it prudent to be polite in his replies. At last his deliverance is accomplished. He is roughly and unceremoniously dragged out of the room and the house by invisible hands, and once more mounted on his sorry steed, which, all the time that the knight had been beaten and questioned by his persecutors, had been—

"Tied to a pale, instead of rack,
But ne'er a saddle on his back,
Nor pistols at the saddle bow,
Conveyed away the Lord knows how."

But it is no time for ceremony, or for comfort either. The liberated knight is only too glad to get away from the region of imps and enchantments anyhow. So he mounts the "bare ridge" of his horse's back, and, in company with his faithful Squire, Ralpho, who had not been subjected to treatment quite so ignominious as that which befel his master, rides away with all the speed possible for their jaded and broken-winded horses.

In the first impressions of Hudibras catechised, there are no shadows in the ornaments above the press. The sole of the shoe of the man in the mask like a pig, is before the lines were made stronger. The shadows of Hudibras are much lighter, as is the ground under his body.

HUDIBRAS.—PLATE V.—HUDIBRAS VANQUISHED BY TRULLA.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE V.

HUDIBRAS VANQUISHED BY TRULLA.

Hudibras was quite elated with his victory over Crowdero.

"Having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop,
Thinking he had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the churches."

He, while in this mood, committed the rather too common mistake of holloaing before he was out of the wood, for the scattered rout return and rally. This time they are accompanied, and, in fact, commanded by the stout-hearted and brawny-limbed Trulla. Before, however, the valiant dame encounters the knight, she, in company with Cerdon the Cobbler, has the high gratification of rescuing and saving the life of poor Bruin, who having been surrounded, overmatched, overthrown, bitten, and worried, would have been inevitably killed, were it not for the timely arrival of the stalwart tinker's wench and her casual friend, the learned and worthy cobbler:

"'Shall we,' quoth she, 'stand still, hum-drum,
To see stout Bruin all alone,
By numbers basely overthrown?'"

The thing was not to be thought of. So the mastiffs are cudgelled and driven away, and the deliverance of the bear achieved. In the meantime, Orsin, the bear-ward, well-nigh distracted for the loss of his favourite, is in eager search of him.

Failing to discover Bruin, his grief turned to wrath. Hudibras was the cause of his great calamity, and therefore he vowed to take a deep and dreadful revenge on the intermeddling knight. He ultimately encounters the greater portion of the discomfited rabble, including the fierce Magnano, Talgol, the butcher, Cerdon, and Colon—warriors stout and resolute as ever fought—whom the furious Orsin thus addresses:

"'Shall we,' quoth he, 'thus basely brook
The vile affront that paltry ass
And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin
Ralpho, with vapouring and with huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if he had routed us in battle?'"

Orsin goes on in this style, haranguing his friends, and endeavouring to persuade them that they had not been vanquished in the late fight; that, in fact, it was Hudibras and Ralpho, not their noble selves, who had been defeated. To be sure, they had all run away; that there was no denying. But then, men run away sometimes for other reasons than being beaten in battle. For his own part, he protested that the cause of his rapid and apparently ignominious flight from the field of combat was not the fear of the superior prowess of Hudibras, or that more paltry ragamuffin, his squire, but the fear of losing his bear, who had taken it into his head to effect as rapid a retreat as he could.

Cerdon, the Cobbler, compliments "noble Orsin" on his eloquence and his valour. He, at the same time, consoles him by tidings of the wandering Bruin:

"'Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd, indeed, and wounded ver' ill.
Myself and Trulla made a shift,
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough.'"

This said, it was unanimously resolved that they should all march to the Castle, where Hudibras and Ralpho were reposing on their laurels, and challenge them to fight, in order that they might be revenged for their late disaster.

But Hudibras and Ralpho, though somewhat surprised, offer a tough resistance; and, aided by the confusion of the rabble, some of whom, from their ill-regulated fury, were more dangerous to their own friends than to the common enemy, they would, in all likelihood, have been a second time victorious, had it not been for the effective and quite unexpected interference of Trulla, who, thoroughly exasperated by seeing her dear Magnano prostrate and wounded, fiercely assaulted Sir Hudibras:

"Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charged him like lightning behind."

The knight, completely surprised and taken at a disadvantage, is dismounted; and now the valiant Amazon stands triumphant over the fallen foe, and thus dictates terms to him:

"'Yield, scoundrel base,' quoth she, 'or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty:
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And darest presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I'll waive my title to thy flesh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right;
And if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyself awhile,
And once more for that carcass vile,
Fight upon tick.'"

The knight is greatly struck with the magnanimity

of the offer, and does not hesitate to avail himself of it. Quoth Hudibras:

"'Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I will take thee at thy word.
First, let me rise, and take my sword—
That sword which hath so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds dispatcht,
Now with a feeble spinster matcht,
Will blush, with blood ignoble stained,
By which no honour's to be gained.'"

In this supercilious strain he talks to her, and advises her not to oppose herself to him—assures her that she is certain to be vanquished, and that he is precluded by the vows which he has taken from granting her quarter.

With a gesture which cannot be named, but which may be partially excused in a tinker's wench, Trulla, with an air of superb disdain, rejects his ridiculous offer:

"'I scorn,' quoth she, 'thou coxcomb silly,
Quarter or counsel from a foe.
If thou canst force me to it, do;
But lest it should again be said,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepared,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard!'"

A fierce combat immediately ensues, and Trulla, as previously foreshadowed, conquers the knight.

"She laid him flat upon his side,
And, mounting on his trunk astride,"

dictates fresh terms to him. These conditions imply absolute submission to her pleasure, the surrender of his arms, and his being placed in the "stocks," instead of Crowdero.

"This said, the knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet;
Next he disrobed his gabardine,
And with it did himself resign:
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said jesting,
'Take that, and wear it for my sake,'
Then threw it on his sturdy back."

Good, like bad news, speedily spreads. The other champions, formerly worsted by Sir Hudibras and destiny, were not long in hearing of Trulla's victory. They quickly return to the scene of their recent discomfiture, and would have taken severe vengeance on Hudibras;

"But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back again,
She brandisht o'er her head his sword,
And vowed they should not break her word:
She'd given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs, should make that quarter good."

Magnano, the tinker conjuror, Cerdon, the cobbler, Tolgal, the butcher, Colon, the hostler, Orsin, the bear-ward, and the rest of them, are all subdued, if not appalled, by the dauntless bearing of the victorious amazon. She is, in fact, supreme autocrat of the rustic crew—commander-in-chief of the rabble army—and is determined that discipline shall be maintained, and that her will shall be the sole law.

But Trulla is politic as well as imperious. Unlike some modern and more pretentious potentates that might be named, she will not stretch authority to the snapping-asunder point. She knows the art of compromise. She can conciliate as well as command To gain an ell she will concede an inch. To ensure the life of her captive, and prove the truth of her promise, she proposes to the clamorous ragamuffins who would take a mean advantage of the result of her single and unaided prowess, that Hudibras shall ransom and supply the place of the lamented and stockfast Crowdero:

"This stopped their fury, and the basting,
Which toward Hudibras was hasting."

The knight and squire are lifted from the ground, mounted upon their horses, but with their faces the wrong way, and with Trulla leading a triumphal procession, conducted to the enchanted Castle where stout Crowdero lay in durance vile.

As soon as they arrive, not a moment of time is lost in setting the fiddler at liberty, and in installing Hudibras in his place. Ralpho, also, is consigned to limbo:

"Where, leaving them in the wretched hole,
Their pangs and durance to condole,
Confined and conjured into narrow,
Enchanted mansion, to know sorrow."

In the same order and array in which they advanced, Trulla and her army marched away.

The incident chosen by Hogarth for illustration is when Hudibras, prostrate, is triumphantly bestrode by Trulla; and the returned rusties ask permission to give their vanquished enemy a taste of their cudgels. In the first impression, the arms and bosom of the lady are lighter than in the improved print. The stays do not conform so well to the shape of the bosom as we now see they do. The sign of the "Bell," and the cross timber on which it hangs, are not so vividly brought out as in the amended representation.

HUDIBRAS.—PLATE VI.—HUDIBRAS IN TRIBULATION.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE VI.

HUDIBRAS IN TRIBULATION.

Hudibras is now in great tribulation. The wicked have triumphed. Instead of receiving the applause of the whole world, as he expected, he is now the object of the jeers and scoffs of village rustics. Little boys gird at him, ancient crones grin at him, comely matrons smile at his doleful aspect and sorry plight, strapping village beaux join their sweethearts in extracting mirth from his miserable situation. The very fat old woman who sits upon the bench with her pitcher by her side is in danger of giving herself a fit of the colick from the hearty internal chuckle in which she indulges; and her deep glee at the knight's misfortunes is fully equalled by the broad-breasted and obese monk or merry-andrew—fat enough to be the chief of Bolton Priory—who hoists aloft upon a long pole the dilapidated hat which once did cover the honoured head of the now humbled Hudibras.

But the knight is a profound philosopher as well as a gallant warrior. He is an optimist in the stocks. He believes, or affects to believe, that every thing is for the best. Like that devoted follower, Mark Tapely, he is determined to be if not exactly jolly, at any rate dignified under adverse circumstances. He calls divine philosophy to his aid, and bids his disconsolate squire keep up his heart, and derive comfort from the fact, that though their legs are in the stocks, the mind cannot be laid up by the heels. He enlarges upon this theme, and says that:

"'Tho' we with blacks and blues are suggil'd,
Or as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd;
He that is valiant and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel,
Not to be forfeited in battel.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said,
To lie in honour's truckle bed.'"

Ralpho, however, being on this occasion of a more worldly turn of mind, cannot see things in the same cheering light. The squire is, in fact, in quite a despondent mood of mind.

"Quoth Ralpho, 'How great I do not know
We may, by being beaten, grow;
But none that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.'"

The squire is, indeed, quite ashamed of his situation, and blames his master for their present painful and ridiculous plight. He argues that Sir Hudibras ought to have been content with his victory over Crowdero, and not accepted the challenge of the defeated boors to engage in a second combat. From blaming Hudibras, the squire quite naturally glides into his habit of denouncing Presbyteries and Synods—the ecclesiastical courts of the denomination to which the knight belonged: for Ralpho, as an Anabaptistical Independent, hates Presbyterianism almost as heartily as he hates Roman Catholicism, and Church of Englandism. He almost in direct terms calls Sir Hudibras a confounded fool for his conduct in the matter:—

"'For who, without a cap and bauble,
Having subdued a bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off
Would put it to a second proof;
A politic exploit, right fit
For Presbyterian zeal and wit.'"

Then there ensues a long and learned debate—Hudibras taking the side of Presbyteries and Synods, Ralpho that of his sect. We can only give a few specimens of the arguments used. Ralpho contends that

"'Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
Where elders, deputies, churchwardens,
And other members of the court,
Manage the Babylonish sport.'"

He calls Synods "whelps of the Inquisition," "children of Moloch," "creatures of an amphibious nature," "beasts on land, fish in water," and a great many other names remarkable rather for hardness than for politeness.

"'Hold, hold,' quoth Hudibras, 'soft fire,
They say does make sweet malt. Good squire,
Festina lente, not too fast;
For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.'"

Hudibras then proceeds to prove that Synods are not bear-gardens, and that their members are not worse than bears.

"'Bears I avow
To be the worse, and Synods thou.
But to make good the assertion
Thou say'st, they are really *all one*.
If so, not worst; for if they are *idem*,
Why, then, *tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are *the same*, by course,
Neither is better, neither worse.
But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*,
I grant, but not rationalia:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific differences we find;
And can no more make bears of these,
Than prove my horse a Socrates.

That Synods are bear-gardens too,
Thou dost affrm, but I say No:
And thus I prove it in a word,
Whate'er assembly's not empower'd
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
Can be no Synod; but bear-garden
Has no such power, ergo, 'tis none,
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.'"

Ralpho replies by deprecating the employment of such hard words, and the use of such learned and far-fetched allusions.

"Quoth Ralpho, 'Nothing but the abuse
Of human learning you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art to encumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes light inactive, dull, and troubled
Like little David in Saul's doublet.'"

In looking at the Hudibras as a picture of the times of the great Civil War, as well as an unexampled treasury of witting sayings, quaint allusions, and ludicrous comparisons, it ought not to be forgotten that Butler was a keen, and in fact, a most unscrupulous partizan. As such he was much less anxious to give a true representation of his political and religious opponents, than to paint them in such a manner as to make them objects of public laughter, hatred, and contempt. The Presbyterians and Independents have (numbers being taken into account) vied with any Christian denomination that ever existed in the production of good and learned and pious men. But it is undoubtedly true, that at the time of the Hudibras, wild mysticism and ignorant fanaticism had attained to a pitch of well-nigh unexampled licentiousness. There were several sects who were the avowed enemies of every species of human learning. They relied for all guidance upon inspiration, or the "inner light" as some of them called it. As Dr. South has put it, "Latin unto them was a mortal crime, and Greek was looked upon as a sin against the Holy Ghost. All learning was then cried down; so that with them, the best preachers were such as could not read, and the ablest divines such as could not write. In all their preachments they so highly pretended to the spirit, that they hardly could spell the letter." Ralpho is Butler's personification of these votaries of universal ignorance. Hudibras, on the other hand, is designed to represent a sect which he could not charge with enmity to human learning; although, according to his view of the case, its members were open to the censure of subordinating knowledge, power, and religion itself, to carnal pleasures and sordid ambitions.

On the present occasion, the disputation of the worthy pair is brought to a close by Sir Hudibras, who finding the hopelessness of converting Ralpho to his own views, and knowing that he himself was quite impervious to any shafts contained in the logical quiver of the squire, recommending that they should hold both their tongues

"'And rest our weary'd bones awhile,
Already tired with other toil.'"

Ralpho consents, and the curtain drops over this scene of Sir Hudibras's great tribulation.

HUDIBRAS.—PLATE VII.—HUDIBRAS AND THE LAWYER.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE VII.

HUDIBRAS AND THE LAWYER.

We have already in this Hudibrastic Series seen how the Knight fell in love with the widow, or rather with the widow's lands, gold-plate, and furniture, and jointure—and we have also seen how he failed to persuade her that she ought to become Lady Hudibras. He, therefore, after duly and lengthily debating the matter with Ralpho, resolves to consult a lawyer, if not to bring against her an action for a breach of promise, to discover if some means could not be devised by which he could be made master of her possessions. Hudibras himself was by no means well inclined to resort to litigation, for he believed that there was nothing certain in law but the expense. At length, however, he makes up his mind to consult a lawyer, though at the same time he wished to make it appear that he entered on this course as the result of his own unaided reflections, and not in consequence of the suggestions or arguments of his squire.

Of the man of law selected by the Knight we have the following not over flattering character. After telling us that the learned gentleman was in the commission of the peace, the poet says that he was:—

"A lawyer fit for such a case,
An old dull sot who told the clock
For many years at Bridewell dock,
At Westminster and Hicks's Hall,
And, *hiccius doctius*, played in all.
Where in all Governments and times,
He 'ad been friend and foe to crimes,
And used two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring justice or maintaining.
To many a —— gave privilege,
And whipped for want of quarterage.
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For being behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Puddledock for want of money;
Engaged the constable to seize,
All those that would not break the peace.
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes Commoners, or Lords,
And kept them prisoners, of course,
For *being sober* at ill-hours,
That in the morning he might free
Or bind them over for his fee.

* * * * *

Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With the headborough and scavenger,
And made the dirt in the street compound
For taking up the public ground;
Let out the stocks and whipping-post
And cage to those who gave him most;
Imposed a tax on bakers' ears,
And for false weights on chandeliers;
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and constant friend,
To all that *regularly* offend;
As residentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive stolen goods,
That cheat in lawful mysteries;
And pay church duties and his fees;
But was implacable and awkward
To all who interloped and hawker'd."

Such was the respectable and learned man of the law to whom Sir Hudibras in his tribulations resorted for counsel and for comfort.

The Knight found the lawyer "mounted in his pew," in other words seated at his desk. On the table before him was money in gold and silver heaps.

Books also were scattered about the room, in addition to the goodly stock piled on the shelves of a tolerably ample bookcase. All these—the money and the books were mainly for show—to impose upon parties resorting to the learned counsel. They were, in fact, the nest-eggs which made clients lay down their money.

The Knight made a courtly bow, and took off his hat.

The lawyer returned the salutation, and requested his visitor to cover his head. Then they proceed to business. Sir Hudibras, like a skilful general, masks his approach. He does not manifest his real object until he has first ascertained the character and disposition of the man of law. He, therefore, pretends that the subject on which he came to consult the lawyer is not about a love affair, but about the battles, the interviews, and the impositions which took place between himself and Sidrophel, the Astrologer.

"There is," quoth Hudibras, "one Sidrophel, whom I have cudgelled!"

"Very well," replied the lawyer.

"But," continues the Knight, "he brags that he has beaten me."

"Better and better still," rejoined the man of law.

"And now," resumes the Knight, "this same Sidrophel, vows that he will stick me to a wall wherever he meets me."

"That's best of all," returned the lawyer, rubbing his hands in a fit of fervid delight.

"True," continued Sir Hudibras, "the knave swears that I have robbed him."

"Well done, I am truly delighted to hear it," exclaimed the legal comforter.

"At the same time," interposed Hudibras, "Sidrophel confesses that he stole my cloak, and picked my pocket; and that, I ought to have told you, was the reason why I thrashed him."

"Marry, hang him, and serve him right, too," was

the profound observation of the respectable counsel unlearned in the law.

"Now," said the Knight, "the point is this: I have a case for an action against *him*, while he has a case for an action against *me;* the question is, therefore, whether it is not best for me that I should be beforehand with him, and swear that he robbed me?"

"I understand," said the lawyer.

"Or, what think you," suggested the Knight, "of an action of conversion and trover for my goods?"

"Good," said the lawyer; "I see that he is a regular villain."

"So," continued the ingenious Hudibras, "as to prevent what he designs to do, and thus get the start of him."

"A capital idea," replied the lawyer.

"Then," said the crafty Knight, just as he were mentioning a trifling and simply incidental circumstance instead of the essential part of his business, "there is a lady."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the legal gentleman, as in a transport of admiration.

"I did not say that," retorted Hudibras.

"I mean," interposed the lawyer, "that the *case*, not the lady, is beautiful. The introduction of a woman into a plaint, no matter how old or ugly she may be, always improves it. It is adding a new interest to the case, and makes the original confusion worse confounded."

"I understand you," quoth the Knight; "but this lady that I refer to is a widow."

"Better and better!" exclaimed the man of law. "Nothing like widows for litigation purposes. But what about this widow?"

"What about her, indeed?" ejaculated the Knight. "What but that by the most solemn vows she contracted to become my wife. But instead of keeping her word, she combined with and suborned the aforesaid accursed Sidrophel to tamper with the Prince of Fiends to put me into horrid fear—fear of my life."

"Make that appear," quoth the lawyer. "What did they really do to you?"

They assaulted my person with fiends, and with men worse than fiends. For a whole night they subjected me to false imprisonment. They robbed me of my horse and saddle, and in the morning made me mount upon the bare ridge of his back, to avoid still more abominable treatment."

The lawyer very heartily congratulates Sir Hudibras:—

> "'Sir,' quoth the lawyer, 'not to flatter ye,
> You have as good and fair a battery
> As heart can wish, and need not shame
> The proudest man alive to claim;
> For if they have used you as you say,
> Marry quoth I, God give you joy;
> I would it were my case, I'd give
> More than I say, or you'll believe;
> I would trounce her and her purse;
> I'd make her kneel for better or worse,
> For matrimony and hanging here
> Both go by destiny so clear——'"

that, according to this learned gentleman, that no reasonable person can have any doubt on the subject. After a great deal of further parleying, the lawyer discovers that Sir Hudibras has not got such a strong case against the widow as the Knight said he had. The man of quirks and quibbles, therefore, advises his client to indite a letter to the lady, to see if he could not coax or terrify her into becoming his wife; or, failing in that, entrap her into such an unmistakable promise, or admission of a former promise, that an action at law might lie upon it.

Sir Hudibras approves of the advice, and forthwith proceeds to write an "Heroical Epistle" to the lady of his heart. This letter is full of the sort of learning and logic for which Hudibras is so celebrated. In this most erudite and ingenious document, he comes out very strong upon the delicate subject of marriage settlements, to which he is most decidedly opposed. These devices are, in his opinion, sources of innumerable evils, and the absence of such costly and unnatural contrivances, the cause of countless blessings. He calls to her mind divers cases of Heathen and Mythological marriages, where the parties did not stand upon such ceremonies. He, in particular, instances the Roman rape of the Sabine virgins, of which transaction he avows himself a profound admirer, and to which event he attributes the subsequent glory and world-wide empire to which the Romans had attained.

> "When men upon their spouses seized,
> And freely married where they pleased.
> They ne'er forswore themselves, nor lied,
> Nor in the mind they were in died;
> Nor took the pains to address and sue,
> Nor play'd the masquerade to woo.
> Disdained to stay for friends' consents,
> Nor juggled about settlements;
> Did need no licence from the priest,
> Nor friends nor kindred to assist;
> Nor lawyers to join land and money,
> In the holy state of matrimony,
> Before they settled hands and hearts
> 'Till alimony or death parts;
> Nor would endure to stay until
> They had got the very bride's good will,
> But took a wise and shorter course
> To win the ladies—down right force."

But it is of no use. Sir Hudibras pleads and argues and sophisticates in vain. The widow is far too experienced a bird to be caught by such chaff. She replies to the "heroical epistle" by another letter full of bitter and scornful reproaches. She says:—

> "That you're a beast, and turned to grass,
> Is no strange news, nor ever was,
> At least to me, who once, you know,
> Did from the pond replevin you,
> When both your sword and spurs were won
> In combat by an amazon;
> That sword that did, like Fate, determine
> The inevitable death of vermin,
> And never dealt its furious blows,
> But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
> By Trulla was in single fight
> Disarmed, and wrested from its Knight." &c.

In this strain she goes on, and concludes by letting Sir Hudibras understand that she looks upon him as a most paltry and contemptible fellow, unworthy of the hand of any woman. So the Knight caught nothing but disappointment by his long and learned confabulation with the lawyer.

HUDIBRAS.—PLATE VIII.—HUDIBRAS CONSULTING SIDROPHEL.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE VIII.

HUDIBRAS CONSULTING SIDROPHEL.

This is the most striking, if not the best of Hogarth's illustrations of the "Hudibras." The scene is the interior of the astrologer's study or laboratory; and certainly it would be difficult to supply him with a better stock in trade than that with which Hogarth has furnished the apartment, which answers the double purpose of a working and receiving room. Sidrophel was both a solemn and a shallow charlatan. Everything we see in his room bespeaks the character no less than the craft of the trafficker in the ignorance and credulity of his fellow-creatures. The two globes, terrestrial and celestial; the spread scroll, with its cabalistical signs; the stuffed crocodile; the swordfish; the tortoise; the bat; the frog; the snake; the lizards; the grinning skeleton with the owl on its shoulder; the still-born babe preserved in spirits; the telescope; the lantern; the Rosicrucian cross; the cat, alarmed and electrified; everything in short contained within the wizard's den, which is luridly illuminated by the burning lamp which is suspended from the crocodile, which seems to be the presiding genius of the place, proclaims Sidrophel a knave and fool, who though asserting an empire over the minds of the populace, is himself liable to become the dupe of the grossest delusion and the most vulgar trickster.

It will be remembered that Sir Hudibras, having previously consulted Ralpho, resolved to consult Sidrophel on his memorable love affair with the widow. Sidrophel observed the Knight approaching, and sent his man Whacum out to "pump" Ralpho, so as to be able to astonish Hudibras, by telling what his business was before the knight had disburdened himself of it. This task Whacum accomplished in a perfectly successful manner, so that Sidrophel is quite prepared to give a suitable reception to the Knight.

Hudibras in the first very politely apologizes for his abrupt appearance before the conjurer. He hopes, however, that his unannounced arrival does not incommode the astrologer.

"Not in the least," replies Sidrophel.

> "'The stars your coming did foretel;
> I did expect you here, and knew,
> Before you spake, your business, too.'
> Quoth Hudibras, 'Make that appear.'"

Quoth Sidrophel, "You are in love, sir, with a widow."

> "Quoth Hudibras, 'You're in the right,
> But how the devil you came by't
> I can't imagine; for the stars,
> I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse.'"

Then ensues a long and learned discussion between Sidrophel and Sir Hudibras. The disputants gradually warm in their arguments, and end with becoming downright abusive and vituperative of each other. Moral force having failed, recourse is had to physical force. Ralpho, as we may learn from the print, shirks the combat; but Hudibras, with his drawn sword, proves himself more than a match for both Sidrophel and Whacum.

Of the pursuits and character of Sidrophel we have the following graphic account from the poet:—

> "He deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
> And sage opinions of the moon sells,
> To whom all people far and near,
> On deep importances repair;
> With brass and pewter hap to stray,
> And linen slinks out o' the way;
> When geese and pullen are sedueed,
> And sows of sueking pigs are chows'd;
> With cattle feel indisposition,
> And need the opinion of physieian;
> When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep;
> And ehiekens languish of the pip;
> When yeast and outward means do fail,
> And have no power to work on ale,
> When butter does refuse to come,
> And love proves eross and humoursome."

To him, with questions, and with other things as well, people were in the habit of resorting, for cure of their afflicted flocks, or the recovery of their lost goods.

So much for the profession of Sidrophel His acquirements were equal to it, for—

> "He had been long towards mathematics,
> Opties, philosophy, and statics,
> Magic, horroseopy, astrology,
> And was an old dog at physiology,"

But, despite his various acquirements, he was sometimes imposed on and baffled by exceedingly simple and common things. Thus, one night, a boy let fly a kite, to the end of the train of which a paper lantern, lighted, was attached. Sidrophel, looking out of his observatory, saw it, and was completely puzzled to determine whether the fiery vision was a new star, planet, or comet.

> "'Bless us,' quoth he, 'what dreadful wonder
> Is that appears is heaven yonder?
> A eomet—and without a beard!
> Or star that ne'er before appeared.
> I'm eertain tis not in the scrowl
> Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
> With which, like Indian plantations,
> The learned stock the constellations.'"

He points his telescope to the perplexing phenomenon, and once more he exclaims, "Bless us! it is a planet now I see."

"'And if I err not, by this proper
Figure, that's like tobacco stopper,
It should be Saturn.'"

He also conjectured that it might be a cannon ball that, shot in the point blank upright—

"'Was borne to that prodigious height,
That learned philosophers maintain
It ne'er came backwards down again.
But in the airy regions yet
Hangs like the body of Mahomet.'" *

Whacum, Sidrophel's man, was a servant worthy of such a master.

Butler thus describes the miserable Quack's drudge:—

"A paltry wretch he had half starved
That him in place of zany served.
Hight Whacum bred to dash and draw
Not wine, but more unwholesome law;
To make 'twixt word and line huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To squander paper, and spare ink,
To cheat men of their words, men think."

From this we learn that Whacum's original occupation was that of an attorney's clerk. From this honourable, but comparatively humble position, he rose to be—

"An under conjuror,
Or journeyman astrologer."

To Sidrophel he acted in a capacity analogous to that which the jackal is alleged to hold in relation to the lion.

"His business was to pump and wheedle,
And men *with their own keys* unriddle;
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry intelligence,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all discoveries dispense
Among the whole pack of conjurors." &c., &c.

Whacum had other accomplishments and avocations. He was a literary gentleman, and even a poet, or, at least, a poetaster of the first class

"Besides all this he served his master
In quality of poetaster;
And rhymes appropriate could make
To every month i' the almanack;
What terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel;
When the exchequer opes and shuts,
And sow-gelder with safety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temperate if they will;
When use and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice."

Whacum and Sidrophel had been old friends, and were, at the time of Sir Hudibras, resident in the same house.

"These two together long had lived
In mansion prudently contrived,
Where neither tree nor house could bar
The free detection of a star,
And nigh an ancient obelisk
Was raised by him, found out of Fisk, *
On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare, pithy saws concerning
The worth of astrologic learning."

From this observatory Sidrophel observed Sir Hudibras and Ralpho approaching:—

"'Whacum,' quoth he, 'look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come.
The one's the learned Knight; seek out
And pump 'em what they come about.'"

With what success Whacum performed his task—how Ralpho unwittingly told the object of their visit—how Sidrophel and Sir Hudibras conferred, argued, quarrelled, and fought, and what became of their consultation, has already been related.

* That the body of Mahomet, inclosed in an iron chest, was suspended in air between two loadstones was, for a long time, believed by Christians. Better information has shown that there was no foundation for such a belief.

* A famous astrologer of a former age, and who is celebrated by Ben Jonson.

HUDIBRAS.—PLATE IX.—THE COMMITTEE.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE IX.

THE COMMITTEE.

In this print we have a number of Puritan or Covenanting Divines sitting in committee. They are obviously considering the best means of enforcing the principles of the "Solemn League and Covenant." This famous document originated in Scotland. It was an agreement between the Scottish nobility (or at least the Protestant portion there), clergy and people, to uphold their civil liberties and form of worship against the opposition of the King.

Its immediate origin may be attributed to an old woman in Edinburgh, who rendered herself immortal by the following circumstance:—

Charles I, as is well known, was most anxious to have the Prelatic, or Church of England, established in Scotland, instead of the Presbyterian system, which the great majority of the people had adopted. In order to this, the Dean of Edinburgh was ordered to read the Episcopalian service in the High Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, on the 23rd of July, 1637.

The experiment was a most unfortunate one for the King; and, indeed, it may be said to have proved fatal to himself as well as to the sovereignty of the male or elder branch of the Stuart dynasty.

The announcement of the proposed innovation caused a numerous concourse of persons, most of whom were sternly hostile to the Prelatic form of church government, to assemble in the High Church. Some strong manifestation against the service was expected, but it is probable that the result far surpassed the expectation of the most inveterately opposed to the royal injunction.

As the reader of the prayers announced the Collect for the day, an old woman, named Jenny Geddes, who kept a green-stall in the High Street, bawled out, "The deil colick in the waine of thee, thou false thief! Dost thou say the mass at my lug?"

With that she flung at the dean's head the stool upon which she had been sitting, and a dreadful tumult instantly arose. The women of lower condition—instigated, it is said, by their superiors—flew at the dean, tore the surplice from his shoulders, and drove him out of the church. The Bishop of Edinburgh then mounted the pulpit, but he fared not a bit better than the dean. He was instantly assailed with a variety of missiles, and with vehement exclamations of, "A Pope! a Pope! Anti-Christ! Pull him doon! Stone him to death!" While this was proceeding in the interior of the church, the windows were broken by stones thrown by a disorderly multitude from without. When the bishop left the church he was assaulted in the street, and badly used by the mob. Indeed, it is probable that he would have been torn or trampled to death, if Lord Roxburgh had not pulled him into his carriage and driven him home, surrounded by his retainers with drawn swords.

This tumult, which has a good deal of the ludicrous in its details, was the signal for a general resistance to the reception of the Service Book throughout the whole country. The King was deeply incensed when the news of this Edinburgh riot reached him. He swore that the disturbers would be severely punished, and that the obnoxious service would be forced down the throats of the Scottish people. To resist these, and other arbitrary measures, the monarch, the peers, the clergy, and people of Scotland, as aforesaid, entered into an engagement which they called the "National Covenant," as resembling those covenants in the Old Testament, by which the Hebrew people frequently bound themselves.

This covenant soon extended to England, where Charles I had foes more numerous, powerful, and implacable than those of his native land.

Here, then, we have the cause of Butler's dislike of the "Covenant," "Covenanters," "Puritans," and the "Assemblies," "Synods," "Presbyteries," "Conventions," "Committees," or whatever the name might be of those meetings and councils which had resistance to the King or opposition to the form of religion patronized by him, for their object.

The poet attributes all sorts of absurd and ridiculous doctrines and practices to the votaries of the Covenant. Thus they are charged with having subsidized Sidrophel to prophecy disasters to the royal cause, and thus discourage the credulous and superstitious masses from arraying themselves on the side of the hard-pressed monarch:—Quoth Ralpho,

> "Did not our great Reformers use
> This Sidrophel to forebode news;
> To write of victories next year,
> And castles taken yet i' the air?
> Of battles fought at sea, and ships
> Sunk two years hence? The last eclipse?
> A total o'erthrow giv'n the King
> In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
> And has he not, point blank, foretold
> Whate'er the close committee would?
> Made Mars and Saturn for the "cause,"
> The Moon for "fundamental laws;"
> The Ram, the Bull, the Goat, declare
> Against the Book of Common Prayer?
> The Scorpion take the protestation,
> The Bear engage for Reformation?
> Made all the royal stars recant,
> Compound, and take the Covenant?"

The poet had some historical facts for the basis of this charge. Lily, the astrologer, had been employed to

foretel victories on the Parliament side, and was well paid for his services. Lily himself tells us how, on one occasion, he predicted a victory for the King, about June, 1645, which, unluckily for the prophet, proved to be the time of the total defeat of the royal army at Naseby. He boasts that during Cromwell's campaign in Scotland, just on the eve of battle, an English soldier encourages his comrades by reading the month's predictions of victories to them out of "Anglicus," the literary organ of the astrologer.

In the March of the year 1652, there was an eclipse of the sun, by means of which this artful impostor contrived to frighten a good many people. The truth is, however, that both parties were equally open to the charge of having played upon the ignorance and superstitious feelings of the masses, by means of astrologers and other charlatans.

Hogarth sympathized with Butler in his estimate of the Puritans, and in the print of the "Committee" he has completely conformed to the Cavalier or Royalist notion of the character of the "Puritans" and "Covenanters." Hypocrisy, fanaticism, ignorance or intolerance is manifested in every face, and in some of them all these vices are blended and pourtrayed. It will be noticed that the person sitting in the chair at one of the ends of the table has his gloves on his head. This whimsical custom, we are told, prevailed among the sanctified fraternity, but the reason why has not yet been ascertained. A respectable divine of the early part of this century has stated that the custom was not confined to the Puritans, for he states that he frequently heard his father declare, that in his younger days it was quite a common custom to place the gloves on the head in church in cold weather.

It ought not to be forgotten the Hudibrastic and Hogarthian conception of the austerities and absurdities of the Roundheads and Presbyterians are greatly exaggerated. This is especially the case with regard to the Puritan women. Many of them were, instead of being a set of gloomy bigots, waging war with all the elegancies and gaieties of life, ladies of noble birth and of a fashionable education. They were, however, exceedingly zealous for what they considered the "good cause." At one time they might be found engaged in converting their husbands to Anabaptism, and at another time instructing their children in music and dancing. There were also among the Puritanic part, valiant Presbyterian colonels refuting the errors of Arminius, collecting pictures, and practising with great applause on the violin. Among them were stout squires, great at prayer, and quite as great at quaffing October ale with their godly tenants; and noble lords who would in the evening dispute with their chaplains on points of theology, and in the morning take their reverend antagonists to follow the hounds. There were, however, and always will be, bad men belonging to all parties; and it may be therefore admitted, without any disparagement of the political or religious opinions of the Puritans, that there were some amongst them who, in the poet's words, were,

"Whelps of the Inquisition,
Or a mongrel breed of like perdition,
Who, growing up, became the sires
Of scribes, commissioners, and triers;
Whose business was, by common slight,
To cast a figure for men's light;
To find in lines of beard and face,
The physiognomy of grace;
And by the sound and twang of nose,
The inward state of man disclose."

HUDIBRAS.—PLATE X.—HUDIBRAS TRIUMPHANT.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE X.

HUDIBRAS TRIUMPHANT.

In this picture we have represented the first, and with the exception of his victory over the wretched Sidrophel, and the still more wretched Whacum, the sole triumph of our puritanical knight errant and his worthy squire. In a previous number of this Series we described Sir Hudibras's encounter with, and victory over, the ragged and picturesque rabblement, led by Crowdero. We now behold how our hero bore himself after his triumph. Butler took the idea of his mock epic from Cervantes' immortal work. Sir Hudibras and Squire Ralpho are a very broad travesty of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. But Sir Hudibras is in every moral quality the very opposite of the truly chivalrous, though mad, Spanish Don. The hero of Cervantes was generous and magnanimous to a fault. Sir Hudibras, on the other hand, was mean, cruel, treacherous, and selfish to the highest possible degree. He was utterly incapable of showing mercy to a vanquished enemy. So, when the fortune of war placed the gallant and maimed fiddler in his power, he led his captive through every possible circumstance of ignominy to the severest punishment which he durst inflict on him. As a justice of the peace, he had the power to put Crowdero in the stocks as a "rogue and vagabond." This he resolved to do. But for the more cool and polite Ralpho, Sir Hudibras, in his rage, would have put the unfortunate fiddler to death. Hudibras, who had fallen from his horse, and fainted through sheer terror, was brought back to consciousness by Ralpho, who tweaked his master's nose. The knight opened his eyes and looked around him in amazement. Ralpho told him that the enemy had fled.

> "All, save Crowdero, for whose sake,
> You did the espoused cause undertake;
> And he lies prisoner at your feet,
> To be disposed as you think meet;
> Either for life, or death, or sale,
> The gallows, or perpetual jail;
> For one wink of your powerful eye
> Must sentence him to live or die."

In saying this, however, Ralpho was guilty of gross exaggeration. Sir Hudibras had no such power, and the squire was well aware that he had not; but having an object to gain, he resorted to the expediency of playing upon the vanity of the knight. Sir Hudibras, however, being in a rage, and, like all cowards, ready to take the utmost advantage of the foe whom chance, not his own prowess, placed in his power, was disposed to take the flattery of the squire in a perfectly literal sense:—

> "He stared about, and seeing none
> Of all his foes remain but one,
> He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
> And from the ground began to rear him;
> Vowing to make Crowdero pay
> For all the rest that ran away."

This alarmed the squire. He dreaded the legal consequences to himself and his master, if the life of the fiddler should be taken. He therefore tried back:—

> "But, Ralpho, now in colder blood,
> His fury mildly thus withstood:—
> 'Great, sir,' quoth he, 'your mighty spirit
> Is raised too high. This slave does merit
> To be the hangman's business, sooner
> Than from your hand to have the honour
> Of his destruction. I that am
> A nothingness in deed and name,
> Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcass,
> Or ill entreat his fiddle or ease:
> Will you, great sir, that glory blot
> In cold blood which you gained in hot?
> Will you employ your conquer'ng sword,
> To break a fiddle and your word?
> For though I fought and overcame,
> And quarter gave, 'twas in your name;
> For great commanders always own
> *What's prosperous* by the soldier done.'"

The knight, with all his faults, was open to conviction, more especially when conviction was not only convenient and profitable, but absolutely necessary for escape from a public and shameful punishment. Sir Hudibras, therefore, reconsidered the subject.

> "This said, the high outrageous mettle
> Of knight began to cool and settle.
> He liked the squire's advice, and soon
> Resolved to see the business done."

That is to say, Sir Hudibras, for the time being deferred to the better judgment of Ralpho. Crowdero could not safely be killed, or even wounded when he was a captive. Ralpho

> "Was therefore charged first to bind
> Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
> And to its former place and use
> The *wooden member to reduce.*"

That is to say, Ralpho was charged with the task of getting the fiddler's wooden leg to take an oath never to bear arms against the cause of the Solemn League and Covenant.

Ralpho, with all the zeal of a good and skilful squire, readily undertook the task.

> "Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
> And having tied Crowdero fast,

He gave the knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword,"

in triumph.

This is the position in which Hogarth thought fit to delineate the knight and his captive. Sir Hudibras we see mounted on his steed, leading Crowdero, whose hands are tied behind his body by a rope. There the poor fiddler is bound,

"And towed, if he lagged behind,
Like boat against the tide and wind."

Before marches, or rather rides, Ralpho on his "nut-brown whinyard," bearing the trophy fiddle and the case leaning on his shoulder like a mace.

"Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite through the town they'd gone."

At the further end of the town there stood an ancient castle, which commanded the whole place and a large portion of the adjacent country. This castle was built in a very peculiar manner. Not a single stone or brick was to be found in its walls. It was entirely constructed of wood, rendered impregnable by the powerful spell of magic. It had neither iron bar nor iron grate. It was also an exceedingly small castle. Its dungeon, which was strong enough to hold the most powerful men in "durance vile," was scarce three inches in width. The roof was so low that under it the imprisoned persons could not stand upright; so that they were compelled either to sit or lie down during the period of their confinement. Not to keep the reader any longer in suspense about the nature of this prison, we beg leave to inform him that by this castle, which commanded the town and neighbourhood, Butler meant the "stocks"—the poet's allegorical description of which we have thus far paraphrased. The stocks are graphically depicted in the accompanying illustration. Into this prison poor Crowdero is forced by his merciless foe. First, however, the exultant Hudibras bids Ralpho hang up the fiddle and its case on the top of the perpendicular plank, to which the feet-grasping part of the "stocks" are attached.

"That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat;
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And *the survivor of his feet;*
But the other, that had *broke the peace,*
And head of knighthood, they release,
Though a delinquent false and forged,
Yet being a stranger is enlarged,
While his comrade that did no hurt,
Is capp'd up fast in prison fort:
So, justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes."

In other words, Crowdero's wooden-leg, though in the fight a very offensive weapon, he having kicked and broken Sir Hudibras' head with it, is not put in the stocks, whereas the natural leg, which was quite innocent of any offence, was subjected to a painful and ignominious incarceration. Thus the innocent is punished while the guilty is allowed to go scot free.

HUDIBRAS.—PLATE XI.—BURNING THE RUMPS.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE XI.

BURNING THE RUMPS.

The "Hudibras" is mainly made up of episodes and long, and sooth to say, though always witty, frequently tedious discussions and debates between the Knight and Squire themselves, or else between one of these worthies and some other character. In addition to these, we have almost the whole of the second canto of the third part of the poem devoted to an animated but rather too long-winded debate between the advocate of Presbyterianism on the one side, and the champion of Independency on the other. The discussion is interrupted by a dreadful shout heard at a distance. This shout proceeded from—

"That beastly rabble, that came down
From all the garrets in the town;
And stalls and shopboards in vast swarms,
With new chalked bills and rusty arms,
To cry the cause up heretofore,
And bawl the bishops out of door,
Are now drawn up in greater shoals,
To roast and broil us on the coals;
And all the grandees of our members
Are carbonading on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses
Held forth by RUMPS of pigs and geese
To serve for characters and badges,
To represent their personages."

Of this curious custom of "Burning the Rumps" at Temple Bar, and other parts of the City, we have the following description from Mr. Samuel Pepys, Charles II's secretary to the Admiralty. Mr. Pepys was going through the streets at the time, and he thus records his impression of what he saw:—

"In Cheapside there were a great many bone fires, and *Bow Bells* and all the bells in the churches as we went home were a ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being then ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen! The number of bonfires—there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and at Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge *. I could tell at one time thirty-one fires. In King Street seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking of rumps. There being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the Maypoles in the Strand rang a merry peal upon their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied to it, and another basting of it. Indeed, it was past imagination both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the other side."

By the destruction of "rumps" Butler meant to signify the destruction of the Rump Parliament, the members of which by this time were extremely obnoxious to the great majority of the people.

The Rump Parliament, properly so called, began at "Pride's Purge," a short time before the execution of Charles I. The Presbyterian members, being opposed to the policy of Cromwell, that resolute personage made up his mind to get rid of them. With this view Colonel Pride was instructed how to proceed; so that officer drew up a list of the members whom Cromwell most disliked, and having stationed a portion of his troops in the Court of Requests, and upon the stairs and in the lobby of the House of Commons; as the members were going into the house, the Colonel having a paper of names in his hand, and one of the door-keepers, and sometimes Lord Grey of Groby, standing by him to inform him who the members were, he seized upon such as had their names in the list, and sent them away prisoners, some to the Queen's Court and Court of Wards, and some to other places, by special order from the general and council of the army. Forty-one leading Presbyterians were thus seized; and Pride continued his "purge" on the following day. To avoid this treatment, not a few of the members fled to the country or hid themselves in the City, so that all that were left in the House of Commons were some fifty Independents, who were called the "Rump," and who were the mere tools of the victorious and irresistible Cromwell.

This Rump Parliament became exceedingly unpopular, and after the death of Cromwell it fell into general contempt. The great dictator, soon after the death of the king, and having no further use even for the semblance of "constitutional" means for the accomplishment of his projects, sent the degraded "Rump" about its business.

After Cromwell's death, however, and the abdication of his son Richard, the Rump Parliament was restored by Lambert, and other officers of the army, on May 7th, 1659. The number of members thus assembled amounted to about forty-two—those expelled by Pride's "purge" not being allowed to sit. Lambert, however, and his accomplices soon got tired of the "Rump," which was once more dismissed by those by whom it was summoned. At length, by means of General Monk, about eighty of the old members, who had been expelled by Colonel Pride,

* In Pepys' time a bridge spanned the Strand, close to the east end of Catherine Street, where a small stream run down from the fields into the Thames, near Somerset House.

resumed their places in the House of Commons, and most of the "Rumpers" quitted their seats.

Butler in his "Genuine Remains" says "nothing can bear a nearer resemblance to the luz, or rump-bone of the ancient Rabbins, than the present Parliament that has been so many years dead and rotten underground to any man's thinking, that the ghosts of some of the members thereof have transmigrated into other parliaments, and some into those parts from which there is no redemption, should, nevertheless, at two several and respective resurrections, start up like the dragon's teeth that were sown, into living, natural, and carnal members. And hence it is, I suppose, that the physicians and anatomists call this bone—that is the rump, *os sacrum*, or the holy bone."

"The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write there's a bone they call lues.

* * * * *

Of such a virtue
No force of nature can do hurt to.

* * * * *

Then what can better represent,
Than this rump bone the parliament?
That after several rude ejections,
And as prodigious insurrections,
With new reversions of nine lives,
Start up and like a cat revives?"

General Monk and the "Restoration," however, proved too strong even for the uncommonly tough vitality of the "Rump Parliament."

"But now, alas, they're all expired,
And the house as well as members fired,
Consumed in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out;
Condemned to ungoverning distress,
And paltry, private wretchedness;
Worse than the devil in privation,
Beyond all hopes of restoration.
And parted, like the body and soul,
From all dominion and control."

By this Butler intimates, that the common people or rabblement, as he considered them, turned round upon the Rump Parliament, and the Republicans, who formerly made use of the same rabblement to put down the Monarchy and the Established Church. By and bye, the "rump burners" of Temple Bar proceeded westwards towards Whitehall and St. Stephen's. The noise of this grotesque and unruly procession alarmed the Caballers of the Parliament, and induced them to make a precipitate retreat, apprehensive lest they should be hanged in reality as they had already been in effigy.

HUDIBRAS.—PLATE XII.—THE SKIMMINGTON.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE XII.

THE SKIMMINGTON.

The mere story or narrative of the "Hudibras" may be compared to a worthless thread on which are strung a series of beautiful, dazzling, and precious pearls. The mere adventures of the Knight and Squire are quite flimsy when they are not absolutely absurd. But the author, whose constructive power as developed in this, his most famous work, was not of a high order, has, by a number of episodes and long excursions from the main track of his story, supplied us with such a number of witty ideas, compact proverbs, ludicrous descriptions of some of the characters and systems of his day, as to make us perfectly indifferent to the fate of the mock heroic personages of the poem.

One of the most curious episodes in the whole poem is the description of the Skimmington. In a former Number of this series we gave a short account of this quaint procession, and the strange object which served as a pretext for it. In this Number we give a more detailed description of one of the most curious customs observed by our ancestors.

It will be remembered that one of the earliest adventures of Sir Hudibras and his man was with the Skimmington, and that one of the actions on which the Knight most prided himself was his attempt to put down this procession, which he traced, not altogether incorrectly, to a pagan origin.

When Sir Hudibras and Squire Ralpho were first made aware of the approach of the Skimmington, they were seriously alarmed, for the noise made was of a nature to disturb the equanimity of the stoutest-hearted champions.

The following is the poet's description of this strange procession:—

> "And now the cause of all this fear,
> By slow degrees approached near,
> They might distinguish different noise,
> Of horns and pans and dogs and boys,
> And kittledrums, whose sullen dub,
> Sounds like the hooping of a tub."

At length the cause of all this discord and noise bursts upon the view.

> "So when this triumph drew so nigh
> They might particulars descry,
> They never saw two things so pat
> In all respects as this and that;
> First he that led the caval cate
> Wore a sow gelder's flaggelate
> On which he blew so strong a levet *
> As well-fed lawyer on his brev'ate."

* That is a blast of the trumpet—a reveille which used to be sounded morning and evening on shipboard.

Next came, in proper order and brave array, pans and kettles "of all key, from trebles down to double bass." Then there was a nag on which rode a cornet, who bore aloft a staff, from which was unfolded the smock, which was one of the visible symbols of the Skimmington, and a rallying flag of the procession.

This ludicrous cavalcade, it must be borne in mind, was in derision of hen-pecked husbands.

The principal figure in it was that of a man riding behind a woman, with his face towards the horse's tail — he holding a distaff in his hand, and she all the while belabouring him with a ladle. Readers of a classical turn of mind may find amusement in comparing Butler's description of the Skimmington with Plutarch's magniloquent account of the triumphal procession of Emilius, and the satirical description given by Juvenal in his tenth Satire.

To return to the poet's description of the Skimmington.

After the standard bearer came a number of

> "Bagpipes of the loudest drones,
> With sniffling, broken-winded tones."

Next came a personage mounted upon a pair of panniers, full fraught with grains and other things not mentionable to ears polite. These were dispersed among the crowd. Then—

> "Mounted on a horned horse,
> One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
> Tyed to the pommel of a long sword,
> He held reversed, the point turned downward.
> Next after, on a raw-boned steed.
> The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,
> And bore aloft before the Champion
> A petticoat displayed and rampant,
> Near whom the amazon triumphant,
> Bestrid her beast.
>
> * * * *
>
> And at fit periods the whole rout
> Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.
> The Knight transported, and the Squire
> Put up their weapons and their ire,
> And Hudibras, who used to ponder
> On such sights with judicious wonder,
> Could hold no longer to impart
> His animadversions, for his heart."

Then between the Knight and Squire there ensues a learned debate as to the meaning, origin, and history of the Skimmington. Hudibras, who was as much of a pedant as of a Puritan, wanting to make a display of his erudition, contends that

> "It is a paganish invention,
> Which heathenish writers often mention."

And proceeds to trace its source in the triumphal processions awarded by the Romans to their victorious generals.

To this rather far-fetched theory the Squire, who had a good deal of the common sense as well as of the stubbornness of the John Bull in his nature, boldly demurs.

"Quoth Ralpho, 'You mistake the matter,
For all the antiquity you smatter,
Is but a riding used of course,
When the grey mare's the better horse.'"

The argument might have become serious, and logic and learning might have to give place to fisticuffs or sword thrusts, for the Knight and Squire became mutually abusive; but at this very critical stage of the debate, Sir Hudibras, with more than his ordinary tact, proposed that they should transfer their indignation from each other to the profane rabble, who composed the Skimmington.

"This said, they both advanced and rode
At dog trot through the bawling crowd,
To attack the leader, and still prest
Till they approach'd him breast to breast.
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence, which obtained,
'What means,' quoth he, 'this devil's procession,
With men of orthodox profession?'"

He then launches forth into a most vituperative denunciation of the Skimmington. He declares it to be ethnique, idolatrous, anti-Christian, and all that sort of thing. The lady bestriding the horned horse, he says, is the type of the "Scarlet woman of Babylon and Rome," or else that the "scarlet woman" is the lady on the horned beast—he is not sure which. Of one thing, however, he is quite certain, and that is—

"That things of superstitious function
Are not fit to be seen in Gospel sunshine."

But a sudden stop is put to his eloquent harangue by an egg that, let fly by some person in the crowd, "hit him directly over the eye"—

"And running down his cheek besmeared,
With orange-tawny slime his beard;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appeared in view."

Something still worse, and much more offensive to the olfactory organ is discharged into Squire Ralpho's face.

"The Knight was startled with the smell,
And for his sword began to feel;
And Ralpho, smothered with stink,
Grasped his, when one that bore a 'link,'
Applied to his horse's tail, while
Another with his *flambeau*,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a d——d blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forced the rout to make a ring,
Through which they quickly broke the way,
And brought them off from further fray."

Having made their escape, Sir Hudibras, after his usual fashion, moralises on the affair.

"Quoth he, 'That man is sure to lose
That fouls his hand with dirty foes;
For where no honour's to be gained,
'Tis thrown away in being maintained.'"

He congratulates himself and Ralpho on their gallant bearing—

"'Twas well we made so resolute,
A brave retreat without pursuit;
For if we had not we had sped
Much worse to be in triumph led;
Than which the ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.'"

It is interesting to find that this custom of the Skimmington or "riding the stang," as it was sometimes termed, was observed in Spain three centuries ago pretty much as it was in England. From a work published in the town of Seville, in 1593, we learn that the patient and injured husband was put astride of a mule, hand shackled, and having on an amazingly large pair of antlers, which are twisted about with herbs, with four little flags at the top and three bells; the vixen wife rode on another mule, and was made to belabour her husband with a crabbed stick. Behind her, on foot, followed a trumpeter, holding in his left hand a trumpet, and in his right a bastinado, or large strap of leather, with which he beat the woman as they went along. The passengers or spectators in this old Spanish picture, to which we now refer, are each holding up at them two fingers, like "snail's horns."

In Spain this procession was styled, "*Execution Justicia de los Cornudos Patientes*"—the judicial execution of horned patients.

In Hogarth's print we observe a tailor's wife employed in holding up her little and forefinger, not to denote her own, but as she thinks, her husband's disgrace.

GIN. RO
Drunk for a penny
Dead drunk for two pence.
Clean Straw for Nothing.
Downfall of Mad.m Gin

GIN LANE.

GIN LANE.

The great artist conjured up to his imagination, in the picture now before us, a horrible and loathsome neighbourhood, the presiding genius of which is Gin. No signs of health—no evidences of gladness are there: disease—wretchedness—and misery everywhere meet the view. All the houses, save one, are falling into ruins; and that *one* is the dwelling of the pawnbroker, who drives a thriving trade in that dreadful district. For Gin is the deity worshipped there:—to procure gin no means are left untried;—the shocking predilection has fastened itself upon all the inhabitants;—and every article of domestic comfort—every household necessary—even to the smallest and meanest portions of raiment, are carried to the pawnbroker, to obtain a few pence for the purchase of gin. Were gin the elixir of life, instead of the bane and the poison, men, women, and children could not display a greater eagerness to obtain a dram. The influence of the fire-water is everywhere apparent,—in the ruined dwellings—the thousand proofs of dire penury and abject wretchedness—and the sickly looks, emaciated frames, trembling limbs, pestiferous breath, carious teeth, livid lips, sunken eyes, and diseased bodies of the people. The countenance of the pawnbroker exhibits the grinding disposition which prompts him to examine well the articles brought by the depraved creatures to his establishment, lest he should lend too much upon them! The very children in that neighbourhood are habituated from their infancy to imbibe the fatal venom.

We behold in one place a boy fast asleep—completely stupefied with the alcoholic liquor, while over him creeps a snail—the emblem of the pawnbroker; and close by is another wretched, neglected, lost child, ravenous with hunger, and gnawing a bare bone, which a cur, equally the victim of famine in a district where gin is bought in preference to food, is endeavouring to snatch from him. Farther on a woman is seen pouring a dram down her infant's throat—thus almost from the moment of its birth, impregnating its frail constitution with the seeds of disease! Even the very charity-children greedily swallow the burning fluid when they can obtain it—for the taste is acquired from their earliest infancy! One of the lost girls is supplying her mother with the alcoholic poison—thinking, poor ignorant creature! that she is performing a filial duty; while the woman is already in such a filthy state of intoxication, that it is found necessary to wheel her home in a barrow. There, where a house has fallen to ruins, the corpse of a hanging suicide is disclosed: here, seated on the steps of a gin vault, is an emaciated wretch, who has just expired through atrophy;—and on the same stairs is a drunken beast in female shape, whose legs have broken out in loathsome ulcers, and who is taking snuff, regardless of her child slipping from her arms into the area of the gin vault. And it is gin—accursed gin, that has driven the man to suicide—that has caused the dead wretch to waste away into consumption and go off like the snuff of a candle—and that has degraded a being in the glorious form of woman to a level with the veriest beasts crawling on the earth's surface. It is gin, too, that has killed the female whom we behold two men placing in a shell by order of the parish beadle; while the orphan child of the deceased is about to be carried off by that official to the workhouse. Maddening—maddening, too, as well as death-dealing, is gin; and we see a cripple fighting, and a rabid man dancing with a pair of bellows on his head and a spit in his hand. But—oh! frightful spectacle! The wretch, driven furiously insane by gin, has spitted a living child whom its mother has left alone while she visits the gin vault!

The entire scene is hideous—horrible to contemplate! Let us suppose that some good genius could arise, and, pointing to that picture, thus address the drunkard:—

"Lost and degraded wretch, wherefore rush thus madly on the road to ruin? Has the vision before you no power to make you pause suddenly, and turn away aghast from the loathsome spectacle? Or will you pursue your career of dissipation, and become a conspicuous character in Gin Lane? If so, learn somewhat of the histories of those, alive or dead, whom you behold in your dream! And first of the man whom you see through the opening in the ruined wall, hanging to a beam. He was a barber; and an honest, industrious, worthy man. He married a young woman, gifted with great beauty; and his entire hope, his joy, his love, were centred in her. His toils were forgotten in the cheering influence of domestic comfort; and two children blessed the union, at first so auspicious! But his wife became a drunkard; and by that fall, all her poor—her loving—her unfortunate husband's hopes were blasted: his house became a desert—his children were parentless. In vain did they look to their father—his heart was broken—his mind was in ruins. He had one consolation—an old mother, on whom the protection of his children seemed to rest. Even that was soon over. She could not survive the shame which had crept into her son's household: she never raised her head—she became hearsed in his misfortunes;—and he followed her funeral. Then he himself took to drinking gin,

to drown his cares; and the climax of human misery was seen in that once happy home. Wife, parent, future prospects, happiness—all gone for ever! The mother to the tomb—the wife to the gin-shop—the children to the workhouse—and the husband to the halter and the beam!

"Next behold that loathsome woman seated upon the steps, and hear of her! Fifteen years ago, when she herself was fifteen—for old and wretched as she seems, she is but thirty now—she was one of the fairest of God's creatures, and the pride of honoured and doating parents. On a fatal evening she accompanied a young man to a tea-garden; and there she partook of the accursed draught. Gin gave her up as a victim to the seducer—and her parents died of broken hearts. A little while—and behold, every evening—sometimes twice, sometimes thrice—that young female entered the gin vault beneath those steps, to seek in stimulants the artificial gaiety and excitement which were denied by nature and by conscience to her crushed and ruined heart. Alas! poor girl—she was then only seventeen; but the woes of fifty winters were upon her mind! The cold blast of poverty—the searching mists of shame—the storm of an agitated existence—the torrent of reckless passions—the whirlwind of ever-varying emotions—and the eddies of heart-rending feelings, had in two short years all vented their rage upon the intellect, the soul, and the life of that hopeless girl! Oh! wherefore did so young a creature parade the streets in a land of charity and of chivalry, where the female form has been held as a patent direct from the Divinity, bearing in its chaste and charmed helplessness the assurance of its strength and the amulet of its protection? 'Twas gin that rendered the young creature thus abased—thus degraded: 'tis gin that has stripped her of her loveliness—hurried her on through all the varied phases of vice and infamy—until, prematurely old at the age of thirty, you behold her in all the squalor of rags and the loathsomeness of ugliness, seated in drunken apathy on those steps!

"And now contemplate that wasted form, from which crazy tenement the soul has just passed away: mark well that ghastly corpse seated at the bottom of the steps—the steps leading to the palace of Death! Ten times every day, down those steps had lately crawled that living skeleton — clothed in rags—emaciated—blear-eyed—toothless—haggard in countenance, trembling in limbs, shaking in his head, and stammering in his voice. He was but forty years old this day — and looked sixty;—and he might still be walking erect, in the prime of life—happy—lively—robust—and hale, had not his whole life been devoted to gin. And yet this besotted wretch persisted to the last in declaring that drink never injured him—that it even did him good—and that he required it. Not injured him!—it consumed his property—it reduced him to rags—it heaped loathsome diseases of all kinds upon him—it made his bones visible through his skin—it pulled out his teeth—it dimmed the fire of his eyes—and it dug his grave at the age of forty!

"Those—those, wretched being, are the effects of gin! It is strong drink that destroys domestic peace, ruins female virtue, conducts the tradesman to ruin, opens the gates of the mad-house, throws chains around the criminal, inspires the wicked with courage to perpetrate crime, establishes workhouses, gilds the sign of the pawnbroker's shop, and places a bar across the portals of the house of God. From the lips of the gin-glass have myriads drunk damnation: gin is the cause of blows, of strife, of domestic misery, of disease, of death! The anguish of neglected wives—the piteous cries of children famishing through want of food—the last prayer of the malefactor upon the gibbet—the anathema of the felon whose chains clank in the prison-yard—the woes of an existence lingered out in the workhouse—the howls of lunatics—the dying murmurs of the suicide—the remorseful whisperings of the lost girl's conscience—the wounds, the tears, the oaths, the shrieks, the screams, the wails,—all, all the tokens of human misery which now exist before you, and which have converted yon once thriving neighbourhood into a charnel-house of horrors—all, everything there depicted, may be traced to GIN!"

The Daily Advertiser
New Ballad
Herring Fishery
Modern Tragedy
On Royal Societie
Turn but on Painting
Politics Vo 9999
Mr. Pastem Trinkmaker

BEER STREET.

BEER STREET.

The following description of this plate is somewhat abridged from the commentator Trussler's account:—"We observe in the admirable plate before us, a complete cessation from all labour, and all parties enjoying themselves with a refreshing draught of the cheering liquor, beer. On the left side of the picture, we perceive a group of jolly taproom politicians, a butcher, a drayman, and a cooper. The drayman is evidently whispering soft things into the not-unwilling ear of a servant-maid, who seems to be all attention to what he is saying; a fact which is plainly apparent from the appearance of her eyes and hands, and the general disposition of her figure. From the house-door key in her hands she seems to have come out of some neighbouring house for a tankard of beer which the family is waiting for, and while her figure admirably fills in the foreground of the picture, her loitering by the way gives the artist an opportunity of showing up the idleness of the common order of servants, who neglect their duty and waste their employer's time in profitless gossiping. The butcher is splitting his sides with laughter to see the girl so easily imposed on, and the cooper behind with a pipe in his mouth, a full pot in one hand, and a shoulder of mutton in the other, plainly shows that where good eating and drinking abound, there true happiness and jollity will be found also. On the right of the picture, is a city-porter who has just set down his load and is recruiting his strength with a draught of the refreshing beverage. The artist has humorously made the porter's load to consist of trashy books on their way to the trunkmaker's to be sold for waste paper. In the middle of the plate are seen two fish-women loaded with British herrings. Behind are some paviours at work; further back is a lady of quality in a sedan-chair going to Court; the flag is displayed on the steeple in the distance, denoting a royal birth-day; so corpulent is she, that her chairmen are not able to carry her, without the refreshing stimulus of a pot of porter on the way. Our author has not forgotten to ridicule the enormous size of the hoop in use in those days, which, when pulled up on each side closely resembled the wheels of a carriage. We next notice on the steps of a ladder a painter, ragged but happy, painting the sign of the Barley Mow, and at the top of a house a tailor's work-shop, whose men within seem to partake of the general joy; the bricklayers on the roof of the next house, are no whit behindhand in expressing the most lively satisfaction at the arrival of the expected beer. This house is an ale house, the landlord of which is supposed to be repairing it, in opposition to his neighbour, Nicholas Pinch, the pawnbroker, who finds it hard to live for want of trade; the man's house appears decayed, ready to fall in over his head, symptoms well marked by the sign, props, and rat-trap in the chamber; he is seen taking in a half-pint of beer through a hole in his door, not daring to open it, showing that such professions thrive only on the miseries of others, but starve when the public prospers. The general design of this print is to expose the pernicious custom of gin-drinking, whose awful effects are vividly depicted in the plate of Gin Lane, and to show mankind that, if they must have recourse to strong liquors, beer is by far the best and most wholesome stimulus to indulge in."

Early in the year 1751, the following advertisement was issued:—"On Friday next will be published, price one shilling each, Two large Prints, designed and etched by Mr. Hogarth, called Beer-street and Gin-lane. A number will be printed in a better manner for the curious at 1s. 6d. each. And on Thursday following will be published Four Prints on the subject of Cruelty. Price and size the same. N.B. As the subjects of these Prints are calculated to reform some reigning vices peculiar to the lower class of people, in hopes to render them of more extensive use, the author has published them in the cheapest manner possible. To be had at the Golden Head in Leicester-Fields, where may be had all his other Works."

The following verses under these two Prints were written by the Reverend James Townley:—

BEER STREET.

Beer, happy product of our Isle
Can sinewy strength impart,
And, wearied with fatigue and toil,
Can cheer each manly heart.

Labour and Art, upheld by thee,
Successfully advance;
We quaff thy balmy juice with glee,
And Water leave to France.

Genius of Health, thy grateful taste
Rivals the cup of Jove,
And warms each English generous breast
With Liberty and Love.

GIN LANE.

Gin, cursed fiend! with fury fraught,
Makes human race a prey;
It enters by a deadly draught,
And steals our life away.

Virtue and Truth, driv'n to despair,
Its rage compels to fly;
But cherishes, with hellish care,
Theft, Murder, Perjury.

Damn'd cup! that on the vitals preys,
That liquid fire contains,
Which madness to the heart conveys,
And rolls it through the veins.

"It is probable," says a writer of the period, "that Hogarth received the first idea for these two Prints from a pair of others by Peter Breugel which, exhibit a contrast of a similar kind. The one is entitled *La grasse Cuisine* ('the fat Kitchen'): the other *La maigre Cuisine* ('the meagre Kitchen'). In the first, all the personages are well-fed and plump; in the second, they are starved and slender. The latter of them also exhibits the figures of an emaciated mother and child, sitting on a straw mat on the ground, whom I never saw without thinking on the female, &c., in Gin Lane. In Hogarth, the fat English blacksmith is insulting the gaunt Frenchman; and in Breugel, the plump cook is kicking the lean one out of doors."

Of their intentions, Hogarth gives the following account:—"When these two Prints were designed and engraved, the dreadful consequence of gin-drinking appeared in every street. In *Gin-lane*, every circumstance of its horrid effects is brought to view *in terrorum*. Idleness, poverty, misery, and distress, which drive even to madness and death, are the only objects that are to be seen: and not a house in tolerable condition but the Pawnbroker's and Gin-shop. Beer-street, its companion, was given as a contrast: where that invigorating liquor is recommended, in order to drive the other out of vogue. Here all is joyous, and thriving industry and jollity go hand in hand. In this happy place the Pawnbroker's is the only house going to ruin; and even the small quantity of porter that he can procure is taken in at the wicket, for fear of farther distress."

The opinion which Hogarth entertained of the writings of Dr. Hill, may be discovered in his Beer Street, where Hill's critique upon the Royal Society is put into a basket directed to the Trunk-maker, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

THE END.

1524

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